

A  
FEAST  
FOR  
WORMS.

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By FRANCIS QUARLES

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As



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EFFIGIES FRAN: QUARLES.

# DIVINE POEMS,

Containing

[ JONAH,  
ESTHER,  
JOE,  
SAMPSION.

The HISTORY of

TOGETHER WITH  
S I O N S } SONNETS,  
{ ELEGIES.

Written and Augmented  
By *FRANCIS QUARLES.*

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Now Illustrated with Sculptures to the several Histories, not in the former Editions.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tho. Sawbridge*, at the three  
*Flower de Luces* in *Little Britain*. 1680.

PEACE

16-627



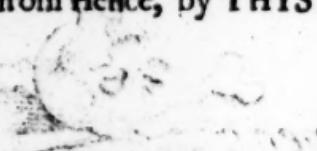
DIVINE POEMES  
Revised, and Corrected with Additions  
By the Author *Fra: Quarles.*

London Printed for B: T: and T: S. 1660.



## *The Mind of the Frontispiece.*

**T**HIS naked Pourtrainture before thine Eye,  
Is Wretched, Helpless M A N, M A N born to die  
On either side an A N G E L doth protect him  
As well from E V I L, as to G O O D direct him:  
Th' one points to Death, the other to a Crown;  
Who T H I S attains, must tread the other down:  
All which denotes the Brief of Man's Estate,  
That H E's to go from Hence, by T H I S or T H A T



PRINTED IN THE  
CITY OF LONDON

BY JAMES DODSLEY, M A,  
1750.

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# THE INTRODUCTION.

**T**HAT ancient Kingdom, that old *Affur* fway'd,  
Shew'd two great Cities: Ah! but both decay'd,  
Both mighty Great, but of unequal growth;  
Both Great in People, and in Building, both;  
But ah! What hold is there of earthly good?  
Now Grass grows there, where these brave Cities stood.

The name of one Great *Babylon* was hight,  
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight;  
From high *Armenia* to the ruddy Seas,  
And stores the Land with rich Commodities.

The other *Ninus*, *Niniveh* the Great;  
So huge a Fabrick, and well-chosen Seat,  
Don *Phœbus* fiery Steeds (with Manes becurl'd,  
That circundates in twice twelve hours the World)  
Ne'r saw the like: By great King *Ninus* hand,  
'Twas rais'd and builded in the *Affryians* Land,  
On one hand, *Lycus* waſht her fruitful ſides,  
On t' other, *Tygris* with her hafthy tides.  
Begirt ſhe was with walls of wondrouſ might,  
Creeping twice fifty foot in meaſur'd height.  
Upon their breadth (if ought we may rely  
On the report of Sage Antiquity)  
Three Chariots fairly might themſelves display,  
And rank together in a Battel-ray:  
The Circuit that her mighty Bulk embraces,  
Contains the mete of ſixty thouſand paces:

## The Introduction.

Within her well-fenc'd Walls you might discover  
Five hundred stately Towers thrice told over ;  
Whereof the highest draweth up the Eye ;  
As well the low'st, an hundred Cubits high ;  
All rich in those things which to state belong,  
Bor Beaury brave, and for Munition strong :  
Duly and daily this Great Work was tended  
With ten thousand workmen ; begun and ended  
In eight years space : How beautiful ! how fair  
Thy Buildings ! and how foul thy Vices are !

Thou Land of *Affur*, double then thy pride,  
And let thy Wells of *Joy* be never dry'd,  
Thou hast a Palace, that's renown'd so much,  
The like was never, is, nor will be such.

Thou Land of *Affur*, treble then thy *Woe*,  
And let thy *Tears* (do as thy Cups) o'rflow :  
For this thy Palace of so great renown,  
Shall be destroy'd and sackt, and batter'd down.

But cheer up, *Niniveh*, thine inbred might  
Hath means enough to quell thy *Foe-men* spight :  
Thy Bulwarks are like *Mountains*, and thy Wall  
Dildains to stoop to thundring *Ordnance* call :  
Thy watchful *Towers* mounted round about,  
Keep thee in safety, and thy *Foe-men* out :  
I, but thy *Bulwarks* aid cannot withstand  
The direful stroke of the *Almighty*'s hand ;  
Thy wafer-walls at dread *Jehovah*'s blast  
Shall quake, and quiver, and shall down be cast :  
Thy watchful *Towers* shall asleep be found,  
And nod their drowsie heads down to the ground :  
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance*-proof ; thy Wall  
When *Justice* brandisheth her *Sword*, must fall :  
Thy lofty *Towers* shall be dumb and yield  
To high *Revenge* ; *Revenge* must win the field :  
*Vengeance* cries loud from Heaven, she cannot stay  
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)

## The Introduction.

Hath brimm'd her *Viols* full of deadly *Bane* :  
Thy *Palace* shall be burnt, thy *People* slain ;  
Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and swoln with pride,  
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltless *Blood* are di'd ;  
Thy silly *Babes* do starve for want of *Food* ;  
Whose tender *Mothers* thou hast drencht in *Blood* :  
*Women* with *Child*, lye in the *Streets* about,  
Whose *Brains* thy savage *hands* have dashed out ;  
Distressed *widows* weep, (but weep in vain)  
For their dear *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* have slain.  
By one man's *Force*, another man's devour'd ;  
Thy *Wives* are ravish't, and thy *Maids* deflowr'd ;  
Where *Justice* should, there *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac'd,  
Thy *Altars* defil'd, and *holy things* defac'd :  
Thy *Lips* have tasted of proud *Babel's* Cup,  
What thou hast left, thy *Children* have drunk up,  
Thy bloody *sins*, thine *Abel's* guiltless *blood*,  
Cries up to Heaven for *vengeance*, cries aloud ;  
Thy *sins* are *seir*, and ready for the fire,  
Here rouze (my *Musi*) and for a space, respire.

TO THE  
**Most High:**

H I S

Humble Servant implores his fa-  
vourable ASSISTANCE.

**O** All sufficient God, great Lord of Light,  
Without whose gracious aid, and constant  
No labors prosper (howsoe'er begun) (sprite,  
But flee like Mists before the Morning Sun :  
O raise my thoughts, and clear my apprehension,  
Infuse thy Spirit into my weak invention :  
Reflect thy Beams upon my feeble Eyes,  
Shew me the Mirrour of thy Mysteries ;  
My artless Hand, my humble Heart inspire,  
Inflame my frozen tongue with ho'ly fire :  
Ravish my stupid Senses with thy Glory ;  
Sweeten my Lips with sacred Oratory :  
And thou (O First and Last) assist my Quill,  
That First and Last I may perform thy Will :  
My sole intent's to blazon forth thy Praise ;  
My ruder Pen expects no Crown of Bays.  
Suffice it then, Thine Altar I have kist :  
Crown me with Glory : Take the Bays that list.



TO THE  
Sacred Majesty  
OF  
King CHARLES.

SIR,

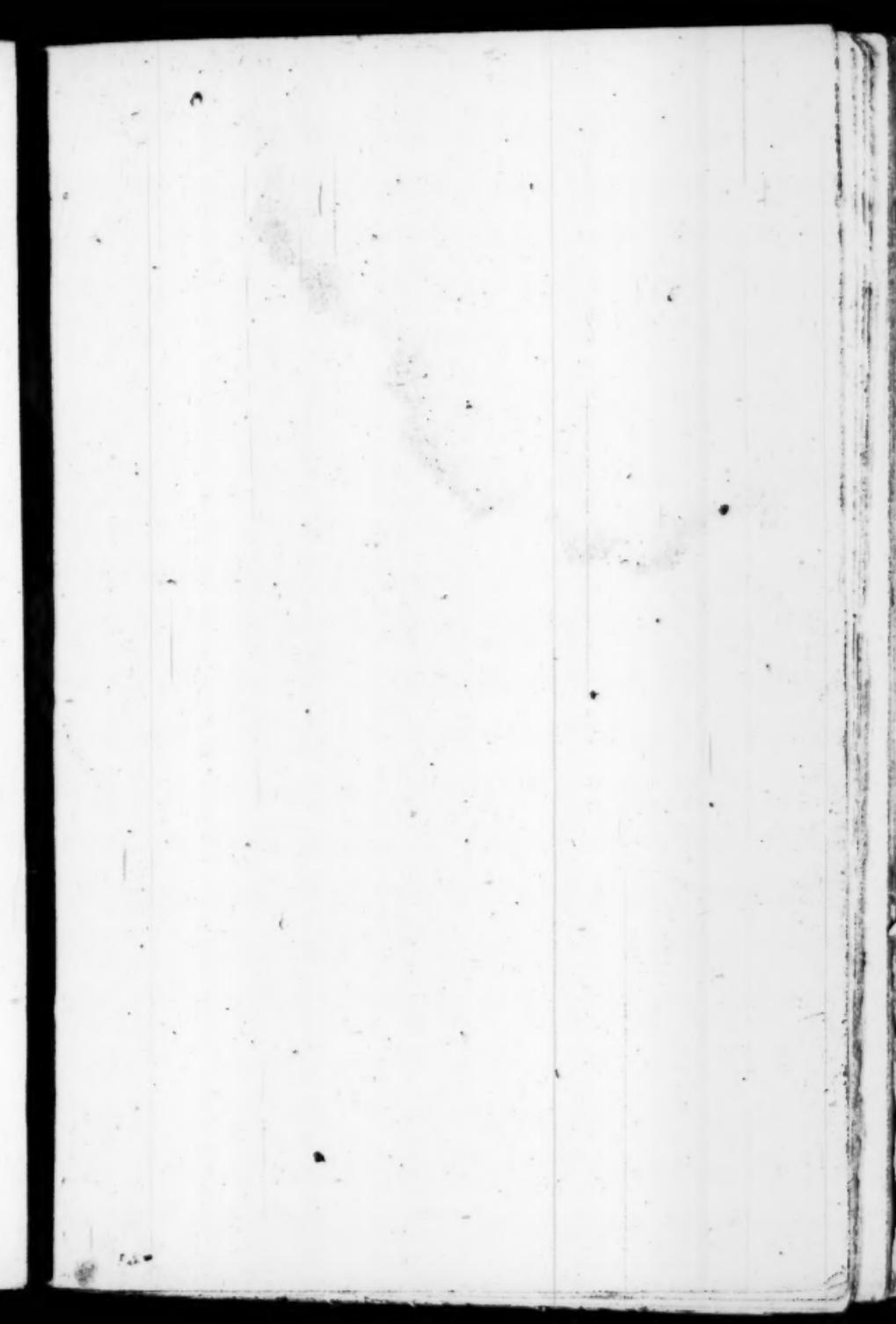
**W**hen your Landed Subject dies, and leaves none of his blood to inherit, the Laws of this your King-dome find the King Heir: In this Volume are contained several Poems, lately dedicated to divers of your Nobility, whom they have out-lived; So that the Muses (who seldom or never give honour for lives) have found them all for the King, which I have here gathered toge-

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

ther, and prostrated before the feet of your Sacred Majesty. - Indeed one of them I formerly dedicated and presented to your Self: So that now they are become doubly yours, both by Escheat, and as Survivor. And if You please to owne me as your Servant, your Majesty hath another Title good, by which I desire they should be known Yours: I will not sin against the common good, so much as to expect your Majesties serious Eye upon them: If when your Crown shall be most favourable to your Princely Brows, You please to afford a gracious hearing, they will with the help of some benevolous Reader, and your Royal acceptance (I hope) relish in your Sacred Ears, and receive honour from your accustomed Goodness, far above the merits, or the expectation of

*Your true-hearted  
Loyal and  
and loyal Liegeman,*

Fran. Quarles.



Jonah sent to Nineveh flees  
by <sup>it</sup> is cast into the Sea, and  
swallowed by a Whale Jon. 1.7.15.



Jonah at Nineveh preach-  
eth, they repent, and God  
allo[ws] to repenteth. Jon. 3. 10.



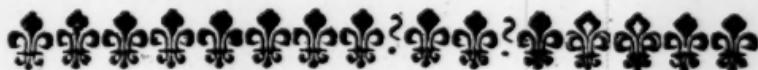
And the Lord spake unto <sup>the</sup> fish  
and it vomited out Jonah upon  
dry ground. Jon. 2. 10.



Jonah is angry for the  
Gourd, but is reproved  
that Type for: 4. 9. 10. 11.



this before Jonah



A

# Feast for WORMS.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Word of God to Jonah came,  
Commanded Jonah to proclaim  
The vengeance of his Majestie  
Against the sins of Niniveh.*

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### SECT. I.

**T**H' Eternal Word of God, whose high Decree  
Admits no change, and cannot frustrate be,  
Came down to *Jonah*, from the Heavens above,  
Came down to *Jonah*, Heavens anointed Dove,  
*Jonah*, the flower of old *Amittay*'s youth,  
*Jonah*, the Prophet, Son, and Heir to Truth ;  
The blessed Type of him that ransom'd us,  
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus :

“ *Arise ; truss up thy Loins, make all things meet,*  
“ *And put thy Sandals on thy hasty feet ;*  
“ *Gird up thy Reins, and taketh thy Staff in hand,*  
“ *Make no delay, but go where I command ;*  
“ *Me pleases not to send thee (Jonah) down*  
“ *To sweet Gath-Hepher, thy dear native Town,*  
“ *Whose tender Paps with plenty overflow,*  
“ *Nor yet unto thy Brethren shalt thou go :*

B

“ *Amongst*

## A Feast for Worms

" Amongst the Hebrews, where thy spreaden fame  
 " Fore-runs the welcome of thine honour'd name,  
 " No, I'll not send thee thither : up, arise,  
 " And go to Niniveh, where no Allies,  
 " Nor consanguinity preserves thy blood,  
 " To Niniveh, where strangers are withstood :  
 " To Niniveh, a City far remov'd  
 " From thine acquaintance, where thou'rt not belov'd :  
 " I send thee to Mount Sinai, not Mount Sion,  
 " Not to a gentle Lamb, but to a Lion :  
 " Nor yet to Lydia, but to bloody Pashur,  
 " Not to the Land of Canaan, but to Ashur,  
 " Whose Language will be riddles to thine ears,  
 " And thine again will be as strange to theirs :  
 " I say, to Niniveh, the worlds great Hall,  
 " The Monarch's Seat, high Court Imperial.  
 " But terrible Mount Sinai will affright thee,  
 " And Pashur's heavy band is bent to smite thee :  
 " The Lions roar, the people's strong and stout,  
 " The Balwarks stand afront to keep thee out.  
 " Great Ashur menaces with whip in hand,  
 " To entertain thee (welcome) to his Land.  
 " What then ? Arise, be gone ; stay not to think :  
 " Bad is the Cloth that will in wetting shrink.  
 " What then, if cruel Pashur heap on strokes ?  
 " Or Sinai blast thee with her sulph'rous smokes ?  
 " Or Ashur whip thee ? or the Lions rent thee ?  
 " Pish, on with courage ; I the Lord have sent thee :  
 " Away, away, lay by thy foolish pity,  
 " And go to Niniveh, that mighty City ;  
 " Cry loud against it, let thy dreadful voice  
 " Make all the City echo with the noise :  
 " Not like a Dove, but like a Dragon go,  
 " Pronounce my Judgment, and denounce my Woe ;  
 " Make not thy head a fountain full of tears,  
 " To weep in secret for her sins. Thine ears

" Shall

# A Feast for Worms.

3

“ Shall bear such things will make thine eyes run over,  
“ Thine eyes shall smart with what they shall discover.  
“ Spend not in private those thy zealous drops,  
“ But hew, and hake; spare neither trunk nor lops;  
“ Make Heaven and Earth rebound, when thou discharges,  
“ Plead not (like Paul) but roar (like Boanerges:)  
“ Nor let the beauty of the Buildings blear thee;  
“ Let not the terrors of the Rampiers fear thee;  
“ Let no man bribe thy fist (I well advise thee)  
“ Nor foul means force thee, nor let fair entice thee;  
“ Ram up thine ears: Thine heart of stone shall be:  
“ Be deaf to them, as they are deaf to me:  
“ Go, cry against it. If they ask thee, why?  
“ Say, Heavens great Lord commanded thee to cry:  
“ My Altars cease to smoke; their holy fires  
“ Are quencht; and where prayer should, there sin aspires:  
“ The fatness of their Fornication fries  
“ On Coals of raging Lust, and upward flies,  
“ And makes me sick: I hear the mournful groans,  
“ And heavy sighs of such, whose aking Bones  
“ Th’ Oppressor grinds: Alas, their grief implores me,  
“ Their pray’rs, preferr’d with tears, plead loud before me:  
“ Behold, my Sons they have opprest and kill’d,  
“ And bath’d their hands within the Blood they spill’d:  
“ The stream of guiltless blood makes suit unto me,  
“ The voice of many blonds is mounted to me;  
“ The vile prophaner of my sacred Names,  
“ He tears my titles, and my honour maims,  
“ Makes Rhet’rick of an Oath, swears and forswears,  
“ Recks not my mercy, nor my judgment fears:  
“ They eat, they drink, they sleep, they tire the night  
“ In wanton dalliance, and unclean delight.  
“ Heavens winged Herald Jonas, up and go,  
“ To mighty Niniveh denouice my woe.  
“ Advance thy voice, and when thou hast advanc’d it,  
“ Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out against it:

“ Hold out thy Trumpet; and with louder breath  
 “ Proclaim my sudden coming, and their death.

## The Author's APOLOGY.

**I**T was my morning Muse; A Muse whose spirit  
 Transcends (I fear) the fortunes of her merit;  
 Too bold a Muse, whose feathers (yet in blood)  
 She never bath'd in the *Pyrenean* Flood;  
 A Muse unbreath'd, unlikely to attain  
 An easie honour by so stout a Train;  
 Expect no lofty *Hagard*, that shall fly  
 A lessning pitch to the deceived eye,  
 If in her Downy Soreage She but ruff  
 So strong a Dove, may it be thought enough:  
 Bear with her; Time and Fortune may requite  
 Your patient sufferance with a fairer flight.

## The general Application.

**T**O thee (*Malfido*) now I turn my Quill;  
 That God is still that God, and will be still:  
 The painful Pastors take up *Jonah*'s room,  
 And thou the Ninivite to whom they come.

## Meditat. I.

**H**OW great's the love of God unto his creature?  
 Or is his Wisdom, or his Mercy greater?  
 I know not whether; O th' exceeding love  
 Of highest God, that from his Throne above  
 Will send the brightness of his Grace to those  
 That grope in darkness, and his Grace oppose:  
 He helps, provides, inspires, and freely gives,  
 As pleas'd to see us ravel out our lives;

He gives us from the heap, he measures not,  
Nor deals (like Manna) each his stinted lot,  
But daily sends the Doctors of his Spouse,  
(With such like Oyl as from the Widows Cruse  
Did issue forth) in fulness without wasting,  
Where plenty still was had, yet plenty lasting.  
I, there is care in Heaven, and heavenly sprights,  
That guides the World, and guards poor mortal wights:  
There is; else were the miserable state  
Of man, more wretched and unfortunate  
Than savage Beasts: But, O th' abounding love  
Of highest God! whose Angels from above  
Dismount the Tower of Bliss, fly to and fro,  
Assisting wretched man, their deadly foe.  
What thing is man, that God's regard is such?  
Or, why should Heaven love wretched man so much?  
Why? what are men, but quickned lumps of earth?  
*A Feast for Worms*: A bubble full of breath;  
A looking-glass for grief; a flash, a minute;  
A painted Tomb, with putrefaction in it;  
A map of death; a burthen of a song;  
A winters dust; a worm of five foot long;  
Begot in sin; in darkness nourisht; born  
In sorrow, naked, shiftless, and forlorn:  
His first voice (heard) is crying for relief:  
Alas! he comes into a World of grief;  
His Age is sinful, and his Youth is vain,  
His Life's a punishment, his Death's a pain;  
His Life's an hour of Joy, a World of Sorrow;  
His Death's a winters night, that finds no morrow:  
Man's life's an Hour-glass, which being run,  
Concludes that hour of Joy, and so is done,  
*Jonah* must go, nor is this charge confin'd  
To *Jonah*, but to all the World enjoyn'd:  
You Magistrates, arise, and take delight  
In dealing Justice, and maintaining right;

There lies your Nineveh ; Merchants, arise,  
 And mingle conscience with your Merchandise ;  
 Lawyers, arise, make not your righteous Laws  
 A trick for gain ; Let Justice rule the cause :  
 Tradesmen, arise, and ply your thriving shops :  
 With truer hands, and eat your meat with drops :  
 Paul to thy Tents, and Peter to thy Net,  
 And all must go that course, which God hath set.  
 Great God awake us in these drowsy times,  
 Lest vengeance find us sleeping in our Crimes !  
 Encrease succession in thy Prophets lieu,  
 For lo, thy Harvest's great, and workmen few.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*But Jonah toward Tharsis went,  
 A Tempest doth his course prevent :  
 The Mariners are sore oppress'd,  
 While Jonah sleeps and takes his rest.*

---

### SECT. II.

**B**UT Jonah thus bethought ; The City's great,  
 And mighty Ashur stands with deadly threat.  
 Their hearts are hardened, that they cannot hear :  
 Will green wood burn, when so unapt's the fear ?  
 Strange is the charge : Shall I go to a place  
 Unknown and Foreign ? Ay me ! hard's the case,  
 That righteous Isr'el must be thus neglected,  
 When Miscreants and Gentiles are respected ?  
 How might I hope my Words should there succeed,  
 Which thrive not with the Flocks I daily feed ?  
 I know my God is gentle, and inclin'd  
 To tender mercy, apt to change his mind

Upon

Upon the least repentance: Then shall I  
Be deem'd, as false, and shame my Prophecy.

Oh heavy burthen of a doubtful mind!  
Where shall I go, or which way shall I wind?  
My heart, like Janus, looketh to and fro:  
My Credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Go:  
If Go, my labour's lost, my shame's at hand;  
If stay, Lord! I transgres's my Lord's command:  
If go, from bad estate, to worse I fall:  
If stay, I slide from bad, to worst of all.  
My God bids Go, my Credit bids me Stay,  
My guilty fear bids fly another way.

So Jonah straight arose, himself bedight  
With fit accoutrements for hasty flight:  
Instead of staff, he took a Shipmans weed;  
Instead of going, lo, he flies with speed.

Like as a Hawk (that over-matcht with might)  
Doing sad penance for th' unequal fight,  
(Answ'ring the Falk'ners second shout) does flee  
From fist, turns tail to fowl, and takes a tree:  
So Jonah baulks the place where he was sent,  
(To Nineveh) and down to Jaffa went:  
He sought, enquired, and at last he found  
A welcome Ship, that was to Tharsis bound,  
Where he may flee the presence of the Lord:  
He makes no stay, but straightway goes aboard,  
His hasty purse for bargain finds no leisure,  
(Where sin delights, there's no account of treasure)  
Nor did he know, nor ask, how much his fare:  
He gave: They took: all parties pleased are.  
(How thrifless of our cost, and pains, are we,  
Great God of Heaven and Earth, to flee from thee!)  
Now have the Sailors drunk their parting cup,  
They go aboard, their Sails are hoysting up;

The Anchor's weigh'd: the Keel begins t' obey  
 Her gentle Rudder, leaves her quiet Key,  
 Divides the streams, and without Wind or Oar,  
 She easily glides along the moving shore ;  
 Her swelling Canvas gives her nimbler motion,  
 Sh' outstrips the Tide, and hies her to the Ocean :  
 Forth to the Deep she launches, and out-braves  
 The prouder Billows, rides upon the Waves :  
 She plyes that course her Compas hath enjoyn'd her,  
 And soon hath left the lessned Land behid her ;  
 By this, the breath of Heaven began to cease ;  
 Calm were the Seas, the Waves were all at peace ,  
 The flagging Main-sail flapt against her Yard,  
 The useles Compas, and the idle Card  
 Were both neglected : Upon every side  
 The gamesome Porpoise tumbled on the Tide,  
 Like as a Mastiff, when restrain'd a while,  
 Is made more furious, and more apt for spoil :  
 Or when the breath of Man being barr'd the Course,  
 At length breaks forth with a far greater force ;  
 Even so the milder breath of Heaven, at last,  
 Lets fly more fierce, and blows a stronger Blast :  
 All on a sudden darkned was the Skye  
 With gloomy Clouds; Heaven's more resfulgent eye  
 Was all obscur'd : The air grew damp and cold,  
 And strong-mouth'd Boreas could no longer hold ;  
*Aeolus* lets loose his uncontrouled breath,  
 Whose language threatens nothing under death :  
 The Rudder fails ; the Ship's at random driven ;  
 The eye no object owns but Sea and Heaven :  
 The Welkin storms and rages more and more ;  
 The rain pours down ; the Heavens begin to roar ;  
 As they would split the massie Globe in sunder,  
 From those that live above, to those live under ;  
 The Pilot's frighted, knows not what to do :  
 His Art's amaz'd, in such a maze of wo ;

Faces grow sad, Prayers and Complaints are rise,  
Each one's become an Orator for life :  
The winds above, the waters underneath,  
Joyn in rebellion, and conspire death.  
The Sea-mens courage now begins to quail,  
Some ply the Pump, while others strike the Sail.  
Their hands are busie, while their hearts despair,  
Their fears and dangers move their lips to prayer :  
They pray'd, but winds did snatch their words away,  
And lets their pray'rs not go to whom they pray :  
But still they pray, but still the wind and weather  
Do turn both ship and pray'rs they know not whither.  
Their gods were deaf, their danger waxed greater ;  
They cast their wares out, and yet ne'r the better :  
But all this while was *Jonah* drown'd in sleep,  
And in the lower Deck was buried deep.

---

*Meditat. II.*

**B**UT stay : This was a strange and uncouth word,  
Did *Jonah* fly the presence of the Lord ?  
What myster word is that ? He that repleats  
The mighty Universe, whose lofty Seat's  
Th' imperial Heaven, whose foot-stool is the face  
Of massie Earth ; Can he from any place  
Be barr'd ? or yet by any means excluded,  
That is in all things ? (and yet not included)  
Could *Jonah* find a resting any where  
So void, or secret, that God was not there ?  
I stand amaz'd, and affrighted at this word :  
Did *Jonah* fly the presence of the Lord ?  
Mount up to Heaven, and there thou shalt discover  
The exc'lent glory of his Kingly power :  
Bestride the Earth beneath (with weary pace)  
And there he bears the Olive Branch of Grace :

Dive down into th' extreme Abyss of Hell,  
 And there in Justice doth th' Almighty dwell,  
 What secret Cloister could there then afford  
 A Screen 'twixt faithless *Jonah*, and his Lord?  
*Jonah* was charg'd to take a charge in hand :  
 But *Jonah* turn'd his back on God's command ;  
 Shook off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,  
 And what was strictly charg'd, he quite rejected :  
 And so he fled the power of his Word ;  
 And so he fled the presence of the Lord.  
 Good God ! how poor a thing is wretched man ?  
 So frail, that let him strive the best he can,  
 With every little blast he's overdone.

If mighty Cedars of great *Lebanon*,  
 Cannot the danger of the Axe withstand,  
 Lord ! how shall we, that are but Bushes, stand ?  
 How fond, corrupt, how sensless is mankind ?  
 How feigning deaf is he ? how wilful blind ?  
 He stops his ears, and sins ; he shuts his eyes,  
 And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flyes :  
 He sins, despairs ; and then to stint his grief,  
 He chuseth death, to baulk the God of life.

Poor wretched sinner ! travel where thou wilt,

\* Thy travel shall be burthen'd with thy guilt :  
 Climb tops of Hills, that prospects may delight thee,  
 There will thy sins (like Wolves and Bears) affright thee :  
 Fly to the Valleys, that those frights may shun thee,  
 And there (like Mountains) they will fall upon thee :  
 Or to the raging Seas (with *Jonah*) go ;  
 There will thy sins, like stormy *Neptune* flow.  
 Poor shiftless man, what shall become of thee ?  
 Where-e'er thou fly'st, thy griping sin will flee.

But all this while, the Ship where *Jonah* sleeps,  
 Is lost, and torn, and batter'd on the Deepes,  
 And well-nigh split upon the threatening Rock,  
 With many a boisterous brush, and churly knock.

God help all desp'rate Voyagers and keep  
All ſuch, as feel thy wonders in the deep.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Pilot thumps on Jonah's breaſt,  
And rouzeth Jonah from his reſt :  
They all caſt Lots (being ſore affrighted)  
The ſacred Lot on Jonah lighted.*

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## SECT. III.

THE amazed Pilot finding no ſucceſs,  
(But that the ſtorm grew rather more, than leſs,  
For all their toilſom pains, and needless prayers,  
Despairing both of life and goods) repairs  
To Jonah's drowzy Cabbin; mainly calls;  
Calls, Jonah, Jonah; and yet louder yauls;  
Yet Jonah ſleeps, and gives a ſhrug, or two,  
And snoars, (as greedy ſleepers uſe to do.)  
The woful Pilot jogs him, (but in vain)  
(Perchance he dreams an idle word, or twain;) :  
At length he tugs and pulls his heavy coarſe,  
And thunders on his breaf t with all his force:  
But (aſter many yawns) he did awake him,  
And (being both affrighted) thus beſpake him:

“ Arife, O Sleeper, O arife, and ſee,  
“ There's not a twiſy thred'twiſt death and thee :  
“ This darkſom place (thou measurſt) is thy Grave,  
“ And ſudden death rides proud on yonder wave :  
“ Arife, O Sleeper, O arife, and pray ;  
“ Perhaps thy God will bear, and not ſay Nay ;  
“ Repair the loſs of these our ill ſpent hours,  
“ Perchance thy God's more powerful than ours :  
“ Heaven's

“ Heaven’s hand may cease, and have compassion on us,  
 “ And turn away this mischief it hath done us.

The sturdy Sailors (weary of their pain)  
 Finding their bootlets labour lost and vain,  
 Forbear their toilsom task, and wrought no more,  
 Expecting death, for which they lookt before:  
 They call a parley, and consult together,  
 They count their sins, (accusing one another)  
 That for his sin, or his, this ill was wrought:  
 In fine, they all prove guilty of the fault:  
 But yet the question was not ended so ;  
 One says, ‘Twas thine offence, but he says, No,  
 But ‘twas for thy sake, that accuses me ;  
 Rusht forth a third (the worser of the three)  
 And swore it was anothers, which (he hearing)  
 Deny’d it flat, and said, ‘Twas thine, for swearing :  
 In comes a fifth, accusing all ; (replying  
 But little else) they all chid him for lying ;  
 One said it was, another said ‘twas not,  
 So all agreed to stint the strife by Lot :  
 Then all was whist, and all to prayer went ;  
 (For such a busines a fit complement)  
 The Lot was cast ; ‘t please’d God by Lots to tell :  
 The Lot was cast ; the Lot on Jonah fell.

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*Meditat. III.*

**O** Sacred subject of a Meditation !  
 Thy Works (O Lord) are full of admiration ;  
 Thy judgments are all just, severe, and sure,  
 They quite cut off, or else, by lancing, cure  
 The festring sore of a rebellious heart,  
 Lest foul infection taint th’ immortal part.

How deep a Lethargy doth this disease  
Bring to the slumbering soul, through careless ease !  
Which once being wak'd, (as from a golden dream)  
Looks up and sees her griefs the more extream.  
How seeming sweet's the quiet sleep of sin,  
Which, when a wretched man's once nuzzled in,  
How soundly sleeps he, without fear or wit ?  
No sooner do his arms infolded knit  
A drowsy knot upon his careless brest,  
But there he snorts, and snoars in endless rest ;  
His eyes are closed fast, and deaf his ears,  
And (like *Endymion*) sleeps himself in years ;  
His sense-bound heart relents not at the voice  
Of gentle warning, neither does the noise  
Of strong reproof awake his sleeping ear,  
Nor louder threatenings thunder makes him hear :  
So deaf's the sinners ear, so numb'd his sense,  
That sin's no corrosive, breeds no offence ;  
For custom brings delight, deludes the heart,  
Beguiles the sense, and takes away the smart.

But stay ; did one of God's elected number,  
(Whose eyes should never sleep, nor eye-lids slumber)  
So much forget himself ? did *Jonah* sleep,  
That should be watchful, and the Tower keep ?  
Did *Jonah* (the selected mouth of God)  
Instead of roaring Judgments, does he nod ?  
Did *Jonah* sleep so sound ? Could he sleep then,  
When (with the sudden sight of death) the men  
(So many men) with yelling shrieks and cryes,  
Made very Heaven report ? Were *Jonah*'s eyes  
Still clos'd, and he, not of his life bereaven ?  
Hard must he wink that shuts his eyes from Heaven.  
O righteous *Is'r'el*, where, O where art thou ?  
Where is thy Lamp ? thy zealous Shepherd now ?  
Alas ! the rav'ous Wolves will worr' thy Sheep ;  
Thy Shepherd's careless, and is fain asleep ;

Thy

Thy wandring flocks are frighted from their fold,  
 The Shepherd's gone, and Foxes are too bold ;  
 They, they whose smooth-fac'd words become the Altar,  
 Their words dissent, and first begin to falter ;  
 And they that should be Watch-lights in the Temple,  
 Are snuffs, and want the oyl of good example ;  
 The chosen Watch-men that the Tow'r should keep,  
 Are waxen heavy-ey'd and fall asleep.

Lord, if thy Watch-men fall asleep, awake them,  
 Although they slumber, do not quite forsake them ;  
 The flesh is weak, say not (if dulness seize  
 Their heavy eyes) sleep henceforth ; take your ease :  
 And we poor weaklings, when we sleep in sin,  
 Knock at our drowzy hearts and never lin,  
 Till thou awake our sin-congealed eyes ;  
 Lest (drown'd in sleep) we sink and never rise.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*They question Jonah whence he came,  
 His Country and his Peoples Name.  
 He makes reply : They moan their woe,  
 And ask his counsel what to do.*

## SECT. IV.

**A**S when a Thief's apprehended on suspect,  
 And charg'd for some supposed malefact,  
 A rude concourse of people straight accrues,  
 Whose itching ears even smart to know the news :  
 The guilty Pris'ner (to himself betray'd)  
 He stands dejected, trembling, and afraid :  
 So *Jonah* stood the Sailors all among,  
 Enclosed round amid the ruder throng.

As in a Summer's evening you shall hear  
In Hives of Bees (if you lay close your ear)  
Confused buzzing, and seditious noise,  
Such was the murmur of the Saylor's voice.

“What was thy sinful act, that causes this ?  
“(Says one) wherein hast thou so done amiss ?  
“Tell us what is thine Art (another says)  
“That thou professest ? Speak man, whence aways,  
“From what Confines cam'st thou ? (a third replies)  
“What is thy Country ? and of what allies ?  
“What art thou born a Jew ? or Gentile ? whether ?  
“E're he could lend an answer unto either ;  
“A Fourth demands, Where hath thy breeding been ?

All what they askt, they all askt o'r agen.  
In fine, their ears (impatient of delay)  
Becalm'd their tongues, to hear what he could say.

So Jonah (humbly rearing up his eyes)  
Breaking his long-kept silence, thus replies :

“I am an Hebrew, Son of Abraham,  
“From whom my Land did first derive her name ;  
“Within the Land of Jewry was I born ;  
“My name is Jonah, wretched and forlorn :  
“I am a Prophet : ah ! but woe is me,  
“For, from before the face of God I flee ;  
“From whence, (through disobedience) I am driven,  
“I fear JEHOVAH, the great God of Heaven ;  
“I fear the Lord of Hosts, whose glorious hand  
“Did make this stormy Sea, and massie Land.

So sad, their ears with double ravishment,  
Still hung upon his melting lips, atten,  
Whose dreadful words their hearts so near impierc'd ;  
That from themselves, themselves were quite divers'd.

As in a soultry Summers evening Tide,  
 (When lustful Phæbus re-salutes his Bride,  
 And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling)  
 A Herd of Deer are browzing in a Spring,  
 With eager appetite, misdeeming nought,  
 Nor in so deep a silence fearing ought ;  
 A sudden crack, or some unthought of sound,  
 Or bounce of Fowlers Piece, or yelp of Hound,  
 Disturbs their quiet peace with strange amaze,  
 Where (senseless half) through fear they stand at gaze :  
 So stand the Sea-men, (as with Ghosts affrighted)  
 Entraunc'd with what this man of God recited :  
 Their tired limbs do now wax faint, and lither,  
 Their hearts did yern, their knees did smite together :  
 Congealed blood usurps their trembling hearts,  
 And left a faintness in their feeble parts :  
 Who (trembling out distracted language) thus :

“ *Why hast thou brought this mischief upon us?*  
 “ *What humour led thee to a place unknown,*  
 “ *To seek out foreign Land, and leave thine own?*  
 “ *What faith hadst thou, by leaving thine abode,*  
 “ *To think to fly the presence of thy God?*  
 “ *Why hast thou not obey'd (but thus transgresst)*  
 “ *The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgest?*  
 “ *Art thou a Prophet? and dost thou amiss?*  
 “ *What is the cause? and why hast thou done this?*  
 “ *What shall we do? the tempest lends no ear*  
 “ *To fruitless chat, nor do the Billows hear;*  
 “ *Or mark our Language: Waves are not attent:*  
 “ *Our goods they float, our needless pains are spent;*  
 “ *Our Bark's not weather proof; no Fort's so stout*  
 “ *To keep continual Siege and Battery out.*  
 “ *The Lot accuses thee, thy words condemn thee,*  
 “ *The waves (thy deaths-men) strive to overwhelm thee;*

“ *What*

“What shall we do? Thou Prophet, speak, we pray thee:  
 “Thou fear’st the Lord; Alas! we may not slay thee;  
 “Or shall we save thee? No, for thou dost flee  
 “The face of God, and so deserv’st to die.  
 “Thou Prophet, speak, what shall be done to thee,  
 “That angry Seas may calm and quiet be?

## Meditat. IV.

**G**ive leave a little to adjourn your Text,  
 And ease my soul, my soul with doubts perplext.  
 Can he be said to fear the Lord, that flies him?  
 Can word confess him, whenas deed denies him?  
 My sacred Muse hath rounded in mine ear,  
 And read the mist’ry of a twofold fear:  
 The first, a servile fear, for judgments sake;  
 And thus Hells Fire-brands do fear and quake.  
 Thus *Adam* fear’d, and fled behind a Tree:  
 And thus did bloody *Cain* both fear and flee.  
 Unlike to this there is a second kind  
 Of fear, extracted from a zealous mind,  
 Full fraught with love, and with a conscience clear  
 From base respects: It is a filial fear;  
 A fear whose ground would just remain, and level,  
 Were neither Heaven, nor Hell, nor God, nor Devil.  
 Such was the fear that Princely *David* made,  
 And thus our wretched *Jonah* fear’d and fled:  
 He fled ashamed, because his sins were such;  
 He fled ashamed, because his fear was much.  
 He fear’d *Jehovah*, other fear’d he none:  
 Him he acknowledg’d; him he fear’d alone:  
 Unlike to those who (being blind with error)  
 Frame many gods, and multiply their terror.  
 Th’ *Egyptians* god *Apis* did implore,  
 God *Assas* the *Chaldeans* did adore:

Babel to the Devouring Dragon seeks ;  
 Th' Arabians Aslaroth ; Juno, the Greeks ;  
 The name of Belus the Assyrians hallow ;  
 The Trojans, Vesta ; Corinth, wise Apollo ;  
 Th' Arginians sacrifice unto the Sun ;  
 To light-foot Mercury bows Macedon :  
 To god Volunus, Lovers bend their knee :  
 To Pavor, those that faint, and fearful be :  
 Who pray for health, and strength, to Murcia those,  
 And to Victoria, they that fear to lose :  
 To Muta, they that fear a womans tongue :  
 To great Lucina, women great with young :  
 To Aesculapius, they that live opprest :  
 And such to Quies, who desire rest.

O blinded ignorance of antick Times,  
 How blent with error, and how stuft with Crimes  
 Your Temples were ! And how adulterate !  
 How clogg'd with needless gods ! how obstinate !  
 How void of reason, order, how confuse !  
 How full of dangerous and foul abuse !  
 How sandy were thy grounds, and how unstable !  
 How many Deities ! yet how unable !

Implore these gods that list to howl and bark,  
 They bow to Dagon, Dagon to the Ark :  
 But he to whom the seal of mercy's given,  
 Adores Jehovah the great God of Heaven :  
 Upon the mention of whose sacred Name,  
 Meek Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lions tame ;  
 Bright Sol shall stop, and heav'n shall turn his course,  
 Mountains shall dance, and Neptune flake his force :  
 The Seas shall part, the fire want his flame,  
 Upon the mention of Jehovah's Name :  
 A Name that makes the roof of Heaven to shake,  
 The frame of Earth to quiver, Hell to quake :  
 A Name, to which all Angels blow their Trumps :  
 A Name, puts frolick man into his dumps,

(Thought

(Though ne'r so blythe) A Name of high renown,  
It mounts the meek, and beats the lofty down:  
A Name divides the marrow in the Bone ;  
A Name, which out of hard and flinty stone  
Extracteth hearts of flesh, and makes relent  
Those hearts that never knew what mercy meant.

O Lord ! how great's thy Name in all the Land !  
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand !  
How is thy glory plac'd above the Heaven !  
To tender Mouths of Sucklings thou hast given  
Coercive pow'r, and boldness to reprove,  
When elder men do what them not behove.  
O Lord ! how great's the power of thine hand !  
O God ! how great's thy Name in all the Land !

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prophet doth his fault discover,  
Perswades the men to cast him over :  
They row, and toil, but do no good,  
They pray to be excus'd from blood.*

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### S E C T. V..

**S**o Jonah fram'd this Speech to their demand,  
" Not that I seek to traverse the Command  
" Of my dear Lord, and out of mind perverse,  
" T' avoid the Ninivites, do I amerce  
" My self; nor that I ever heard you-threat,  
" (Unless I went to Nineveh (the great)  
" And do the message sent her from the Lord)  
" That you would kill, or cast me over-board,  
" Do I do this; 'tis my deserved Fine :  
" You all are guiltless, and the fault is mine.

" 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he ;  
 " The tempest comes from Heaven, the cause from me :  
 " You shall not lose a hair for this my sin,  
 " Nor perish for the fault that mine hath been ;  
 " Lo, I the man am here ; Lo, I am he,  
 " The root of all ; end your revenge on me ;  
 " I fled th' Eternal God ; O, let me then  
 " (Because I fled my God) so flee from men :  
 " Redeem your lives with mine ; Ah, why should I  
 " Not guiltless, live, and you not guilty, dye ?  
 " I am the man for whom these Billows dance,  
 " My death shall purchase your deliverance ;  
 " Fear not to cease your fears, but throw me in ;  
 " Alas ! my Soul is burthen'd with my sin,  
 " And God is just, and bent to his Decree,  
 " Wher' tis certain is, and cannot alter'd be :  
 " I am proclaim'd a Traitor to the King  
 " Of Heaven and Earth ; the winds with speedy wing  
 " Acquaint the Seas ; The Seas mount up on high,  
 " And cannot rest until the Traitor die ;  
 " Oh, cast me in, and let my life be ended ;  
 " Let death make Justice mends which life offended ;  
 " O, let the swelling waters me embalm ;  
 " So shall the waves be still, and Sea be calm.

So said, th' amazed Mariners grew sad,  
 New love abstracted, what old fear did add ;  
 Love called pity ; Fear call'd Vengeance in ;  
 Love view'd the Sinner ; Fear beheld the Sin ;  
 Love cry'd out, Hold ; for better sav'd than spill'd ;  
 But Fear cry'd, Kill ; O better kill than kill'd :  
 Thus plung'd with Passions they distracted were  
 Betwixt the hopes and doubts of Love and Fear ;  
 Some cry'd out, Save ; if this foul deed we do,  
 Vengeance that haunted him, will haunt us too :

Others cry'd, No : May rather death befall  
To one (that hath deserv'd to die) than all :  
Save him (says one) Oh save the man that thus  
His dearest blood hath proffer'd to save us :  
No, (says another) Vengeance must have blood,  
And vengeance strikes most hard, when most withstood.  
In fine, (say all) Then let the Prophet die,  
And we shall live ; for Prophets cannot lie.  
Loth to be guilty of their own, yet loth  
To haste poor *Jonah*'s death, with hope, that both  
Th' approaching evils might be at once prevented,  
With prayers, and pains re-utter'd, re-attended ;  
They try'd new ways, despairing of the old,  
Love quickens courage, makes the spirits bold :  
They strove, in vain, by toyl to win the shore,  
And wrought more hard than e'r they did before :  
But now, both hands and hearts begin to quail,  
(For bodies wanting rest, must faint and fail ;)  
The Seas are angry, and the waves arise,  
Appeas'd with nothing but a Sacrifice ;  
God's vengeance stormeth like the raging Seas,  
Which nought but *Jonah* (dying) can appease :  
Fond is that labour, which attempts to free  
What Heaven hath bound by a Divine Decree :  
*Jonah* must dye, Heaven hath decreed it so ;  
*Jonah* must dye, or else they all dye too ;  
*Jonah* must dye, that from his Lord did flie ;  
The Lot determines, *Jonah* then must die ;  
His guilty word confirms the sacred Lot :  
*Jonah* must die then, if they perish not.

“ If Justice then appoint (since he must dye  
“ Said they) us Actors of his Tragedy,  
“ (we beg not (Lord) a warrant to offend)  
“ O pardon bloodshed, that we must intend ;

" Though not our hands, yet shall our hearts be clear,  
 " Then let not stainless Consciences bear  
 " The pond'rous burthen of a Murders guilt,  
 " Or pay the price of blood that must be spilt ;  
 " For lo, (Dear Lord) it is thine own Decree,  
 " And we sad ministers of Justice be.

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## Meditat. V.

**B**UT stay a while ; this thing would first be known :  
 Can *Jonah* give himself, and not his own ?  
 That part to God, and to his Country this  
 Pertains, so that a slender third is his.  
 Why then should *Jonah* do a double wrong,  
 To deal himself away, that did belong  
 The least unto himself ? or how could he  
 Teach this [*Thou shalt not kill*] if *Jonah* be  
 His life's own Butcher ? What, was this a deed  
 That with the Calling he protest agreed ?  
 The purblind Age (whose works (almost Divine)  
 Did meerly with the Oyl of Nature shine,  
 That knew no written Law, nor Grace, nor God,  
 To whip their Conscience with steely rod,)  
 How much did they abhor so foul a Fact ?  
 When (led by Natures glympse) they made an Act,  
 Self-Murderers should be deny'd to have  
 The charitable honour of a Grave :  
 Can such do so, when *Jonah* does amiss ?  
 What *Jonah*, Is'rls Teacher, and do this ?

The Law of Charity doth all forbid,  
 In this thing to do that which *Jonah* did ;  
 Moreo'r, in Charity, 'Tis thy behest,  
 Of dying men to think and speak the best ;  
 The mighty *Sampson* did as much as this :  
 And who dare say that *Sampson* did amiss,

If Heavens high Spirit whisper'd in his ear  
Expres command to do't? no wav'ring fear  
Drew back the righteous *Abram's* armed hand  
From *Isaac's* death, secur'd by Heav'ns command.

Sure is the knot that true Religion ties,  
And Love that's rightly grounded never dies ;  
It seems a Paradox beyond belief,  
That men in trouble should prolong relief :  
That Pagans (to withstand a Strangers Fate)  
Should be neglective of their own estate.

Where is this love become in later age ?  
Alas ! 'tis gone in endles pilgrimage  
From hence, and never to return (I doubt)  
Till revolution wheel those times about :  
Chill Breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven  
Away ; and with *Aftraea* fled to Heaven.  
Poor Charity, that naked Babe is gone,  
Her Honey's spent, and all her store is done ;  
Her wingleſs Bees can find out ne'r a bloom,  
And crooked *Ate* doth usurp her room :  
*Nepenthe*'s dry, and love can get no drink,  
And curs'd *Ardenne* flows above the brink.  
Brave Mariners, the World your name shall hallow,  
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow :  
Your friendship's rare, and your conversion strange  
From Pag'nism to Zeal : A sudden change !  
Those men do now the God of Heaven implore,  
That bow'd to Puppets but an hour before ;  
Their Zeal is fervent, (though but new begun)  
Before their Egg-shels were done off, they ran.  
As when bright *Phæbus* in a Summer tide,  
(New risen from the bosome of his Bride)  
Enveloped with misty foggs, at length  
Breaks forth, displays the mist, with Southern strength  
Even so these Mariners (of peerles mirror)  
Their faith being veil'd within the mist of error,

At length their zeal chac'd ignorance away,  
They left their puppets and began to pray.

Lord, how unlimited are thy Confines,  
That still pursu'st man in his good designs!  
Thy mercy's like the Dew of *Hermon* Hill,  
Or the like the Ointment, dropping downward still  
From *Aaron*'s head to beard; from beard to foot;  
So do thy mercies drench us round about:  
Thy love is boundless; Thou art apt and free  
To turn to Man, when Man returns to thee.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*They cast the Prophet over-board:  
The storm allay'd; they fear the Lord:  
A mighty Fish him quick devours,  
Where he remained many hours.*

### SECT. VI.

**E**ven as a member, whose corrupted sore  
Infests, and rankles, eating more and more,  
Threatning the Bodies losi (if not prevented)  
The wise Chirurgion (all fair means attempted)  
Cuts off, and with advised skill doth chuse  
To lose a part, than all the Body lose;  
Even so the feeble Sailors (that address  
Their idle arms, where Heaven denies success)  
Forbear their thriveless labours, and devise  
To root that evil, from whence their harms arise:  
Treason is in their thoughts, and in their ears  
Danger revives the old, and adds new fears:  
Their hearts grow fierce, and every soul applies  
T' abandon mercy from his tender eyes.

They

They cease t' attempt what Heav'n so long withstood  
And bent to kill, their thoughts are all on blood :  
They whisper oft, each word is Death's Alarm ;  
They hoyst him up, each lends a busie arm,  
And with united powers they intomb  
His out-cast Body in *Thetis* angry womb :  
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip'd his foamy mouth,  
Held his tridented Mace upon the South :  
The winds were whist, the billows danc'd no more,  
The Storm allay'd, the Heaven left off to roar,  
The waves (obedient to their pilgrimage)  
Gave ready passage, and surceast their rage ;  
The Sky grew clear, and now the welcome light  
Begins to put the gloomy Clouds to flight :  
Thus all on sudden was the Sea tranquil,  
The Heav'ns were quiet, and the waves were still.

As when a friendly Creditor (to get  
A long forborn, and much concerned debt)  
Still plies his willing Debtor with entreats,  
Importunes daily, daily thumps, and beats  
The batter'd port-holes of his tired ears  
Bedeafing him with what he knows, and hears ;  
The weary Debtor, to avoid the fight  
He loaths, shifts here and there, and ev'ry night  
Seeks out Protection of another Bed,  
Yet ne'rtheless (pursu'd and followed)  
His ears are still laid at with louder volly  
Of harder Dialect ; He melancholy  
Sits down, and sighs, and after long fore-flowing,  
(T' avoid his presence) pays him what is owing ;  
The thankful Creditor is now appeas'd,  
Takes leave, and goes away content and pleas'd :  
Even so these angry waves, with restless rage  
Accosted *Jonah* in his pilgrimage,  
And thundred Judgment in his fearful ear,  
Presenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty fear :

The waves rose discontent, the Surges beat,  
 And every moment, death the billows threat:  
 The weather-beaten Ship did every minute  
 Await destruction, while he was in it :  
 But when his (long expected) Corps they threw  
 Into the Deep, a debt, (through trespass, due)  
 The Sea grew kind, and all her frowns abated,  
 Her face was smooth to all that navigated.  
 'Twas sinful *Jonah* made her storm and rage,  
 'Twas sinful *Jonah* did her storm asswage.

With that the Mariners astonisht were,  
 And fear'd  *Jehovah* with a mighty fear,  
 Off'ring up Sacrifice with one accord,  
 And vowing solemn vows unto the Lord.  
 But he whose Word can make the Earths Foundation  
 Tremble, and with his Word can make cessation,  
 Whose wrath doth mount the Waves, and toss the Seas  
 And make them calm and smooth, when e'r he please :  
 This God, (whole mercy runs on endless wheel,  
 And pulls (like *Jacob*) Justice by the heel)  
 Prepar'd a Fish, prepar'd a mighty Whale,  
 Whose Belly was both prison-house and Bail,  
 For retchlefs *Jonah*. As the two leaf'd door  
 Opens, to welcome home the fruitful store,  
 Wherewith the harvest quits the Plowman's hope :  
 Even so the *Leviathan* set ope  
 His beam-like jaws, (prepar'd for such a boon)  
 And at a morsel swallowed *Jonah* down,  
 'Till dewy cheek'd *Aurora*'s purple die  
 Thrice dappled had the ruddy morning Skie,  
 And thrice had spread the Curtains of the Morn,  
 To let in *Titan* when the Day was born,  
*Jonah* was Tenant to his living Grave,  
 Embowell'd deep in this stupendious Cave.

## Meditat. VI.

**L**O, Death is now, as always it hath been,  
The just procured stipend of our sin:  
Sin is a golden Causey, and a Road  
Garnisht with joys, whose paths are even and broad,  
But leads at length to death, and endless grief,  
To torments, and to pains without relief.  
Justice fears none, but maketh all afraid,  
And then falls hardest, when 'tis most delaid.  
But thou reply'st, thy sins are daily great,  
Yet thou sit'st uncontroul'd upon thy Seat;  
Thy Wheat doth flourish, and thy Barns do thrive,  
Thy Sheep encrease, thy Sons are all alive,  
And thou art buxom, and hast nothing scant,  
Finding no want of any thing, but want;  
Whilst others, whom the squint-ey'd world counts holy,  
Sit sadly drooping in a Melancholy,  
With brow dejected, and down-hanging head,  
Or take of alms, or poorly beg their bread:  
But young man, know there is a Day of doom,  
The Feast is good, until the Reck'ning come,  
The time runs fastest, where is least regard,  
The stone that's long in falling, falleth hard;  
There is a dying Day, (thou prosp'rous Fool)  
When all thy laughter shall be turn'd to Dole,  
Thy Robes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting;  
Thy whoops of joy, to howls of sad lamenting;  
Thy tongue shall yell, and yowl, and never stop,  
And wish a World to give for one poor drop  
To flatter thine intolerable pain;  
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtain  
A minutes freedom from that hellish rout,  
Whose fire burns, and never goeth out:

Nor house, nor land, nor measur'd heaps of wealth,  
Can render to a dying man his health :  
Our life on Earth is like a thred of Flax,  
That all may touch, and being toucht it cracks.

As when an Archer shooteth for his sport,  
Sometimes his Shaft is gone, sometimes 'tis short,  
Sometimes o'th' left hand wide, sometimes o'th' right,  
At last (through often trial) hits the White !  
So Death sometimes with her uncertain Rover  
Hits our Superiours and so shoots over :  
Sometimes for change She strikes the meaner sort,  
Strikes our Inferiours (and then comes short)  
Sometimes upon the left hand wide She goes,  
And so (still wounding some) she strikes our Foes :  
And sometimes wide upon the right hand bends,  
There with Imperial shafts she strikes our Friends ;  
At length (through often tryal) hits the White,  
And so strikes us into eternal night.

Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,  
Concerning all men, never out of date :  
Her Days Dominical are writ in blood :  
She shew's more bad Days than She sheweth good :  
She tells when days, and months, and terms expire,  
Meas'ring the lives of Mortals by her squire.

Death is a Pursuivant with Eagles wings,  
That knocks at poor mens doors, and Gates of Kings.  
Worldling, beware betime, Death sculks behind thee,  
And as she leaves thee, so will Judgment find thee.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*within the Bowels of the Fish  
Jonah laments in great anguish;  
God heard his Pray'r, at whose command  
The Fish disgorg'd him on the Land.*

## S E C T. VII.

**T**hen Jonah turn'd his face to Heav'n, and pray'd  
Within the Bowels of the Whale, and said,

“ I cry'd out of my baleful misery  
“ Unto my God, and he hath heard my cry;  
“ From out the paunch of Hell I made a noise,  
“ And thou hast answer'd me, and heard my voice;  
“ Into the Deeps and bottom thou hast thrown me,  
“ Thy Surges and thy Waves have past upon me.  
“ Then Lord (said I) from thy resurgent sight  
“ I am expell'd, I am forsaken quite;  
“ Nay'the less, while these my wretched eyes remain,  
“ Unto thy Temple will I look again.  
“ The boistrous waters compast me about,  
“ My body threatens to let her Pris'ner out;  
“ The boundless depth enclos'd me, (almost dead)  
“ The weeds are wrapt about my fainting head;  
“ I live on earth rejected at thine hand;  
“ And a perpetual Pris'ner in the Land;  
“ Yet thou wilt cause my life t' ascend at length,  
“ From out this Pit, O Lord, my God, my strength;  
“ When as my Soul was overwhelm'd and faint,  
“ I had recourse to thee, did thee acquaint

“ With

"With the conditions of my woful case,  
 "My cry came to thee in thine holy Place.  
 "Who so to vanities themselves betake,  
 "Renounce thy mercies, and thy love forsake ;  
 "To thee I'll sacrifice in endless days ;  
 "With voice of thanks, and ever sounding praise,  
 "I'll pay my vows, for all the world records  
 "With one consent, Salvation is the Lords.

But he (whose word's a deed, whose breath's a law,  
 Whose just Command implies a dreadful awe,  
 Whose Word prepar'd a Whale upon the Deep,  
 To tend and wait for *Jonah*'s fall, and keep  
 His out-cast Body safe, and Soul secure)  
 This very God (whose mercy must endure,  
 When Heaven, and Earth, when Sea, and all things fail)  
 Disclos'd his purpose, and bespeak the Whale  
 To re-deliver *Jonah* to his hand ;  
 Whereat the Whale disgorg'd him on the Land.

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### Meditat. VII.

I Well record a holy Father says,  
 "He teaches to deny that faintly prays :  
 The suit surceases, when desire fails,  
 But whoso prays with fervency, prevails ;  
 For pray'r's the Key that opes th' eternal gate,  
 And finds admittance, whether earl' or late :  
 It forces audience, it unlocks the ear  
 Of Heavens great God, (though deaf) it makes him hear.

Upon a time, *Babel*, (the World's fair Queen)  
 Made drunk with choler, and enrag'd with Spleen)  
 Through fell disdain, derraigned war 'gainst them  
 That tender'd homage to *Jerusalem* ;

A maiden fight it was, yet they were strong  
As men of War, the Battel lasted long,  
Much Blood was shed, and spilt on either side,  
That all the ground with purple gore was dy'd :  
In fine, a Souldier of *Jernusalem*,  
*Charissa* hight (the Almner of the Realm)  
Chill'd with an Ague, and unapt to fight,  
Into *Justitia*'s Castle took her flight,  
Whereat great *Babel*'s Queen commanded all  
To lay their Siege against the Castle wall ;  
But poor *Tymissa* not with war acquainted,  
Fearing *Charissa*'s death, fell down, and fainted ;  
Dauntless *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground,  
Where she lay (pale and senseless) in a swound ;  
She rub'd her temples, and at length awaking  
She gave her water of *Fidissa*'s making,  
And said, Clear up, (dear sister) though our foe  
Hath ta'n us Captives, thus besieg'd with woe,  
We have a King puissant, and of might,  
Will see us take no wrong, and do us right,  
If we possess him with our sad complaint :  
Cheer up, we'll send to him, and him acquaint.  
*Tymissa* (new awak'd from swound) replies,  
Our Castle is begirt with enemies,  
And troops of armed men besiege our walls,  
Then surely death, or worse than death befalls  
To her, (who er' she) that stirs a foot,  
Or rashly dares attempt to venture out ;  
Alas ! what hope have we to find relief,  
And want the means that may divulge our grief ?  
Within that place a jolly Matron dwell'd,  
Whose looks were fixt and sad ; her left hand held  
A pair of equal Ballances ; her right  
A two-edg'd Sword ; her eyes were quick and bright ;  
Not apt to squint, but nimble to discern ;  
Her visage lovely was, yet bold and stern ;

Her name *Justitia* : to her they make  
 Their moan, who well advis'd, them thus bespake :  
 Fair Maidens, more beloved than the light,  
 I rue the suff'rance of your woful plight,  
 But pity's fond alone, recures no grief,  
 But fruitless falls, unless it yield relief.  
 Cheer up, I have a Messenger in store,  
 Whose speed is much, but faithful trust is more ;  
 Whose nimble wings shall cleave the flitting skies,  
 And scorn the terror of your Enemies ;  
*Oratio* hight, well known unto your King,  
 Your message she shall do, and tidings bring ;  
 Provided that *Fidissa* travel with her,  
 And so (on Christ's Name) let them go together.

With that *Fidissa* having ta'n her errant,  
 And good *Oratio* with *Justitia*'s warrant,  
 In silence of the midnight took her flight,  
 Arriving at the Court that very night ;  
 But they were both as flames of fire hot,  
 For they did flie as swift as Cannons shot :  
 But they (lest sudden cold should do them harm)  
 Together clung, and keep each other warm :  
 But now the Kingly Gates were sparr'd and lockt,  
 They call'd, but none made answer ; then they knockt  
 Together joining both their force in one,  
 They knockt again, yet answer there was none :  
 But they that never learn'd to take denial,  
 With importunity made further trial ;  
 The King heard well, although he list not speak,  
 Till they with strokes the Gate did well-nigh break.  
 In fine, the brazen Gates flew open wide :  
*Oratio* mov'd her suit ; The King replide,  
*Oratio* was a fair and welcome Guest :  
 So heard her suit, so granted her request.  
 Frail man, observe ; in thee the practice lies,  
 Let sacred Meditation moralize ;

Let pray'r be fervent, and thy faith intire,  
And Heav'n at last will grant thee thy desire.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The second time was Jonah sent  
To Niniveh: now Jonah went:  
Against her crying sins he cry'd,  
And her destruction prophes'd.*

## S E C T. VIII.

**O**nce more the voice of Heavens high Commander  
(Like horrid claps of Heavens dividing thunder,  
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noise  
Being heard far distant off) such was the voice)  
Came down from Heav'n to Jonah, new-born Man,  
To re-baptized Jonah, and thus began:

‘ Am I a God ? or art thou ought but dust ?  
‘ More than a man ? or are my Laws unjust ?  
‘ Am I a God, and shall not I command ?  
‘ Art thou a man, and dar’st my Laws withstand ?  
‘ Shall I (the motion of whose breath shall make  
‘ Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heaven quake)  
‘ By thee (fond man) shall I be thus neglected,  
‘ And thy presumption ‘scape uncorrected ?  
‘ Thy faith hath sav’d thee (Jonah :) Sin no more,  
‘ Lest worse things happen after, than before.  
‘ Arise ; let all thy assembled pow’rs agree  
‘ To do th’ Embassage I impose on thee ;  
‘ Trifle no more ; and to avoid my sight,  
‘ Think not to baulk me with a second flight,  
‘ Arise, and go to Niniveh (the great)  
‘ Where Broods of Gentiles have ta’n up their Seat !

‘ The great Queen Regent Mother of the Land,  
 ‘ That multiplies in people like the sand ;  
 ‘ Away with wings of time, (I’ll not esioin thee)  
 ‘ Denounce those fiery judgments, I enjoyn thee.

Like as a Youngling that to school is sent  
 Scarce weaned from his Mothers blandishment,  
 (Where he was cocker’d with a stroking hand)  
 With stubborn heart denies the just command  
 His Tutor wills ; but being once corrected,  
 His home-bred stomach’s curb’d, or quite ejected :  
 His crooked nature’s chang’d, and mollifi’d,  
 And humbly seeks what stoutly he deni’d :  
 So *Jonah*’s stout, perverse, and stubborn heart  
 Washardned once, but when it felt the smart  
 Of Heav’ns avenging wrath, it straight dissolv’d ;  
 And what it once avoided, now resolv’d  
 T’ effect with speed, and with a careful hand,  
 Fully replenish’d with his Lords Command,  
 To *Niniveh* he flieth like a Roe,  
 Each step the other striyes to overgo :  
 And as an Arrow to the mark does file,  
 So (bent to flight) flies he to *Niniveh*.

Now *Niniveh* a mighty City was,  
 Which all the Cities of the World did pass ;  
 A City which o’r all the rest aspires  
 Like midnight *Phœbe* ‘mongst the lesser fires :  
 A City which (although to men was given)  
 Better besem’d the Majesty of Heaven :  
 A City great to God, whose ample Wall,  
 Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall  
 Bring *Phœbus* thrice to Bed, e’re it be done,  
 (Although with dawning *Hesperus* begun.)

When *Jonas* hath approacht the City Gate,  
 He made no stay to rest, nor yet to bate,  
 No supple Oyl his fainting head anoints,  
 Stays not to bathe his weather-beaten Joyns,

Nor smooth'd his Countenance, nor flick'd his Skin,  
Nor craved he the Hostage of an Inn,  
To ease his aking Bones (with travel sore ;)  
But went as speedy as he fled before :  
The Cities greatness made him not refuse  
To be the Trump of that unwelcome news  
His tongue was great with ; but (like thunders noise)  
His mouth flew ope, and out there rusht a voice.

*When dewy-cheek'd Aurora shall display  
Her golden locks, and summon up the day  
Twice twenty times, and rest her drowsie head  
Twice twenty nights, in aged Tithons Bed,  
Then Niniveh, this place of high renown,  
Shall be destroy'd, and sack'd, and batter'd down.*

He sat not down to take deliberation,  
What manner people were they, or what Nation,  
Or Gent', or Salvage ; nor did he enquire  
What place were most convenient for a Crier ;  
Nor like a sweet-lipt Orator did steer,  
Or tune his Language to the peoples ear ;  
But bold, and rough, yet full of Majesty,  
Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,  
*When forty times Don Phœbus shall fulfil  
His Journaל course upon th' Olympian Hill,  
Then Niniveh (the worlds great wonder) shall  
Startle the worlds Foundation with her Fall.*  
The dismal Prophet stands not to admire  
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire ;  
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth he pity,  
Th' approaching downfal of so brave a City,  
But dauntless he his dreadful voice extends,  
Respectless, whom this bolder cry offends ;

*When forty days shall be expir'd, and run,  
And that poor inch of time drawn out, and done,  
Then Niniveh (the Worlds Imperial Throne)  
Shall not be left a stone upon a stone.*

*Meditat. VIII.*

BUT stay! Is God like one of us? Can he  
 When he hath said it, alter his Decree?  
 Can he that is the God of Truth dispense  
 With what he vow'd? or offer violence  
 Upon his sacred Justice? Can his mind  
 Revolt at all, or vary like the wind?  
 How comes this alteration then, that he  
 Thus limiting th' effect of his Decree  
 Upon th' expiring date of forty days,  
 He then performs it not? But still delays  
 His plagues denounc'd, and judgment still forbears,  
 And 'stead of forty days gives many years?  
 Yet forty days, and *Niniveh* shall perish;  
 Yet forty years, and *Niniveh* doth flourish:  
 A change in man's infirm, in God 'tis strange;  
 In God to change his Will, and will a Change,  
 Are divers things: When he repents from ill,  
 He wills a Change; he changes not his Will;  
 The Subject's chang'd, which secret was to us,  
 But not the mind that did dispose it thus;  
 Denounced Judgment God doth oft prevent,  
 But neither changes counsel, nor intent;  
 The voice of Heaven doth seldom threat perdition,  
 But with express, or an impli'd Condition,  
 So that, if *Niniveh* return from ill,  
 God turns his hand, he doth not turn his Will.

The stint of *Niniveh* was forty days,  
 To change the bias of her crooked ways;  
 To some the time is large; to others small;  
 To some 'tis many years; And not at all  
 To others; Some an hour have, and some  
 Have scarce a minute of their time to come:

Thy

Thy span of life (*Malfido*) is thy space  
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.

Lord! what is man, but like a Worm that crawls,  
Open to danger every foot that falls?  
Death creeps (unheard) and steals abroad (unseen,)  
Her Darts are sudden, and her Arrows keen ;  
Uncertain when, but certain she will strike ;  
Respecting King and Beggar both alike ;  
The stroke is deadly, come it soon or late,  
Which once being struck, repenting's out of date ;  
Death is a minute, full of sudden sorrow :  
‘ Then live to day, as thou may’st dye to morrow.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Ninivites believe the word,  
Their hearts return unto the Lord ;  
In him they put their only trust :  
They mourn in Sackcloth, and in dust.*

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### SECT. IX.

**S**O said, the *Ninivites* believ’d the Word,  
Believed *Jonah*, and believ’d the Lord ;  
They made no pause, nor jested at the news,  
Nor slighted it, because it was a Jew’s  
Denouncement : No, nor did their gazing eyes  
(As taken captive with such novelties)  
Admire the strangers garb, so quaint to theirs,  
No idle chat possest’d their itching ears  
The whilst he spake : nor were their tongues on fire  
To rail upon, nor interrupt the Crier :  
Nor did they question whether true the Message,  
Or false the Prophet were, that brought th’ Embassage.

But they gave faith to what he said ; relented,  
 And (changing their mis-wandered ways) repented :  
 Before the searching Air could cool his word,  
 Their hearts returned, and believ'd the Lord ;  
 And they, whose dainty lips were cloy'd while-ere  
 With cates, and viands, and with wanton cheer,  
 Do now enjoyn their palates not to taste  
 The offal bread ; (for they proclaim'd a Fast)  
 And they, whose looser Bodies once did lye  
 Wrapt up in Robes, and Silks of Princely Dye,  
 Lo now, instead of Robes, in rags they mourn,  
 And all their Silks do into Sackcloth turn :  
 They read themselves sad Lectures on the ground,  
 Learning to want, as well as to abound ;  
 The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peer,  
 Nor yet the richest, nor the poorest there ;  
 The old man was not freed, (whose hoary Age  
 Had ev'n almost outworn his Pilgrimage)  
 Nor yet the young, whose Glafs (but new begun)  
 By course of Nature had an Age to run.

For when that Fatal Word came to the King,  
 (Convey'd with speed upon the nimble wing  
 Of flitting Fame) he straight dismounts his Throne,  
 Forsakes his Chair of State he sat upon,  
 Disrob'd his Body, and his Head discrown'd,  
 In dust and ashes, grov'ling on the ground,  
 And when he rear'd his trembling Corps again,  
 (His hair all filthy with the dust he lay in)  
 He clad in pensive Sackcloth did depose  
 Himself from State Imperial, and chose  
 To live a Vassal, or a baser thing,  
 Than to usurp the Scepter of a King :  
 (Respectless of his pomp) he quite forgat  
 He was a Monarch, mindless of his State,  
 He neither sought to rule, or be obey'd,  
 Nor with his Sword, nor with the Scepter sway'd.

*Meditat. IX.*

IS fasting then the thing that God requires ?  
Can fasting expiate, or slake those fires  
That sin hath blown to such a mighty flame ?  
Can Sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a shame ?  
Can ashes cleanse thy blot ? or purge thy offence ?  
Or do thy hands make Heaven a recompence,  
By strowing dust upon thy briny face ?  
Are these the tricks to purchase heavenly Grace ?  
No, though thou pine thy self with willing want ;  
Or face look thin, or Carkass ne'r so gaunt ;  
Although thou worser weeds than Sackcloth wear,  
Or naked go ; or sleep in shirts of hair ;  
Or though thou chuse an Ash-tub for thy Bed,  
Or make a daily Dunghil on thy Head ;  
Thy labour is not pois'd with equal gains,  
For thou hast nought but labour for thy pains :  
Such holy madness God rejects, and loathes,  
That sinks no deeper than the skin or cloaths :  
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weep by art)  
Look red with tears, (not guilty of thy heart)  
'Tis not the holding of thy hands so high,  
Nor yet the purer squinting of thine eye ;  
'Tis not your mimick mouth, your antick faces,  
Your Scripture phrases, or affected Graces,  
Your prodigal up-banding of your eyes,  
Whose gaſtful Balls do seem to pelt the skies ;  
'Tis not the strict reforming of your hair  
So close, that all the neighbouring skull is bare :  
'Tis not the drooping of thy head so low,  
Nor yet the lowring of thy fullen brow,  
Nor wolvish howling that disturbs the Air,  
Nor repetitions, or your tedious prayer ;

No, no, 'tis none of this, that God regards ;  
Such sort of fools their own applause rewards ;  
Such puppet-plays to Heaven are strange and quaint,  
Their service is unsweet, and foully taint ;  
Their words fall fruitless from their idle brain,  
But true repentance runs in other strain :  
Where sad contrition harbours, there the heart  
Is truly acquainted with the secret smart  
Of past offences, hates the bosom sin  
The most, which most the soul took pleasure in ,  
No crime unfitted, no sin unresented  
Can lurk unseen, and seen, none unlamented ;  
The troubled Soul's amaz'd with dire aspects  
Of lesser sins committed and detects  
The wounded Conscience ; it cries amain  
For mercy, mercy, cries, and cries again ;  
It sadly grieves, and soberly laments ;  
It yerns for grace, reforms, returns, repents,  
I, this is incense whose accepted favour  
Mounts up the Heavenly Throne, and findeth favour ;  
I, this is it, whose valour never fails,  
With God it stoutly wrastles, and prevails :  
I, this is it that pierces Heaven above,  
Never returning home (like Noah's Dove)  
But brings an olive leaf, or some encrease,  
That works Salvation, and Eternal Peace.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prince and People fasts, and prays :  
God heard, accepted, lik'd their ways ;  
Upon their timely true repentance,  
God reverst, and chang'd his Sentence.*

## SECT. X.

**T**hen suddenly with holy zeal enflam'd,  
He caus'd a general Act to be proclaim'd,  
By sage advice, and counsel of his Peers ;  
‘ Let neither man, or child, of youth, or years,  
‘ From greatest in the City, to the least,  
‘ Nor Herd, nor pining Flock, nor hungry Beast,  
‘ Nor any thing that draweth Air, or Breath,  
‘ On forfeiture of life, or present death,  
‘ Prelune to taste of nourishment, or food,  
‘ Or move their hungry lips to chew the cud ;  
‘ From out their eyes let Springs of water burst,  
‘ With tears (or nothing) let them slake their thirst,  
‘ Moreo'r, let every man (what e'r he be)  
‘ Of higher quality, or low degree,  
‘ D' off all they wear, (excepting but the same  
‘ That Nature craves, and that which covers shame)  
‘ Their nakedness with Sackcloth let them hide,  
‘ And mve the Vestments of their filken pride ;  
‘ And let the brave carriering Horse of War,  
‘ (Whose rich Caparisons, and Trappings are  
‘ The glorious Wardrobe of a Victors show)  
‘ Let him disrobe, and put on Sackcloth too ;  
‘ The Oxe (ordin'd for yoke) the Afs (for load)  
‘ The Horse (as well for Race, as for the Road)

- ‘ The burthen-bearing Camel (strong and great)
- ‘ The fruitful Kine, and every kind of Neat,
- ‘ Let all put Sackcloth on, and spare no voice,
- ‘ But cry aloud to Heaven with mighty noise ;
- ‘ Let all men turn the Bials of their ways,
- ‘ And change their fiercer hands to force of praise :
- ‘ For who can tell if God (whose angry face
- ‘ Hath long been waining from us) will embrace
- ‘ This slender pittance of our best endeavour ?
- ‘ Who knows if God will his intent persevere ?
- ‘ Or who can tell, if he (whose tender love
- ‘ Transcends his sharper Justice) will remove
- ‘ And change his high Decree, and turn his Sentence
- ‘ Upon a timely and unfeign’d repentance ?
- ‘ And who can tell, if Heaven will change the Lot,
- ‘ That we and ours may live, and perish not ?

So God perceiv’d their works, and saw their ways,  
 Approv’d the faith, that in their works did blaze,  
 Approv’d their faith, approv’d their works the rather  
 Because their faith and works went both together ;  
 He saw their faith, because their faith abounded ;  
 He saw their works, because on faith they grounded ;  
 He saw their faith, their works, and so relented ;  
 H’approv’d their works, their faith, and so repented ;  
 Repented of the plagues they apprehended ;  
 Repented of the evil that he intended ;  
 So God the vengeance of his hand withdrew,  
 He took no forfeiture, although ’twere due,  
 The evil, that once he meant, he now forgot,  
 Cancell’d the forfeit Bond, and did it not.

*Meditat. X.*

**S**EE, into what an ebb of low estate  
 The Soul that seeks to be regenerate

Must first descend, before the Ball rebound,  
It must be thrown with force against the ground ;  
The seed encreases not in fruitful ears,  
Nor can she rear the goodly stalk she bears,  
Unless besrow'd upon a mould of earth,  
And made more glorious by a second birth ;  
So man, before his wisdom can bring forth  
The brave exploits of truly noble worth,  
Or hope the granting of his sins remission,  
He must be humbl'd first in sad contrition.  
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)  
If it be planted from the Suns reflect,  
Or lack the dew of seasonable showers,  
Decays, and beareth neither fruit nor flowers :  
So wretched man, if his repentance hath  
No quickning Sun-shine of a lively Faith,  
Or not bedew'd with shew'rs of timely tears,  
Or works of mercy, (wherein Faith appears)  
His prayers, and deeds, and all his forced groves  
Are like the howls of Dogs, and works of Drones.  
The wise Chirurgion, (first by letting blood)  
Weakenis his Patient e're he does him good ;  
Before the Soul can a true comfort find,  
The Body must be prostrate ; and the mind  
Truly repentive, and contrite within,  
And loath the fawning of a bosome sin.

But Lord ! Can man deserve ? Or can his best  
Do Justice equal right, which he transgresst ?  
When Dust and Ashes mortally offend,  
Can Dust and Ashes make eternal mends ?  
Is Heaven unjust ? Must not the recompence  
Be full equivalent to the offence ?  
What mends by Mortal man can then be given  
To the offended Majesty of Heaven ?

O Mercy ! Mercy ! on thee my Soul relies,  
On thee we build our faith, we bend our eyes ;

Thou

ou fill'st my empty strain, thou fill'st my tongue ;  
 thou art the subject of my Swan-like Song ;  
 Like pinion'd pris'ners at the dying Tree,  
 Our lingring hopes attend and wait on thee ;  
 (Arraign'd at Justice Bar) prevent our doom :  
 To thee with joyful hearts we clearly come ;  
 Thou art our Clergy ; Thou that dearest Book,  
 Wherin our fainting eyes desire to look ;  
 In thee, we trust to read (what will release us)  
 In bloody Characters, that Name of J E S U S.

What shall we then return the God of Heaven ?  
 Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be given ;  
 Our Souls, our Eodies, strength, and all our pow'rs,  
 (Alas !) were all too little, were they ours :  
 Or shall we burn (until our life expires)  
 An endless Sacrifice in holy fires ?  
 My Sacrifice shall be my heart intire,  
 My Christ the Altar, and my Zeal the Fire.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Prophet discontented prays  
 To God, that he would end his days ;  
 God blames his wrath so unrep'rest,  
 Reproves his unadvis'd request.*

### S E C T. XI.

**B**UT this displeasing was in Jonab's eyes,  
 His heart grew hot, his blood began to rise,  
 His eyes did sparkle, and his teeth struck fire,  
 His veins did boil, his heart was full of ire :  
 At last brake forth into a strange request,  
 These words he pray'd, and mumbld out the rest :

Was

‘ Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)  
‘ Before I fled ? Nay, was not this my word,  
‘ The very word my jealous language vented,  
‘ When this mishap might well have been prevented :  
‘ Was there, O was there not a just suspect,  
‘ My preaching would procure this effect ?  
‘ For Lord, I knew of old, thy tender love ;  
‘ I knew the pow’r, thou gav’st my tongue, would move  
‘ Their adamantine hearts ; I knew ’twould thaw  
‘ Their frozen spirits, and breed relenting aw ;  
‘ I knew (great God) upon their true repentance  
‘ That thou determin’dst to reverse thy sentence ;  
‘ For well I knew thou wert a gracious God,  
‘ Of long forbearance, slow to use the Rod ;  
‘ I knew, the power of thy Mercies bent  
‘ The strength of all thy other works outwent ;  
‘ I knew thy tender kindness, and how loth  
‘ Thou wert to punish, and how slow to wrath :  
‘ Turning thy Judgments, and thy Plagues preventing ;  
‘ Thy mind reverting, and of ev’l repenting ;  
‘ Therefore (O therefore) upon this persuasion  
‘ I fled to Tarshish, there to make evasion,  
‘ To save thy credit (Lord) to save mine own :  
‘ For when this blast of zeal is overblown,  
‘ And Sackcloth left, and they surcease to mourn,  
‘ When they (like dogs) shall to their vomit turn,  
‘ They’ll vilipend thy sacred Word, and scoff it,  
‘ Saying, was that a God, or this a Prophet ?  
‘ They’ll scorn thy judgments, and thy threats despise,  
‘ And call thy Prophets, Messengers of lies.  
‘ Now therefore (Lord) bow down attentive ear,  
‘ For ah ! my burthen’s more than flesh can bear :  
‘ Make speed (O Lord) and banish all delays  
‘ T’ extinguish now the taper of my days :  
‘ Let not the minutes of my time extend,  
‘ But let my stretched hours find an end :

' Let not my fainting spirit longer stay  
 ' In this frail Mansion of distemper'd Clay ;  
 ' The thred's but weak my life depends upon,  
 ' O cut that thred, and let my life be done :  
 ' My breast stands fair, strikethen, and strike again ;  
 ' For nought but dying can asswage my pain :  
 ' O may I rather die than live in shame ;  
 ' Better it is to leave, and yield the game,  
 ' Than toil, for what, at length, must needs be lost ;  
 ' O kill me, for my heart is sore imbos't :  
 ' This latter boon unto thy servant give,  
 ' For better 'tis for me to die than live.

So wretched *Jonah*. But *Jehovah* thus :  
 ' What boots it so to storm outragious ?  
 ' Becomes it thus my Servant's heart to swell ?  
 ' Can anger help thee, *Jonah*, dost thou well ?

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*Meditat. XII.*

**H**OW poor a thing is Man! How vain's his mind !  
 How strange! how base ! and wav'ring like the wind !  
 How uncouth are his ways ! how full of danger !  
 How to himself, is he himself a stranger !  
 His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vain ;  
 His actions sinful, and his words prophane ;  
 His will's deprav'd, his senses are beguil'd,  
 His reason's dark, his members all defil'd ;  
 His hasty feet are swift and prone to ill ;  
 His guilty hands are ever bent to kill ;  
 His tongue's a sponge of venome, (or of worse )  
 His practice is to swear, his skill to curse ;  
 His eyes are fire-balls of lustful fire,  
 And outward helps to inward foul desire ;  
 His Body is a well erected station,  
 But full of folly and corrupted passion :

Fond love, and raging lust, and foolish fears ;  
Griefs overwhelmed with immoderate tears ;  
Excessive joy ; prodigious desire ;  
Unholy anger, red and hot as fire ;  
These daily clog the Soul, that's fast in prison,  
From whose encrease this luckless brood is risen,  
Respectless Pride, and lustful idleness,  
Base ribauld talk, and loathsome Drunkenness,  
Faithless Despair, and vain Curiosity :  
Both false, yet double-tongu'd Hypocrisie ;  
Soft flattery, and haughty-ey'd Ambition ;  
Heart-gnawing hatred, and squint-ey'd Suspicion ;  
Self-eating Envy, envious Detraction,  
Hopeless distrust, and too too sad Dejection ;  
Revengeful Malice, hellish Blasphemy,  
Idolatry, and light Inconstancy ;  
Daring Presumption, wry-mouth'd Derision,  
Damned Apostasie, fond Superstition.

What heedful watch ? Ah what continual ward ?  
How great respect, and hourly regard  
Stands man in hand to have ; when such a brood  
Of furious hell-hounds seek to suck his blood ?  
Day, night, and hour, they rebel, and wrastle ;  
And never cease, till they subdue the Castle.

How slight a thing is man ? how frail and brittle ?  
How seeming great is he ? how truly little ?  
Within the bosome of his holiest works,  
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurks,  
Which oftentimes in men of purest ways,  
Burst out in flame, and for a season blaze.

Lord, teach our hearts, and give our souls directions,  
Subdue our passions, curb our stout affections ;  
Nip thou the Bud before the bloom begins :  
Lord shield thy servants from presumptuous sins.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A Booth for shelter Jonah made ;  
God sent a Gourd for better shade ;  
But by the next approaching light,  
God sent a Worm consum'd it quite.*

## SECT. XII.

**S**o *Jonah* (sore opprest and heavy-hearted)  
From out the Cities Circuit straight departed.  
Departed to the Eastern Borders of it,  
Where sick with anguish fate this sullen Prophet,  
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he sate,  
(Until some few Days had expir'd their date,  
With over-tedious pace) where he might see  
What would betide to threatened *Niniveh*.

A trunk that wanteth sap, is soon decay'd ;  
The slender Booth of Boughs and Branches made ;  
Soon yielding to the Suns consuming Ray,  
Crumbled to dust, and early dry'd away :  
Whereat the great *Jehovah* spake the word,  
And over *Jonah*'s head there sprang a Gourd,  
Whose roots were fixt within the quickning Earth,  
Which gave it nourishment, as well as Birth :  
God rais'd up a Gourd, a Gourd should last,  
Let Wind, or scorching Sun, or blow, or blast,  
As Coals of fire, rak'd up in embers, lye  
Obscure, and undiscerned by the eye ;  
But being stirr'd, regain a glim'm'ring light,  
Revive, and glow, burning afresh, and bright :  
So *Jonah* 'gan to chear through this relief,  
And joyful was, devoide all his grief,

He joy'd to see that God had not forgot  
His drooping servant, and forsook him not;  
He joy'd, in hope the Gourd strange wonder, will  
Perswade the People, he's a Prophet still :  
The fresh aspect did much refresh his sight ;  
The herbal favour gave his sense delight :  
Thus *Jonah* much delighted in his Gourd,  
Enjoy'd the pleasures that it did afford.

But, Lord ! What earthly thing can long remain?  
How momentany are they ! and how vain !  
How vain is Earth, that man delighted in it !  
Her pleasures rise, and vanish in a minit :  
How fleeting are the joys we find below,  
Whose tides (uncertain) oftner ebb, than flow !  
For see ! this Gourd (that was so fair and sound)  
Is quite consum'd and eaten to the ground ;  
No sooner *Titan* had up-heav'd his head  
From off the pillow of his saffron bed,  
But Heaven prepar'd a filly, silly worm,  
(Perchance brought thither by an Eastern storm)  
The worm that must obey, and well knew how,  
Consum'd the Gourd, nor left it root nor bough ;  
Consum'd it straight within a minutes space,  
Lest nought, but (sleeping) *Jonas* in the place.

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*Meditat. XII.*

**T**H E pleasures of the World (which soon abate)  
Are lively Emblems of our own estate,  
Which (like a Banquet at a Fun'ral show)  
But sweeten grief, and serve to flatter wo.  
Pleasure is fleeting still, and makes no stay,  
It lends a smile or twain, and steals away.  
Man's life is fickle, full of winged haste,  
It mocks the sense with joy, and soon does waste :

Pleasure does crown thy youth, and lulls thy wants ;  
But (sullen age approaching) straight avaunts.

Man's life is joy, and sorrow seeks to banish,  
It doth lament and mourn in Age, and vanish.

The time of pleasures, like the life of Man ;  
Both joyful, both contained in a span ;  
Both highly priz'd, and both on sudden lost ;  
When most we trust them, they deceive us most.  
What fit of madnes makes us love them thus ?  
We leave our lives, and pleasure leaveth us :  
Why, what is pleasure ? but a golden dream,  
Which (waking) makes our wants the more extream.  
And what is life ? A bubble full of care,  
Which (prickt by death) straight empties into Air :  
The flowers (clad in a far more rich array,  
Than e'r was *Solomon*) do soon decay ;  
What thing more sweet, or fairer than a flower ?  
And yet it blooms and fades within an hour ;  
What greater pleasure than a rising Sun ?  
Yet is this pleasure every Evening done :  
But thou art Heir to *Cræsus*, and thy treasure  
Being great and endles, endless is thy pleasure :  
But thou (thou *Cræsus* Heir) consider must,  
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust :  
Another's noble, and his Name is great,  
And takes his place upon a lofty Seat ;  
True 'tis, but yet his many wants are such,  
That better 'twere he were not known so much.  
Another binds his Soul in *Hymens* knot,  
His Spouse is chaste, unblemisht with a spot ;  
But yet his comfort is bedasht and done  
His grounds are stockt, and now he wants a Son.

How fickle and unconstant's man's estate !  
Man fain would have, but then he knows not what :  
And having, rightly knows not how to prize it,  
But like that foolish Dunghil-Cock, employs it,

But who desires to live a life content,  
Wherein his Cruise of joy shall ne'r be spent,  
With fierce pursuit let him that good desire,  
Whose date no change, no fortune can expire.  
For that's not worth the craving to obtain  
A happiness that must be lost again.  
Nor that, which most do covet most, is best;  
Best are the goods, mixt with contented rest.  
Gasp not for honour, wish no blazing glory,  
For these will perish in an Ages Story ;  
Nor yet for power; power may be carv'd  
To fools, as well as thee, that hast deserv'd :  
Thirst not for Lands nor Money ; wish for none ;  
For wealth is neither lasting, nor our own :  
Riches are fair enticements to deceive us,  
They flatter, while we live, and dying, leave us.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*Jonah desires to dye, the Lord  
Rebukes him, he maintains his word ;  
His anger he doth justifie,  
God pleads the cause for Niniveh.*

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## SECT. XIII.

**W**hen ruddy Phæbus had with morning light  
Subdu'd the East, and put the Stars to flight.  
Heav'ns hand prepar'd a fervent Eastern Wind,  
Whose drought together with the Sun combin'd,  
The one as Bellows blowing t'others fire,  
With strong united force did both conspire  
To make assault upon the fainting head  
Of helpless Jonah, that was well-nigh dead,

Who turning oft, and tossing to and fro,  
(As they that are in torment use to do)  
And (restless) finding no success of ease,  
But rather that his tortures still encrease ;  
His secret passion to his Soul betray'd,  
Craving no sweeter boon than death, and said,  
‘ O kill me (Lord) or lo my heart will rive,  
‘ For better ’tis for me to die, than live.

So said, the Lord did interrupt his passion,  
And said, ‘ How now, is this a seemly fashion ?  
‘ Doth it become my servant’s heart to swell ?  
‘ Can anger help thee ? *Jonah*, dost thou well ?  
‘ Is this a fit speech ? or a well-plac’d word ?  
‘ What art thou angry (*Jonah*) for a Gourd ?  
‘ What if th’ *Arabians* with their ruder train,  
‘ Had kill’d thine Oxen, and thy Cattel slayn ?  
‘ What if consuming fire (fall’n from Heaven)  
‘ Had all thy servants of their life bereaven,  
‘ And burnt thy sheep ? What if by strong oppression  
‘ The *Chaldees* had usurp’d unjust possession  
‘ Upon thy Camels ? Or had *Boreas* blown  
‘ His full-mouth’d blast and cast thy houses down,  
‘ And slain thy Sons amid their jollities ?  
‘ Or hadst thou lost thy Vineyard full of trees ?  
‘ Hadst thou been ravish’d of thine only sheep,  
‘ That in thy tender bosom us’d to sleep ?  
‘ How would thy hasty spirit then been stirr’d,  
‘ If thou art angry, *Jonah*, for a Gourd ?

To which thus *Jonah* vents his idle breath,  
‘ Lord, I dowell to vex unto the death ;  
‘ I fear not to acknowledge and profess  
‘ Deserved rage, I’m angry, I confess :  
‘ Twould make a spirit that is thorow frozen,  
‘ To blaze like flaming pitch, and fry like Rozen :  
‘ Why dost thou ask that thing that thou canst tell ?  
‘ Thou know’st I’m angry, and ’t beseems me well..

So said, the Lord to *Jonah* thus bespake ;  
'Dost thou bemoan, and such compassion take  
'Upon a Gourd ; whose seed thou didst not sow,  
'Nor move thy busie hands to make it grow :  
'Whose beauty smiall, and value was but slight,  
'Which sprang, as also perisht in a night ?  
'Hadst thou (O dust and ashes) such a care,  
'Such inbred-pity a trifling plant to spare ?  
'Hadst thou (O hard and incompassionate,  
'To wish the razing of so brave a State)  
'Hadst thou (I say) compassion to bewail  
'The extirpation of a Gourd so frail ?  
'And shall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)  
'Whose Fountain's never dry, but still affords  
'Sweet streams of mercy, with a fresh supply,  
'To those that thirst for grace : What shall not I  
'That am the God of mercy, and have sworn  
'To pardon Sinners whensoe'r they turn ?  
'(I say) shall I disclaim my wonted pity,  
'And bring to ruine such a goodly City,  
'Whose hearts (so truly penitent) implore me,  
'Who day and night pour forth their souls before me ?  
'Shall I destroy the mighty *Niniveh*,  
'Whose people are like Sands about the Sea ?  
'Mong which are sixscore thousand Babes (at least)  
'That hang upon their tender Mothers breast,  
'Whose pretty smiles could never yet descry  
'The dear affection of their Mothers eye ?  
'Shall I subvert, and bring to desolation  
'A City (nay, more aptly term'd a Nation)  
'Whose walls boast less their beauty than their might ?  
'Whose hearts are sorrowful, and souls contrite ?  
'Whose Infants are in number so amounting ?  
'And beasts, and cattel endles, without counting ?  
'What, *Jonah*, shall a Gourd so move thy pity ?  
'And shall not I spare such a goodly City ?

*Meditatio ultima.*

**M**Y heart is full, my vent is too too strait.  
 My tongue's too trusty to my poor conceit ;  
 My mind's in labour, and finds no redress ;  
 My heart conceives, my lips cannot express ;  
 My Organs suffer through a main defect ;  
 Alas ! I want a proper Dialect  
 To blazon forth the tithe of what I muse ;  
 The more I meditate, the more accrues ;  
 But lo, my faultring tongue must say no more,  
 Unless she step where she hath trod before.  
 What ? shall I then be silent ? No, I'll speak  
 (Till tongue be tired, and my lungs be weak)  
 Of dearest mercy, in as sweet a strain,  
 As it should please my Muse to lend a Vein :  
 And when my voice shall stop within her source,  
 And speech shall faulter in this high discourse ;  
 My tired tongue (unsham'd) shall thus extend  
 Only to name, Dear Mercy, and so end.

O high Imperial King, Heavens Architect,  
 Is Mana thing befitting thy respect ?  
 Lord, thou art Wisdom, and thy Ways are holy,  
 But Man's polluted, full of filth, and folly ;  
 Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,  
 And in his Soul he bears thy glorious brand,  
 Howe'r defaced with the rust of sin,  
 Which hath abus'd thy stamp, and eaten in ;  
 'Tis not the frailty of Man's corrupted nature,  
 Makes thee ashame'd t'acknowledge man thy creature ;  
 But like a tender Father, here on earth,  
 (Whose child by nature, or abortive birth,  
 Doth want that sweet and favourable relish,  
 Wherewith her Creatures Nature doth embellish)

Respects

Respects him ne'rtheless ; even so thy grace  
(Great God) extends to Man ; though sin deface  
The glorious pourtriaicture that Man doth bear,  
Whereby he loath'd and ugly doth appear,  
Yet thou (within whose tender Bowels are  
Deep gulfs of Mercy, sweet beyond compare)  
Regard'ſt, and lov'ſt (with rev'rence be it said)  
Nay, seem'ſt to dote on Man ; when he hath straid,  
Lord, thou hast brought him to his fold again ;  
When he was lost, thou didſt not then disdain  
To think upon a Vagabond, and give  
Thy dearest Son to die, that he might live.  
How poor a Mite art thou content withal,  
That Man might 'scape his downe approaching fall ;  
Though base we are, yet thou doſt not abhor us,  
But (as our Story speaks) art pleading for us,  
To ſave us harmless from our Fo-mans jaws ;  
Art thou turn'd Orator to plead our Cause !

How are thy mercies full of admiration !  
How ſovereign ! how ſweet's their application !  
Fatning the Soul with ſweetneſs, and repairing  
The rotten ruines of a Soul despairing.  
Lo here (*Malſido*) is a *Feast* prepar'd ;  
Fall to with courage, and let nought be ſpar'd ;  
Taste freely of it, Here's no Mifers *Feast* ;  
Eat what thou can'ſt, and pocket up the reſt :  
These precious Viands are *Restorative*,  
Eat then ; and if the ſweetneſs make thee dry,  
Drink large carouses out of *Mercies Cup*,  
The beſt lies in the bottom, Drink all up ;  
These Cates are ſweet *Ambroſia* to the Soul ;  
And that which fills the brim of mercies *Bowl*,  
It's dainty *Nectar* ; eat and drink thy fill ;  
Spare not the one, nor yet the other ſpill ;  
Provide in time : Thy *Banquet* is begun,  
Lay up in ſtore againſt the *Feast* be done :

For lo, the time of banqueting is short,  
And once being done, the World cannot restore 't ;  
It is a Feast of Mercy, and of Grace :  
It is a Feast for all, or high, or base :  
A Feast for him that begs upon the way,  
As well for him that does the Scepter sway :  
A Feast for him that hourly bemoans  
His dearest sins, with sighs, and tears, and groans ;  
A Feast for him, whose gentle heart reforms ;  
A Feast for Men ; and so *A Feast for Worms.*

‘ Dear liefest Lord, that feast’st the World with grace,  
‘ Extend thy bounteous hand, thy glorious face.  
‘ Bid joyful welcome to thy hungry guest,  
‘ That we may praise the Master of the Feast ;  
‘ And in thy mercy grant this boon to me,  
‘ That I may die to sin, and live to thee.

**F I N I S.**

**S<sup>t</sup> AMBROSE.**

*Misericordia est plenitudo omnium virtutum.*

## *The general use of this History.*

When as the ancient World did all imbark  
 Within the compass of good Noah's Ark,  
 Forth to the new-washt earth a Dove was sent,  
 Who in her mouth return'd an Olive plant,  
 Which in a silent language this related,  
 How that the waters were at length abated.  
 Those swelling waters is the wrath of God,  
 And like the Dove, are Prophets sent abroad ;  
 The Olive leaf's a joyful type of peace,  
 A faithful sign Gods vengeance doth decrease ;  
 They salve the wounded heart, and make it whole,  
 They bring glad tidings to the drooping soul,  
 Proclaiming grace to them that thirst for grace,  
 Mercy to those that Mercy will embrace.

*Malfido, thou, in whose distrustfu! brest*  
*Despair hath brought in sticks to build her nest,*  
*Where she may safely lodge her luckless brood,*  
*To feed upon thy heart, and suck thy blood,*  
*Beware betimes, lest custom and permission*  
*Prescribe a title, and so claim possession.*

Despairing man, whose burthen makes thee stoop  
 Under the terror of thy sins, and droop  
 Through dull despair, whose too too sullen grief  
 Makes Heav'n unable to apply relief ;  
 Whose ears are dull'd with noise of whips and chains,  
 And yells of damned Souls, through tort'red pains :  
 Come here, and rouze thy self, unsettle those eyes,  
 Which sad Despair clos'd up ; Arise, Arise,  
 And go to Niniveh, the Worlds great Palace,  
 Earths mighty wonder, and behold the Ballace  
 And burthen of her bulk, is nought but sin,  
 Which (wilful) she commits and wallows in ;

Behold

Behold her Images, her Fornications,  
 Her crying sins, her vile abominations :  
 Behold the guiltless blood that she did spill  
 Like Spring-tides in the Streets and reeking still :  
 Behold her scorching lusts and taint desire  
 Like sulph'rous *Aetna* blaze, and blaze up higher ;  
 She rapes, and rends, and thieves, and there is none  
 Can justly call the thing he hath his own :  
 That sacred Name of God, that Name of wonder,  
 Instead of worshipping she tears in sunder ;  
 She's not inthrall'd to this sin or another,  
 But like a Leper's all infected over ;  
 Nor only sinful, but in sins subjection ;  
 She's not infected, but a mere infection.

No sooner had the Prophet (Heav'n's great Spy)  
 Begun an Onset to his louder Cry,  
 But she repented, sigh'd, and wept, and tore  
 Her curious hair, and garments that she wore :  
 She sat in ashes, and with sackcloth clad her,  
 All drencht in brine, that grief cannot be sadder ;  
 She calls a Fast, proclaims a prohibition  
 To Man and Beast (sad Tokens of contrition.)

No sooner pray'd, but heard ; No sooner groan'd,  
 But pitied ; No sooner griev'd, but moan'd ;  
 Timely repentance speedy grace procur'd,  
 The sore that's salv'd in time is easily cur'd,  
 No sooner had her trickling tears o'rflown  
 Her blubber'd cheeks, but heav'n was apt to moan  
 Her pensive heart, wip'd her suffused eyes,  
 And gently stroak'd her cheeks, and bid her rise ;  
 No faults were seen, as if no fault had been,  
 Dear Mercy made a Quittance for her sin.

*Malfido, rouze thy leaden Spirit, bestir thee,*  
*Hold up thy drowzy head, here's comfort for thee :*  
*What if thy zeal be frozen hard ? what then ?*  
*Thy Saviour's blood will thaw thy frost agen :*

Thy pray'rs, that should be fervent, hot as fire,  
Proceed but coldly, from a dull desire ;  
What then ? Grieve only, but do not dismay,  
Who hears thy pray'rs, will give thee strength to pray ;  
Though left a while, thou art not quite giv'n o're,  
*Where sin abounds, there Grace aboundeth more.*  
This, this is all the good that I can do thee,  
To ease thy grief ; I here commend unto thee  
A little Book, but a great Mystery,  
A great delight, a little History ;  
A little branch slipt from a saving Tree,  
But bearing fruit as great as great might be ;  
A small abridgment of thy Lord's great love ;  
A message sent from Heaven by a Dove.  
It is a heavenly Lecture, that relates  
To Princes, Pastors, People, all Estates  
Their sev'ral Duties.  
Peruse it well, and bind it to thy Brest,  
There rests the cause of thy defect of rest :  
But read it often, or else read it not,  
Once read is not observ'd, and soon forgot :  
Nor is't enough to read, but understand,  
Or else thy tongue for want of wit's prophan'd.  
Nor is't enough to purchase knowledge by it,  
Salve heals no sore unless the party apply it ;  
Apply it then, which if thy flesh restrains,  
Strive what thou can'st, and pray for what remains.

*The particular Application.*

**T**HOU then that art opprest with sad despair,  
Here shalt thou see the strong effect of pray'r ;  
Then pray with faith, and (servent) without ceasing :  
(Like Jacob) wrestle, till thou get a Blessing.  
Here shalt thou see the type of Christ thy Saviour ;  
Then let thy suits be through his Name and favour.

Here

Here shalt thou find repentance, and true grief  
 Of sinners like thy self, and their belief ;  
 Then suit thy grief to theirs, and let thy soul  
 Cry mightily, until her wounds be whole.  
 Here shalt thou see the meekness of thy God,  
 Who on Repentance turns, and burns the Rod !  
 Repents of what he purpos'd, and is sorry ;  
 Here may ye hear him stoutly pleading for ye :  
 Then thus shall be thy meed, if thou repent,  
 Instead of plagues and direful punishment,  
 Thou shalt find mercy, love, and Heav'n's applause,  
 And God of Heaven himself shall plead thy cause.

Here hast thou then compil'd within this treasure,  
 First, the Almighty's high and just displeasure  
 Against foul sin, and such as sinful be,  
 Or Prince, or poor, or high, or low degree.

Here is descriy'd the beaten Road to Faith :  
 Here mayst thou see the force that preaching hath :

Here is describ'd in brief, but full expression,  
 The nature of a Convert, and his passion :  
 His sober diet, which is thin and spare :  
 His cloathing which is Sackcloth ; and his pray'r  
 Not faintly sent to Heaven, nor sparingly,  
 But piercing, fervent, and a mighty Cry.

Here mayst thou see how pray'r and true repentance  
 Do strive with God, prevail, and turn his sentence  
 From strokes to stroaking, and from plagues infernal,  
 To boundless Mercies, and to life Eternal.

Till Zephyr lend my Bark a second Gale,  
 I slip mine Anchor, and I strike my Sail.

*F I N I S.*

*O dulcis Salvator Mundi ! ultima verba quæ tu dixisti in  
 Cruce, sint ultimæ meæ verba in Luce ; & quando am-  
 pius effari non possum, exaudi tu cordis mei desiderium.*

## A HYMN to GOD.

**W**HO gives me then an adamantine quill?  
 A marble table? and a *David's* skill?  
 To blazon forth the praise of my dear Lord  
 In deep grav'n Characters upon record,  
 To last, for times eternal process, sure,  
 So long as Sun, and Moon, and Stars endure,  
 Had I as many mouths as sands there are,  
 Had I a nimble tongue for every Star,  
 And every word I speak a Character,  
 And ev'ry minutes time ten ages were,  
 To chaunt forth all thy praise, it nought avail;  
 For tongues, and words, and times, and all would fail:  
 Much less can I, poor weakling, tune my tongue,  
 To take a task befits an Angels Song:  
 Sing what thou canst, when thou canst sing no more,  
 Weep then as fast, that thou canst sing no more;  
 Be-blur thy Book with tears, and go thy ways,  
 For every blur will prove a Book of praise.  
 Thine eyes that view the moving Spheres above,  
 Let it give praise to him that makes them move:  
 Thou riches hast, thy *hands* that hold, and have them,  
 Let them give praise him that freely gave them:  
 Thine *arms* defend thee; then for recompence,  
 Let them praise him that gave thee such defence:  
 Thy *tongue* was given to praise thy Lord the Giver;  
 Then let thy *tongue* praise highest God for ever:  
 Faith comes by hearing, and thy Faith will save thee,  
 Then let thine *ears* praise him that hearing gave thee:  
 Thy heart is begg'd by him whose *hands* did make it,  
 My Son, give me thy heart; *Lord, freely take it:*  
*Eyes, hands, and arms, tongues, ears, and hearts of men:*  
 Sing praise, and let the people say, *Amen.*

Tune

Tune you your Instruments, and let them vary,  
 Praise him upon them in his Sanctuary :  
 Praise him within the highest Firmament,  
 Which shews his Power, and his Government ;  
 Praise him, for all his mighty Acts are known,  
 And suit thy praises to his high Renown :  
 Praise him with Trump victorious, shrill, and sharp ;  
 With Psaltry loud, and many stringed Harp ;  
 With sounding Timbrel, and the warbling Flute ;  
 With (Musicks full Interpreter) the Lute :  
 Praise him upon the Maiden Virginals,  
 Upon the Clerick Organs, and Cymbals,  
 Upon the sweet Majestick Viols touch,  
 Double your joys, and let your praise be such :  
 Let all, in whom is life and breath, give praise  
 To heav'ns eternal God, in endless days :  
 Let every Soul, to whom a voice is given,  
 Sing holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Heaven ;  
 For lo, a Lamb is found, that undertook  
 To break the seven-fold Seal, and ope the BOO K.

O let my life adde number to my days,  
 To shew thy glory, and to sing thy praise :  
 Let every minute in thy praise be spent ;  
 Let every head be bare, and knee be bent  
 To thee (dear Lamb;) Who e're thy praises hide,  
 Clos'd be his lips, and tongue for ever ti'd.

*Hallelujah.*

**Gloria D E O in excelsis.**

**ELEVEN**

# ELEVEN

## Pious Meditations.

---

### I.

**W**ithin the holy Legend I discover  
 Three special Attributes of God: his *Power*,  
 His *Justice*, and his *Mercy*; all uncreated,  
 Eternal all, and all unseparated  
 From God's pure Essence, and from thence proceeding;  
 All very God, All perfect, All exceeding:  
 And from that self-same Text three Names I gather,  
 Of great *Jehovah*; *Lord*, and *God*, and *Father*;  
 The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,  
 In Power, Majesty, Dominion;  
 The second shews him on his Kingly Bench,  
 Rewarding Evil with equal punishments;  
 The third describes him on his Mercy-seat,  
 Full great in Grace; and in his Mercy, great;  
 All three I worship, and before all three  
 My heart shall humbly prostrate with my knee;  
 But in my private choice, I fancy rather,  
 Than call him *Lord*, or *God*, to call him *Father*.

---

### II.

**I**N Hell no *Life*, in Heaven no *Death* there is;  
 In Earth both *Life* and *Death*, both *Eale* and *Bliss*;

In Heaven's all *Life*, no end, nor new supplying ;  
 In Hell's all *Death*, and yet there is no dying :  
 Earth (like a partial Ambodexter) doth  
 Prepare for *Death*, or *Life*, prepares for both :  
 Who lives to sin, in Hell his portion's given,  
 Who dies to sin, shall after live in Heaven.

Though Earth my *Nurse* be, Heaven, be thou my *Father* ;  
 Ten thousand deaths let me endure rather  
 Within my *Nurses* arms, than One to *Thee* ;  
 Earth's honour with thy frowns is death to me :  
 I live on Earth, as on a *Stage* of sorrow ;  
 Lord, if thou pleaseft, end the *Play* to morrow :  
 I live on Earth, as in a *Dream* of pleasure,  
 Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leisure :  
 I live on Earth, but as of life bereaven,  
 My life's with thee, for (Lord) thou art in Heaven.

## III.

**N**othing that e'r was made, was made for nothing,  
 Beasts for thy food, their *skins* were for thy cloath-  
 Flowers for thy smell, and *Herbs* for cure good, (ing :  
 Trees for thy shade, their *Fruit* for pleasing food.  
 The *Showers* fall upon the fruitful ground,  
 Whose kindly *Dew* makes tender *Gras* abound ;  
 The *Grass* springs forth for beasts to feed upon,  
 And *Beasts* are food for *Man* ; but *Man* alone  
 Is made to serve his *Lord* in all his ways,  
 And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.

Let *Heav'n* be then to me obdure as brass,  
 The *Earth* as iron, unapt for grain or grats,  
 Then let my *Flocks* consume, and never stead me,  
 Let pinching *Famine* want wherewith to feed me,  
 When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)  
 Thy glorious Attributes, thy *works*, thy *Word*.

O let the Trump of thine eternal Fame  
Teach us to answer, *Hallow'd be thy Name.*

## I. V.

**G**OD built the world, and all that therein is  
He framed, yet how poor a part is his?  
Quarter the Earth, and see how small a room  
Is stiled with the name of *Christendom*:  
The rest (through blinded ignorance) rebels,  
Or-run with *Pagans, Turks, and Infidels*:  
Nor yet is all this little quartet his,  
For (though all know him) half know him amiss,  
Professing Christ for lucre, (as they list)  
And serve the triple Crown of *Antichrist*:  
Yet is this little handful much made lesser,  
There's many *Libertines* for one *Professor*: And greater  
Nor do Professors all profess aright,  
'Mong whom there often lurks an *Hypocrite*.  
O where, and what's thy *Kingdom* (blessed God ?)  
Where is thy *Scepter*? where's thine *Iron Rod*?  
Reduce thy reck'nings to their total sum,  
O let thy Power, and thy *Kingdom come.*

**M**AN in himself's a little *World, Alone*,  
His *Soul's* the *Court*, or high *Imperial throne*,  
Wherein as *Empress* fits the *Understanding*,  
Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:  
Her Handmaid's *will*: *Affections, Maids of Honour*,  
All following close, and duly waiting on her:  
But *sin*, that always envi'd man's Condition,  
Within this *Kingdom* raised up *Division*,

Withdrawn the *will*, and brib'd the false *Affection*,  
 That *This*, no other hath; nor *That*, *Election* ;  
 The *Will* proves traytor to the *Understanding* ;  
 Reason hath lost her power, and left commanding ;  
 She's quite depos'd, and put to foul disgrace,  
 And tyrant *Passion* now usurps her place.

Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little *World* of mine  
 To reign, that I may reign with *Thee* in thine ;  
 And since my *will* is quite of good bereaven,  
 Thy *will* be done on Earth, as 'tis in Heaven.

**W**H O live to sin, are all but *thieves* to Heaven  
 And Earth; they steal from God, and take ungiven;  
 Good men they *rob*, and such as live upright,  
 And (being bastards) share the *Freemans* right;  
 They're all as owners, in the owners stead,  
 And (like to *Dogs*) devour the *childrens* bread ;  
 They have, and lack, and want what they possesse ;  
 Unhappy most, in their most happiness :  
 They are not *goods*, but *riches*, that they waste ;  
 And not be'ng *goods*, to *rul's* they turn at last.

(Lord) what I have, let me enjoy in *thee*,  
 And *thee* in it, or else take it from *me* ;  
 My *store* or *want*, make thou, or *fade*, or *flourish*,  
 So shall my *comforts* neither change, nor perish ;  
 That *little* I enjoy, (Lord) make it *mine*,  
 In making me (that am a *Sinner*) *thine* :  
 'Tis thou or none that shalt supply my *need*,  
 Great God, *Give us this day our daily bread.*

## VII.

THE quick conceited School-men do approve  
 A difference 'twixt *Charity* and *Love* :  
*Love* is a virtue, whereby we explain  
 Our selves to *God*, and *God* to *us* again :  
 But *Charity*'s imparted to our Brother,  
 Whereby we traffick, one man with another :  
 The first extends to *God* ; the last belongs  
 To man, in giving right, and bearing wrongs :  
 In number they are *twain* ; in virtue *one* :  
 For one not truly being, t' others none.

In loving *God*, if I neglect my *Neighbour*,  
 My *love* hath lost his proof, and I my labour.  
 My *Zeal*, my *Faith*, my *Hope*, that never fails me,  
 (If *Charity* be wanting) nought avails me.

(Lord) in my soul, a Spirit of *Love* create me,  
 And I will love my Brother, if he hate me :  
 In nought but *love*, let me envy my betters ;  
 And then, *Forgive my debts, as I my Debtors*.

## VIII.

Find a true resemblance in the growth  
 Of *Sin* and *Man* ; Alike in breeding, both ;  
 The *Soul's* the *Mother* ; and the *Devil, Syre* ;  
 Who lusting long in mutual desire,  
 Enjoy their *wills*, and joyn in *Copulation* ;  
 The *Seed* that fills her *Womb*, is foul *Temptation* ;  
 The *sins* *Conception*, is the *Souls Consent* ;  
 And then it *quickens*, wher it breeds *content* ;  
 The birth of *Sin* is finisht in the *action*,  
 And *Custom* brings it to its full *perfection*.

O let my fruitless Soul be barren rather,  
 Than bring forth such a child for such a Father :  
 Or if my Soul breeds Sin (not being wary)  
 Let not her womb bring forth, or else miscarry ;  
 She is thy Spouse (O Lord) do thou advise her,  
 Keep thou her chaste ; Let not the Fiend entice her :  
 Try thou my heart, thy Tryals bring Salvation,  
 But let me not be led into Temptation.

---

## IX.

**F**ortune (that blind supposed Goddess) is  
 Still rated at, if ought succeed amiss :  
 'Tis she (the vain abuse of Providence)  
 That bears the blame, when others make th' offence ;  
 When this man's barn finds not her wonted store,  
 Fortune's condemn'd, because she sent no more ;  
 If this man die, or that man live too long,  
 Fortune's accus'd, and she hath done the wrong ;  
 Ah foolish Dots, and (like your Goddess) blind !  
 You make the fault, and call your Saint unkind ;  
 For when the cause of Ev'l begins in Man,  
Th' effect ensues from whence the cause began ;  
 Then know the reason of thy discontent,  
 The ev'l of sin, makes the ev'l of punishment.

(Lord) hold me up, or spur me when I fall ;  
 So shall my Ev'l be just or not at all ;  
 Defend me from the World, the Flesh, the Devil,  
 And so thou shalt deliver me from evil.

---

## X.

**T**H E Princely skirts of Aaron's holy Coat  
 I kiss, and to my morning Muse devote :

Had

Had ever King, in any Age, or Nation,  
 Such glorious Robes, set forth in such a fashion,  
 With Gold, and Gemms, and Silks of Princely Dye,  
 And stones befitting more than *Majesty*?  
 The Persian *Sophies*, and rich Sheba's Queen  
 Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had seen :  
 Upon the *skirts* (in order as they fell)  
 First, a *Pomegranat* was, and then a *Bell* ;  
 By each *Pomegranat* did a *Bell* appear ;  
 Many *Pomegranats*, many *Bells* there were :  
*Pomegranats* nourish, *Bells* do make a sound ;  
 As *Blessings* fall, *Thanksgiving* must rebound.

If thou wilt clothe my heart with *Aaron's* tire,  
 My tongue shall praise, as well as heart desire.  
 My tongue, and pen shall dwell upon thy *Story*,  
 (Great God) for thine is *Kingdom, Power, Glory*.

## X I.

**T**HE antient *Sopis*, that were so precise,  
 (And oftentimes (perchance) too *curious* nice)  
 Aver, that *Nature* hath bestow'd on *Man*,  
 Three perfect *Souls* ; when this I truly scan,  
 Methinks their *Learning* swath'd in *Error* lies ;  
 They were not *wise* enough, and yet too *wise* ;  
 Too *curious* *wise* ; because they mention more  
 Than *one* ; Not *wise* enough, because not *four* ;  
*Nature*, not *Grace*, is *Mistress* of their *Schools* ;  
*Grace* counts them *wisest*, that are *veriest* *Fools* :  
 Three *Souls* in *man*? *Grace* doth a *fourth* allow,  
 The *Soul* of *Faith* : But this is *Greek* to you.  
 'Tis *Faith* that makes *man* *truly* *wise* : 'Tis *Faith*  
 Makes *him* possess that thing he never hath.

This Glorious Soul of Faith bestow on me,  
( O Lord ) or else take thou the other three :  
Faith makes Men less than Children, more than Men,  
It makes the Soul cry *Abba*, and *Amen*.

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*THE END.*

Pente-

# Pentelogia.

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*Mors tua, Mors Christi, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cœli,  
Et Dolor Inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.*

Thy Death, the Death of Christ, the Worlds Tentation,  
Heavens joy, Hells Torment, be thy Meditation.

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## Mors Tua.

[ 1. ]

**M**ethinks I see the nimble-aged *fire*  
 Pass swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire :  
 Upon his head an *Hour-glass* he wears,  
 And in his wrinkled hand a *Sythe* he bears ;  
 (Both *Instruments* to take the lives from *Men*)  
 Th' one shews with *what*, the other sheweth *whin*.  
 Methinks I hear the doleful *Passing-bell* ,  
 Setting an *onset* on his louder *Knell* ;  
 ( This moody musick of impartial *Death*  
 Who dances after, dances out of *breath* )  
 Methinks I see my dearest friends *lament*,  
 With *sighs*, and *tears*, and woful *dryriment*,  
 My tender *Wife*, and *Children* standing by,  
 Dewing the *Death-bed*, whereupon I lie :  
 Methinks I hear a *voice* (in secret) say,  
*Thy glass is run*, and thou must die to day.

## Mors Christi.

[ 2. ]

**A**ND am I here, and my *Redeemer* gone ?  
 Can *He* be dead, and is not *my life* done ?  
 Was he tormented in *excess* of measure ?  
 And do I *live* yet ? and yet *live* in pleasure ?  
 Alas ! could *sinners* find out ne'r a one,  
 More fit than *Thee*, for them to spit upon ?  
 Did thy *cheeks* entertain a *Traytors* lips ?  
 Was thy dear *Body* scourg'd, and torn with *whips* ?  
 So that the guiltless *Blood* came trickling after ?  
 And did thy fainting *brows* sweat *blood* and *water* ?  
 Wert thou (Lord) hang'd upon the *Cursed Tree* ?  
 O world of grief ! And was all this for *me* ?

Burst forth, my tears, into a world of sorrow,  
And let my nights of grief find ne'r a morrow ;  
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy servant room,  
With in his heart, to build thy heart a Tomb.

*Fraus Mundi.*

[ 3. ]

**W**HAT is the *world*? a great *Exchange* of ware,  
Wherein all sorts, and sexes, cheapning are :  
The *Flesh*, the *Devil* sit, and cry, *What lack ye?*  
When most they fawn, they most intend to rack ye :  
The wares are cups of *Joy*, and beds of *Pleasure*,  
There's goodly choice, down *weight*, and flowing *measure*,  
A souls the *price*, but they give *time* to pay,  
Upon the *Death-bed*, on the *dying day*.

Hard is the *bargain*, and unjust the *measure*.  
When as the *price* so much out-lasts the *pleasure* ;  
The *joys* that are on Earth, are *counterfeits* ;  
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th' are true *deceits* :  
They flatter, fawn, and (like the *Crocodile*)  
Kill where they laugh, and murther where they smile :  
They daily dip within thy *Dish*, and cry,  
Who hath betray'd thee? Master Is it I?

*Gloria Cæli.*

[ 4. ]

**W**HEN I behold, and well advise upon  
The wisemans speech, There's nought beneath the Sun  
But *vanity*, my soul rebels within,  
And loathes the dunghil-prifon she is in :  
But when I look to New *Jerusalem*,  
Wherein's reserv'd my *Crown*, my *Diadem*,  
O what a *Heaven* of *bliss* my soul enjoys,  
On sudden rapt into that *Heaven* of joys !

Where ravisht (in the depth of *meditation*)  
 She well discerns, with eyes of *contemplation*,  
 The glory of God, in his *Imperial Seat*,  
 Full strong in *Might*, in *Majesty compleat*,  
 Where troops of *Powers, Virtues, Cherubims*,  
*Angels, Archangels, Saints, and Seraphims*,  
 Are chaunting *praises* to their *Heavenly King*,  
 Where *Hallelujah* they for ever sing.

*Dolor Inferni.*

[ 5. ]

**L**E T Poets please to torture *Tantalus*,  
 Let griping Vultures gnaw *Promethens*,  
 And let poor *Ixion* turn his endless wheel,  
 Let *Nemesis* torment with whips of steel ;  
 They far come short, t'express the pains of those  
 That rage in *Hell*, enwrapt in endless woes :  
 Where *Time* no end, and *Plagues* find no exemption ;  
 Where *Cries* admit no help, nor *Place* redemption ;  
 Where fire lacks no *Flame*, the flame no *Heat*,  
 To make their *Torments* sharp, and *Plagues* complete ;  
 Where wretched Souls to *Tortures* bound shall be,  
 Serving a *World* of years, and not be *Free* ;  
 Where nothing's heard but *Nils*, and sudden *Cries* ;  
 Where *Fire* never flakes, nor *Worm* e'r dies.  
 But where this *Hell* is plac'd (my muse) stop there ;  
 Lord, shew me what it is, but never where.

*Mors Tua.*

[ 1. ]

**C**AN he be *fair*, that withers at a blast ?  
 Or he be *strong*, that airy breath can cast ?  
 Can he be *wise*, that knows not how to live ?  
 Or he be *rich*, that nothing hath to give ?

Can

Can he be *young*, that's feeble, weak and wan?

So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so *young is Man*.  
 So fair is *Man*, that *Death* (a parting blast)  
 Blasts his fair flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at last ;  
 So strong is *Man*, that with a gasping *Breath*  
 He totters, and bequeaths his *strength* to *Death* ;  
 So wise is *Man*, that if with *Death* he strive,  
 His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;  
 So rich is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)  
 His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid ;  
 So young is *Man*, that (broke with *Care* and *sorrow*)  
 He's old enough to day, to *die to morrow* :  
 Why bragg'st thou then, thou *worm* of five-foot long ?  
 Th'art neither *fair*, nor *strong*, nor *wise*, nor *rich*, nor *young*.

*Mors Christi.*

[ 2. ]

**I** *Thirst*, and who shall quench this eager *Thirst* ?  
 I *grieve*, and with my *grief* my heart will burst ;  
 I *grieve*, because I *thirst* without relief ;  
 I *thirst*, because my soul is burnt with *grief* ;  
 I *thirst*, and (dry'd with *grief*) my heart will die ;  
 I *grieve*, and *thirst* the more, for sorrow's *dry* :  
 The more I *grieve*, the more my *thirst* appears ;  
 Would God I had not griev'd out all my *tears* :  
 I *thirst*, and yet my griefs have made a *Flood* :  
 But *tears* are *salt* ; I *grieve*, and *thirst* for *blood* ;  
 I *grieve* for *blood*, for *blood* must *send relief* :  
 I *thirst* for *blood*, for *blood* must *ease my grief* :  
 I *thirst* for *sacred blood* of a dear *Lamb* ;  
 I *grieve* to think from whence that dear *blood* came :  
 'Twas shed for *me*, O let me drink my *fill*,  
 Although my *grief* remain *entire still* :  
 O sovereign pow'r of that *Vermillion Spring*,  
 Whose *virtue*, neither *heart* conceives, nor *tongue* can *sing*.

## Fraus Mundi.

[ 3 ]

I Love the *World* (as Clients love the *Laws*)  
 To manage the uprightness of my *cause* :  
 The *World* loves me, as *Shepherds* do their *flocks*,  
 To *rob* and *spoil* them of their fleecy locks :  
 I love the *World*, and use it as mine *Inn*,  
 To bait, and rest my tired *Carcass* in :  
 The *World* loves me : For what ? To make her game  
 For filthy *sin*, she sells me timely *shame* ;  
 She's like the *Basilisk*, by whose sharp eyes  
 The living object, first discover'd dies ;  
 Forth from her eyes empoys'd beams do burst ;  
 Dies like a *Basilisk*, discerned first ;  
 We live at *jarrs*, as forward *Gamesters* do,  
 Still *guarding*, not *regarding* others *foe* ;  
 I love the *World*, to *serve my turn*, and leave her,  
 'Tis no *deceit* to *cozen a deceiver* ;  
 She'll not miss me ; I, less the *world* shall miss,  
 To lose a *world* of *grief*, t' enjoy a *world* of *bliss*.

## Gloria Cæli.

[ 4. ]

E Arth stands immov'd, and *fixt* ; her scituacion  
 Admits no local *change*, no alteration :  
 Heaven alway *moves*, renewing still his place,  
 And ever sees us with another *Face* :  
 Earth standeth *fixt*, yet there I live *opprest* :  
 Heaven always moves, yet there is all my *rest* :  
 Enlarge thy self, my *Soul*, with *meditation* ;  
 Mount there, and there bespeak thy *habitation* ;  
 Where *joys* are full, and pure, not mixt with *mourning*,  
 All *endles*, and from which is no returning :

No thest, no cruel murther harbours there,  
 No hoary-headed-care, no sudden fear,  
 No pinching want, no (griping fast) oppression,  
 Nor Death, the stipend of our first transgression :  
 But dearest Friendship, Love, and lasting Pleasure,  
 Still there abides, without or stint, or measure :  
 Fulness of Riches, comfort sempiternal,  
 Excess without a surfeiting, and Life Eternal.

*Dolor Inferni.*

[ s. ]

**T**H E Trump shall blow, the Dead (awak'd) shall rise,  
 And to the Clouds shall turn their wondring Eyes ;  
 The Heav'ns shall ope, the Bridegroom forth shall come  
 To judge the World, and give the World her doom :  
 Joy to the Just, to others endless smart ;  
 To those the voice bids, Come ; to these, Depart :  
 Depart from Life, yet (dying) live for ever ;  
 For ever dying be, and yet die never :  
 Depart like Dogs, with Devils take your lot ;  
 Depart like Devils, for I know you not.  
 Like Dogs, like Devils go, Go howl, and bark ;  
 Depart in darkness, for your deeds were dark :  
 Let roaring be your Musick, and your Food  
 Be flesh of Vipers, and your drink, their blood ;  
 Let Fiends afflict you with Reproach and Shame,  
 Depart, depart into Eternal flame :  
 If Hell the Guardian then of Sinners be,  
 Lord give me Hell on Earth, (Lord) give me Heaven with  
 [thee.

— — — — — *Iam desine Tibia virtus.*

# Hadassah.

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HORAT. Ode 6.

*Conamur tenues, grandia; nec pudor,  
Imbellisq; Lyræ Musa potens vetat.*

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By F R A. QUARLES.

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## QUESTION

also a strong, moist wind  
prevailed and I applied

23.11.1993

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A  
P R E F A C E  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**A** Sober vein best suites Theology: If therefore thou expectest such Elegancy as takes the Times, affect some subject as will bear it. Had I laboured with over-abundance of Fictions, or Flourishes, perhaps they had exposed me censurable, and disprized this sacred Subject: Therefore I rest more sparing in either kind.

Two things I would treat of: First, the matter; secondly, the manner of this History.

As for the matter, (so far as I have dealt) it is Canonical, and indited by the Holy Spirit of GOD, not liable to error, and needs no blanching.

In it Theology sits as Queen, attended by her Handmaid Philosophy; both concurring to make

the understanding Reader a good Divine, and a wise Moralist.

As for the Divinity, it discovers the Almigh-  
ty in his two great Attributes; in his Mercy, de-  
livering his Church; in his Justice, confounding  
her Enemies.

As for the Morality, it offers to us the whole  
practick part of Philosophy, dealt out into Ethicks,  
Politicks, and Oeconomics.

1. The Ethical part (the object whereof is the  
manners of a private man) ranges through the whole  
Book, and empties it self into the Catalogue of Mo-  
ral vertues; either those that govern the Body, as  
Fortitude, chap. 9. 2. and Temperance, chap. 1. 8.  
or those which direct the Soul, either in outward  
things, as Liberality, chap. 1. 3. Magnificence,  
chap. 1. 6. Magnanimity, chap. 2. 20. and  
Modesty, chap. 6. 12. or in Conversation, as  
Justice, chap. 7. 9. Mansuetude, chap. 5. 2.  
&c.

2. The Political part (the object whereof is  
publick society) instructs, First, in the behaviour  
of a Prince to his Subject, in punishing his vice,  
chap. 7. 10. in rewarding of vertues, chap. 8.  
2, 15. Secondly, in the behaviour of the Subject  
to his Prince, in observing his Laws, and disco-  
vering his Enemies, chap. 2. 22. Thirdly, the  
behaviour of a Subject to a Subject, in mutuality  
of love, chap. 4. 7. in propagation of peace, chap.  
10. 3.

3. The

3. The Oeconomical part (the object whereof is private Society) teacheth, First, the carriage of a Wife to her Husband, in obeying, chap. 1. 22. of the Husband to his Wife, in ruling, chap. 1. 22. Secondly, of a Father to his Child, in ad-<sup>vis</sup>ing, chap. 2. 7, 10. of a Child to his Father, in serving, chap. 2. 20. Thirdly, of a Master to his Servant, in commanding, chap. 4. 5. of a Servant to his Master, in effecting his command, chap. 4. 6.

Furthermore, in this History the two principal faculties of the Soul are (not in vain) employed.

First, The Intellect, whose proper object is Truth. Secondly, the Will, whose proper object is good, whether Philosophical, which the great Master of Philosophy calls Wisdom: Or Theological, which we point at now, hoping to enjoy hereafter.

Who the Penman of this sacred History was, or why the Name of God (as in few other parts of the Bible) is unmentioned in this, it is immaterial and doubtful. For the first, it is enough for an uncurious Questioner to know, it was indited by the Spirit of God: For the second, let it suffice, that that Spirit will'd not here to reveal his Name.

As for the Manner of this History, (consisting in the Periphrase, the adjournment of the Story, and interposition of Meditation) I hope it bath not injured the Matter: For in this I was not

the least careful to use the light of the best Expositors, not daring to go un-led, for fear of stumbling. Some say, *Divinity in Verse* is incongruous and unpleasing; such I refer to the Psalms of David, & the Song of his Son Solomon, to be corrected &c. But in these lewd times, the salt and soul of a ~~xx~~ <sup>ye</sup>, is obscene scurrility, without which it seems dull and lifeless: And though the sacred History needs not (as humane do) Poetry, to perpetuate the remembrance, (being by God's own mouth blest with Eternity) yet *Verse* (working so near upon the soul and spirit) will oft-times draw those to have a *History* in familiarity, who (perchance) before scarce knew there was such a Book.

Reader, Be more than my hasty Pen stiles thee. Read me with advice, and thereafter judge me, and in that judgment censure me. If I jangle, think my intent thereby, is to toll better Ringers in.

Farewel.

T H E



## THE INTRODUCTION.

**W**hen Zedekiah (he whose hapless hand  
Once held the scepter of great *Juda's Land*)  
Went up the Palace of proud *Babylon*  
(The Prince Serajah him attending on)  
A dreadful Prophet, (from whose blasting breath  
Came sudden death, and nothing else but death)  
Into Serajah's peaceful hand betook  
The sad Contents of a more dismal Book.

Break ope the leaves, those leaves so full of dread,  
Read (Son of Thunder) said the Prophet, read ;  
Say thus, say freely thus, The Lord hath spoke it ;  
'Tis done, the World's unable to revoke it :  
Wo, wo, and heavy woes ten thousand more  
Betide great Babylon, that painted Whore ;  
Thy Buildings, and thy fenced Towers shall  
Flame on a sudden, and to Cinders fall ;  
None shall be left to wail thy griefs with howls :  
Thy Streets shall peopl'd be with Bats and Owls :  
None shall remain to call thy places void,  
None to possess, nor ought to be enjoy'd ;  
Nought shall be left for thee to term thine own,  
But helpless ruines of a hapless Town.

Said then the Prophet, when thy language hath  
Empti'd thy cheeks of this thy borrow'd breath,  
Close then the Book, and bind a stone unto it,  
That done, into the swift Euphrates throw it ;

And let this following speech explain withal  
 The Hieroglyphick of proud Babel's fall :  
 Thus, thus shall Babel, thus shall Babel's glory,  
 Of her destruction leave a Tragick Story :  
 Thus, thus shall Babel fall, and none relieve her,  
 Thus, thus shall Babel sink, thus sink for ever.  
 And fallen she is. Thus after-times made good  
 That fated Prophecy, confirm'd in blood.  
 Great Royal Dreamer, where is now that thing  
 Thou so much vauntedst of ? where, O Sovereign King,  
 Is that great Babel, that was rais'd so high  
 To shew the highties of thy Majesty ?  
 Where is thy Royal Offspring to succeed ?  
 Thy Throne, and to preserve thy Princely seed,  
 Till this time ? Sleeping how couldst thou foresee  
 That thing, which waking, thou thoughtst he'rt would be.

And thou Belshazzar, (full of youthful fire,  
 Unlucky Grandchild to a luckless Sire)  
 On thee the sacred Oracles attended,  
 For with thy life great Babel's Kingdom ended :  
 What made thy spirit tremble, and thy hair  
 Bolt up ? What made thee (fainting) gasp for Air ?  
 A simple word upon a painted Wall ?  
 What's that to thee ? If ought, what harm at all ?  
 Could words affright thee ? O preposterous wit,  
 To fear the writing, not the hand that writ !  
 The hand that writ, it self (unseen) did shroud  
 Within the gloomy bosom of a Cloud ;  
 The hand that writ, was bent, (not bent in vain)  
 To part the Kingdom, and the King in twain :  
 The hand that writ, did write the sentence down,  
 And now stands armed to depose the Crown :  
 The hand that writ, did threaten to translate  
 Thy Kingdom Babel, to the Persian State ;  
 Th' effect whereof did brook no long delays,  
 For when Belshazzar had spun out his days,

(Soon

(Soon cut by that Avengers fatal knife)  
Proud *Babel's* Empire ended with his life.

As when that rare Arabian Bird doth rest  
Her bed-rid Carcass in her Spicy nest,  
The quick-devouring fire of Heaven consumes  
The willing Sacrifice in sweet perfumes,  
From whose sad Cinders (balm'd in fun'ral Spices)  
A second Phoenix (like the first) arises :  
So from the ruines of great *Babel's* Seat,  
The *Medes* and *Persians* Monarchy grew great.  
For when *Belshazzar*, last of *Babel's* Kings,  
Yielded to death, (the sum of mortal things)  
Like earth-amazing thunder from above,  
And lightning from the house of angry *Jove*,  
Or like to billows in th' Euboean Seas,  
Whose swelling nought but shipwrack can appease,  
So bravely came the fierce *Darius* on,  
Marching with *Cyrus* into *Babylon* ;  
Two Armies Royal stoutly following,  
The one was *Medes*, the other *Persia's* King.  
As when the Harvester with bubling brow,  
(Reaping the interest of his painful Plough)  
With crooked Sickle now a shock doth shear,  
A handful here, and then a handful there ;  
Not leaving, till he nought but stubble leave ;  
Here lies a new falm rank ; and there a sheave ;  
Even so the Persian Host it self bestirr'd,  
So fell great *Babel* by the Persian sword.  
Which, warm with slaughter, and with blood imbru'd,  
Ne'r sheath'd, till wounded *Babel* fell subdu'd.

But see : These brave jointenants that surviv'd  
To see a little world of men unliv'd,  
Must now be parted : Great *Darius* dies,  
And *Cyrus* shares alone the new-got prize :  
He fights for Heaven, Heavens foemen he subdues :  
He builds the Temple ; he restores the Jews.

By him was *Zedekiah's* force disjointed,  
 Unknown to God he was, yet God's Anointed.  
 But mark the malice of a wayward Fate ;  
 He whom success crown'd always fortunate,  
 He that was strong t' atchieve, bold to attempt,  
 Wife to foresee, and wary to prevent,  
 Valiant in war, successful to obtain,  
 Must now be slain, and by a Woman slain.

Accursed be thy sacrilegious hand,  
 That of her Patron rob'd the Holy Land ;  
 Curs'd be thy dying life, thy living death,  
 And curs'd be all things proud *Tomyris* hath.

O worst that Death can do, to take a life  
 Which (lost) leaves Kingdoms to a Tyrant's Knife :  
 For now, alas ! degenerate *Cambyses*,  
 (Whose hand was fill'd with blood, whose heart with  
 Sits crowned King to vex the Persian State  
 With heavy burthens, and with sore regrate.  
 O *Cyrus*, more unhappy in thy Son,  
 Than in that stroke wherewith thy life was done !  
*Cambyses* now fits King, now Tyrant (rather :)  
 (Unlucky Son of a renowned Father !)  
 Blood cries for blood : Himself revenged hath  
 His bloody Tyranny with his own death ;  
 That cruel Sword on his own flesh doth feed,  
 Which made so many loyal Persians bleed.  
 Whose woful choice made an indiff'rent thing,  
 To leave their lives, or lose their Tyrant King :  
*Cambyses* dead, with him the latest drop  
 Of *Cyrus* blood was spilt, his death did stop  
 The infant source of his brave Sire's worth,  
 Ere after-times could spend his Rivers forth.

Tyrant *Cambyses* being dead and gone,  
 On the reversion of his empty Throne  
 Mounts up a *Magus* with dissembled right,  
 Forging the name of him whose greedy night

Too early did perpetuate her own,  
And silent death had snatcht away unknown.  
But when the tidings of this Royal Cheat  
Times loyal Trump had fram'd, th' usurped Seat  
Grew too too hot, and longer could not bear  
So proud a burthen on so proud a Chair :  
The Nobles fought their freedom to regain,  
Not resting till the *Magi* all were slain;  
And so renowned was that happy slaughter,  
That it solemniz'd was for ever after ;  
So that what Pen shall write the Persian story,  
Shall treat that Triumph, and write that days glory ;  
For to this time the Persians (as they say)  
Observe a Feast, and keep it holy day ;  
Now *Persia* lacks a King, and now the State  
Labours as much in want, as it of late  
Did in abundance ; Too great Calms do harm  
Sometimes as much the Seaman, as the storm :  
One while they think t' erect a Monarchy,  
But that (corrupted) breeds a Tyranny,  
And dead *Cambyses* fresh before their eyes,  
Affrights them with their new-scap'd miseries ;  
Some to the Nobles would commit the State,  
in change of Rule, expecting change of Fate ;  
Others cry'd no, More Kings than one, incumber :  
Better admit one Tyrant, than a number ;  
The rule of many doth disquiet bring,  
One Monarch is enough, one Lord, one King :  
One says, Let's rule our selves ; let's all be Kings ;  
No, says another, that confusion brings :  
Thus modern danger bred a careful trouble,  
Double their care is, as their fear is double ;  
And doubtful to resolve of what conclusion,  
To bar confusion, thus they bred confusion ;  
At last (and well advis'd) they put their choice  
Upon the Verdict of a Juries voice :

Seven his perfect number, then by seven  
 Be Persia's Royal Crown, and Scepter given:  
 'Now Persia, do thy plagues or joys commence ;  
 'God give thy Jury sacred evidence.

Fearful to chuse, and faithless in their choice,  
 (Since weal or wo depended on their voice)  
 A few from many they extracted forth,  
 Whose even-pois'd valour, and like equal worth  
 Had set a *Non-plus* on their doubtful tongues,  
 Unweeting where the most reward belongs,  
 They this agreed, and thus (advis'd) bespeak :

Since purblind mortals, of themselves, can make  
 No difference 'twixt good, and evil, nor know  
 A good, from what is only good in show;  
 But with unconstant frailty, doth vary  
 From what is good, to what is clean contrary :  
 And since it lies not in the brain of man,  
 To make his drooping state more happy, than  
 His unpropitious stars allot, much less  
 To lend another, or a State success ;  
 In vain you therefore shall expect this thing,  
 That we should give you fortune with a King,  
 Since you have made us means to propagate  
 The joyful welfare of our headless State,  
 (Bound by the tender service that we bear  
 Our native Soil, far, than our lives, more dear,)'  
 We sifted have, and bolted from the rest,  
 Whose worst admits no badness, and whose best  
 Cannot be better'd.

When Chanticlear (the Bell-man of the morn)  
 Shall summon twilight, with his Bugle horn,  
 Let these brave Heroes dress in warlike wise,  
 And richly mounted on their Palseries,  
 Attend our rising Sun-god's ruddy face,  
 Within the limit of our Royal place.

And he, whose lusty Stallion first shall neigh,  
To him be given the doubtful Monarchy :  
The choice of Kings lies not in mortals breast ;  
This we ; the gods and Fortune do the rest.

So said, the people tickled with the motion,  
Some toss their caps, some fell to their devotion,  
Some clap their joyful hands, some shout, some sing,  
And all at once cry'd out, A King, a King.

When Phœbus Harbinger had chas'd the night,  
And tedious Phospher brought the breaking light,  
Compleat in Arms, and glorious in their train,  
Came these brave Heroes prancing o'r the Plain.  
With mighty Streamers came these blazing Stars,  
Portending wars, (and nothing else but wars ;)  
Into the Royal Palace now they come ;  
There sounds the Martial Trump, here beats the Drum ;  
There stands a Steed, and champs his frothy steel,  
This stroaks the ground, that scorns it with his heel :  
One snorts, another puffs out angry wind ;  
This mounts before ; and that curvets behind.

By this, the foamy Steeds of Phaeton  
Puff too, and spurn the Eastern Horizon :  
Whereat the Nobles prostrate to the ground,  
Ador'd their god, (their god was early found.)  
Forthwith from out the thickest of the Croud,  
In depth of silence there was heard the loud  
And lustful language of Darius Horse,  
Who in the Dialect of his Discourse,  
Proclaim'd his Rider King ; whereat the rest  
(Patient to bear what cannot be redrest)  
Dismount their lofty Steeds, and prostrate bring  
Their humbled bodies to their happy King ;  
God save the King, they joyntly say ; God bless  
Thy prosp'rous actions with a due success ;  
The people clap their sweaty palms, and shout ;  
The Bonfires smoke, the Bells ring round about,

The Minstrels play; the Parrots learn to sing,  
(Perchance as well as they) *God save the King.*  
*Affuerus* now's invested in the Throne,  
And *Persia's* rul'd by him, and him alone;  
Prove happy *Persia*: Great *Affuerus* prove  
As equal happy in thy peoples love.

Enough; and let this broken Ereariate  
Suffice to shadow forth thy downfal state,  
O mighty *Babel*, and the Conquest made  
By the fierce *Medes* and *Persians* conqu'ring blade;  
Whose just succeffion we have traced down,  
Till great *Affuerus* wear the Persian Crown;  
Him have we sought, and having found him, rest;  
To morrow go we to his Royal Feast.

---

TO

TO THE  
**HIGHEST:**  
 His humble Servant implores His  
 GRACIOUS AID.

**T**hou great Director of the Hearts of Men,  
 From whence I propagate whate'er is mine,  
 Still my unquiet thoughts ; Direct my Pen,  
 No more my own, if thou adopt it thine ;  
 O be thy Spirit All in All to me,  
 That will implore no Aid, no Mis'fe, but Thee.

Be thou the Load-star to my wandring mind,  
 New rigg'd, and bound upon a new Adventure :  
 O fill my Canvass with a prosp'rous wind :  
 Unlock my soul, and let thy Spirit enter :  
 So bless my Talent with a fruitful Lone,  
 That it, at least, may render two for one.

Unworthy I, to take so high a Task ;  
 Unworthy I, to crave so great a Boon ;  
 Alas ! unseason'd is my slender Cask,  
 My Winters day hath scarcely seen her Noon.  
 But if the Childrens Bread must be deny'd,  
 Yet let me lick the Crums that fall beside.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ESTHER.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*The King Assuerus makes two Feasts,  
Invites his great and meaner Guests :  
He makes a Statute to repress  
The loathsome sin of Drunkenness.*

---

SECT. I.

**W**hen great *Assuerus* (under whose Command  
The worlds most part did in subjection stand,  
Whose Kingdom was to East and West con-  
And stretcht from *Ethiopia* unto *Ind'*) (fin'd,  
When this brave Monarch had with two years pow'r,  
Confin'd himself the Persian Emperor ;  
The peoples patience nilling to sustain  
The hard oppression of a third years Reign,  
Softly began to grumble, sore to vex,  
Feeling such tribute on their servile necks ;  
Which when the King (as he did quickly) hears  
(For Kings have tender, and the nimblest ears)  
Partly to blow the coals of old affection,  
Which now are dying through a forc'd subjection :

Partly

And the King loved Esther  
so that he set the Royall crown  
upon her head. Est: 2. 17.



To the King and Haman  
came to banquet to Esther  
the Queene. Est: 7. 1. etc.



And the King took his ring  
from his hand and gave it  
unto Haman. Est: 3. 10. etc.



Then the King held out the  
Golden Scepter to Esther etc  
Esther: 8: 4. etc. to 25.



this before Esther

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Partly to make his Princely might appear,  
To make them fear for love, or love for fear,  
He made a Feast : he made a Royal Feast,  
Fit for himself, had he himself been Guest :  
To which he calls the Princes of his Land,  
Who (paying tribute) by his power stand ;  
To which he calls his Servants of Estate,  
His Captains, and his Rulers of the State :  
That he may show the glory of his store,  
The like unseen by any Prince before ;  
That he may boast his Kingdoms beauty forth,  
His servant Princes, and their Princely worth.  
That he may shew the Type of Sov'reignty,  
Fulfil'd in th' honour of his Majesty ;  
He made a Feast, whose Date should not expire  
Until seven Moons had lost and gain'd their fire.

When as this Royal tedious Feast was ended,  
(For good, more common 'tis, 'tis more commended )  
For meaner sort he made a second Feast ;  
His Guests were from the greatest to the least  
In *Susa*'s place : Seven days they did resort  
To feast i' th' Palace Garden of the Court :  
Where, in the midst, the house of *Bacchus* stands,  
To entertain, when Bounty claps her hands :  
The Tap'stry Hangings were of divers hue,  
Pure white, and youthful green, and joyful blue :  
The main supporting Pillars of the Place,  
Were perfect Marble of the purest race ;  
The Beds were rich, right Princely to behold,  
Of beaten Silver, and of burnisht Gold.  
The Pavement was discolour'd Porphyry,  
And during Marble, colour'd diversly :  
In lavish Cups of oft-refined Gold,  
Came wine unwisht, drink what the people would :  
The golden Vessels did in numbers pass ;  
Great choice of Cups, great choice of wine there was.

And since Abuse attends upon Excess,  
 Leading sweet Mirth to loathsom Drunkenness,  
 A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might  
 Inforce an undisposed Appetite :  
 So that a sober mind may use his pleasure,  
 And measure Drinking, though not drink by measure.

---

*Meditat. I.*

**N**O man is born unto himself alone ;  
 Who lives unto himself, he lives to none :  
 The world's a Body, each Man a Member is,  
 To adde some measure to the publick Bliss :  
 Where much is giv'n, there much shall be requir'd ;  
 Where little, less ; for riches are but hir'd ;  
 Wisdom is sold for sweat, pleasure for pain ;  
 Who lives unto himself, he lives in vain :  
 To be a Monarch is a glorious thing ;  
 Who lives not full of care, he lives no King :  
 The boundless glory of a King is such,  
 To sweeten Care, because his Care is much.  
 The Sun (whose radiant Beams reflect so bright)  
 Comforts and warms, as well as it gives light ;  
 By whose example Phœbe (though more dim)  
 Does counterfeit his Beams, and shines from him ;  
 So mighty Kings are not ordain'd alone  
 To pearch in glory on the Princely Throne,  
 But to direct in Peace, command in War  
 Those subjects, for whose sakes they only are ;  
 So loyal Subjects must adopt them to  
 Such vertuous actions as their Princes do ;  
 So shall his People, even as well as He,  
 Princes (though in a lesser Volume) be.  
 So often as I fix my serious eye  
 Upon *Affuersus* Feast, methinks, I spy

The Temple dance, methinks my ravish'd ear,  
(Rapt with the secret musick that I hear)

Attends the warble of an Angels tongue,  
Resounding forth this sense-bereaving song ;

*Vashti shall fall, and Esther rise,*

*Sion shall thrive, when Haman dies.*

Elest are the Meetings, and the Banquets blest,  
Where Angels carol musick to the Feast.

How do our wretched times degenerate

From former ages ! How intemperate

Hath lavish custom made our bed-rid Age,

Acting obscene Scenes on her drunken Stage !

Our times are guided by a lewder lot,

As if that world another world begot :

Their friendly Feasts were fill'd with sweet sobriety ;

Ours, with unclean delights, and base ebriety :

Theirs, the unvalued price of Love, intended ;

Ours seek the cause whereby our Love is ended :

How in so blind an Age could those men see !

And in a seeing Age, how blind are we !

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The King sends for the Queen ; the Queen  
Denies to come ; His hasty spleen  
Inflames ; unto the Persian Laws  
He leaves the censure of his cause.*

---

## SECT. II.

**T**O add more honour to this Royal Feast,  
That Glory may with Glory be encreast,  
*Vashti* the Queen (the fairest Queen on Earth)  
She made a Feast, and put on jolly mirth,

To bid welcom with her Princely cheer  
To all her Guests ; her guests all, women were.

By this, the Royal bounty of the King  
Hath well-nigh spent the seven days banqueting.  
Six jovial days have run their hours out,  
And now the seventh revolves the week about,  
Upon which day (the Queens unlucky day)  
The King with jollity entic'd away,  
And gently having slipp'd the stricter reins  
Of temperance (that over mirth restrains)  
Rose up, commanded that without delay,  
(Howe'r the Persian custom do gain-say  
That men and married wives should feast together)  
That fair *Queen Vashti* be conducted thither,  
For him to shew the sweetnes of her face,  
And peerless beauty mixt with Princely grace :  
To wound their wanton hearts, and to surprise  
The Princes with the Artillery of her eyes.

But fairest *Vashti* (in whose scornful eyes  
More haughty pride, than Heavenly beauty lies)  
With bold denial of a flinty brest,  
Answer'd the longing of the Kings request ;  
And (fill'd with scorn) return'd this Message home,  
*Queen Vashti cannot, Vashti will not come.*  
Whereat, as *Boreas* with his blustering,  
(When sturdy *Aries* ushers in the Spring)  
Here falls an aged *Oke*, there cleaves a *Tree*,  
Now holds his full mouth'd blast, now lets it flee,  
So storms the King ; now pale, now fiery red,  
His colour comes and goes, his angry head  
He sternly shakes, spits his enraged spleen,  
Now on the messenger, now on the Queen :  
One while he deeply weighs the foul contempt,  
And then his passion bids his wrath attempt  
A quick revenge ; now creep into his thought  
Such things as aggravate the peevish fault ;

The place, the persons present, and the time,  
Increase his wrath, increase his Ladies Crime.

But soon as passion had restor'd the Rein  
To righteous Reason's government again ;  
The King (unfit to judge his proper Cause)  
Referr'd the trial to the Persian Laws :  
He call'd his Learned Council, and display'd  
The nature of his Grievance thus, and said :

*By virtue of a Husband, and a King,  
(To make compleat our Royal Banqueting)  
We gave command, we gave a strict command,  
That by the office of our Eunuchs Band,  
Queen Vashti should in state attended be  
Into the presence of our Majesty :  
But in contempt she slacks our dread behest,  
Neglects performance of our dear Request,  
And (through disdain) disloyally deni'd,  
Like a false subject, and a faithless Bride ;  
Say then (my Lords) for you (being truly wise)  
Have brains to judge, and judgments to advise ;  
Say boldly (say) what do the Laws assign ?  
What punishment ? or what deserved Fine ?  
Assuerus bids, the mighty King commands ;  
Vashti denies, the scornful Queen withstands.*

---

*Meditat. I I.*

**E** Vil manners breed good Laws ; and that's the best  
That e'er was wade of bad : the Persian Feast  
(Finding the mischief that was grown so rife)  
Admitted not with men a married wife.  
How careful were they in preserving that,  
Which we so watchful are to violate !  
O Chastity, the flower of the soul,  
How is thy perfect fairness turn'd to foul !

How are thy Blossoms blasted all to dust,  
 By sudden Lightning of untamed Lust !  
 How hast thou thus defil'd thy Iv'ry feet !  
 Thy sweetness that was once, how far from sweet ?  
 Where are thy maiden smiles, thy blushing cheek ?  
 Thy Lamb-like countenance, so fair, so meek ?  
 Where is that spotless flower, that while ere  
 Within thy Lilly bosom thou didst wear ?  
 Has wanton *Cupid* snatch'd it ? Hath his Dart  
 Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart ?  
 Where do'st thou bide ? the Country half disclaims thee ;  
 The City wonders when a body names thee :  
 Or have the rural woods engroft thee there,  
 And thus forestall'd our empty Markers here ?  
 Sure th'art not, or kept where no man shows thee ;  
 Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knows thee.

Our Grandame *Eve*, before it was forbid,  
 Desired not the fruit she after did :  
 Had not the custom of those times ordain'd  
 That women from mens feasts should be restrain'd,  
 Perhaps (*Assuerus*) *Vashti* might have died  
 Unsent for, and thy self been undenied :  
 Such are the fruits of mirth's and wine's abuse,  
 Customs must crack, and love must break his truce ;  
 Conjugal bands must loose, and sullen Hate  
 Ensues the Feast, where wine's immoderate.

More difficult it is, and greater skill  
 To bear a mischief than prevent an ill :  
 Passion is natural, but to bridle passion,  
 Is more divine, and virtues operation :  
 To do amiss is natures Act : to err,  
 Is but a wretched mortals Character ;  
 But to prevent the danger of the ill,  
 Is more than man, surpassing humane skill :  
 Who plays a happy game with crafty flight,  
 Confirms himself but Fortunes Favorite :

But he that husbands well an ill-dealt game,  
Deserves the credit of a Gamesters name,  
Lord, If my Cards be bad, yet lend me skill  
To play them wisely, and make the best of ill.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*The learned Council plead the case ;  
The Queen degraded from her place :  
Decrees are sent throughout the Land,  
That Wives obey, and Men command.*

---

S E C T. III.

**T**HE righteous Council (having heard the cause)  
Advis'd a while, with respite of a pause,  
Till Memucan (the first that silence brake)  
Unseal'd his serious lips, and thus bespeak :

*The great Assuerus Sovereign Lord and King,  
(To grace the period of his Banqueting)  
Hath sent to Vashti, Vashti would not come,  
And now it rests in us to give the doom.  
But lest that too much rashness violate  
The sacred Justice of our happy State,  
We first propound the height of her offence,  
Next, the succeeding inconvenience,  
Which through the circumstances does augment,  
And so descend to th' equal punishment.  
Th' offence propounded, now we must relate  
Such circumstances that might aggravate,  
And first the place, (the Palace of the King)  
And next the time, (the Time of Banqueting)  
Lastly, the persons, (Princes of the Land)  
Which witness the contempt of the command ;*

The Place, the Persons present, and the Time,  
 Make foul the fault, make foul the Ladies crime :  
 Nor was her fault unto the King alone,  
 But to the Princes and to every one :  
 For when this speech abroad divulg'd shall be,  
 Vashti the Queen withstood the Kings Decree,  
 Women (that soon can an advantage take  
 Of things, which for their private ends do make)  
 Shall scorn their coward Husbands, and despise  
 Their dear requests within their scornful eyes,  
 And say, if we deny your bests, then blame not,  
 Assuerus sent for Vashti, but she came not :  
 By Vashties pattern others will be taught ;  
 Thus her example's fouler than her fault :  
 Now therefore if it like our gracious King,  
 (Since he refers to us the censuring )  
 Let him proclaim ( which untransgressed be )  
 His Royal Edict, and his just Decree,  
 That Vashti come no more before his face,  
 But leave the titles of her Princely place :  
 Let firm divorce unloose the Nuptial Knot,  
 And let the name of Queen be quite forgot :  
 Let her Estate, and Princely dignity,  
 Her Royal Crown, and seat assigned be  
 To one whose sacred virtue shall attain  
 As high perfection, as her bold disdain :  
 So when this Royal Edict shall be fam'd,  
 And through the several Provinces proclaim'd,  
 Disdainful Wives shall learn, by Vashties fall,  
 To answer gently to their Husbands call.

Thus ended Memucan, the King was pleas'd  
 (His blustering passion now at length appeas'd)  
 And soon appli'd himself to undertake,  
 To put in practice what his Council spake :

So into every Province of the Land,  
 He sent his speedy Letters, with command

That

That Husbands rule their Wives, and bear the sway,  
And by subjection teach their Wives t' obey.

---

Meditat. III.

When God with sacred breath did first inspire  
The new made earth, with quick, and holy fire ;  
He (well advising what a goodly creature  
He builded had, so like himself in feature)  
Forthwith concluded by his preservation  
T' eternize that great work of Mans creation ;  
Into a sleep he cast this living clay,  
Lockt up his sense with drouzy *Morpheus* key,  
Opened his fruitful flank, and from his side  
He drew the substance of his helpful Bride,  
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone,  
He framed woman, making two of one,  
Thus broke in two, he did a new ordain  
That these same two, should be made one again,  
Till singling Death this sacred knot undo,  
And part this new-made our Once more in two.

Since of a Rib first framed was a wife,  
Let Ribs be Hi'roglyphicks of their life :  
Ribs coast the heart, and guard it round about,  
And like a tender watch keep danger out :  
So tender wives should loyally impart  
Their watchful care, to fence their spouses heart :  
All members else from out their places rove,  
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldom move :  
Women (like Ribs) must keep their wonted home,  
And not (like *Dinah* that was ravisht) rome :  
If Ribs be over-bent, or handled rough,  
They break ; If let alone, they bend enough ;  
Women must (unconstrain'd) be pliant still,  
And gently bending to their Husbands will ;

The sacred Academy of man's life,  
Is holy wedlock in a happy wife.

It was a wise man's speech, *could never they*  
*Know to command, that knew not first t' obey :*  
Where's then that high command? that ample fame  
Your sex, to glorifie their honor'd name,  
Your noble sex in former days atchiev'd?  
Whose sounding praise no after-times out-liv'd.  
What brave exploits, what well-deserving glory,  
The subject of an everlasting story,  
Their hands atchiev'd? they thrust their Scepters then  
As well in Kingdoms, as in hearts of men:  
And sweet obedience was the lowly stair,  
Mounted their steps to that commanding chair.

A Womans rule should be in such a fashion,  
Only to guide her houshold, and her passion:  
And her obedience never's out of season,  
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason:  
Ill thrives the hapless Family, that shows  
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows:  
I know not which live more unnatural lives,  
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Affuerus pleas'd; his servants motion  
Propounded, gains his approbation.  
Esthers descent, her Jewish race;  
Her beauties, and her perfect grace.*

---

### SECT. IV.

**W**hen Time (that endeth all things) did asswage  
The burning Fever of *Affuerus* rage,

And

And quiet satisfaction had assign'd  
Delightful Julips to his troubled mind,  
He call'd his old remembrance to account  
Of *Vashti*, and her crimes that did amount  
To th' sum of her divorcement ; In his thought  
He weigh'd the censure of her heedless fault :  
His fawning servants willing to prevent him,  
Lest too much thought should make his love repent him,  
Said thus : (If it should please our gracious Lord  
To crown with audience his servants word)  
Let strict inquest, and careful inquisition  
In all the Realm be made, and quick provision  
Throughout the Medes and Persians all along  
For comely Virgins, beautiful and young,  
Which curiously selected, let them bring,  
Into the Royal Palace of the King :  
And let the Eunuchs of the King take care  
For Princely Robes, and Vesture, and prepare  
Sweet Odours, choice Perfumes, and all things meet,  
To add a greater sweetnes to their sweet :  
And she, whose perfect beams shall best delight,  
And seem most gracious in his Princely sight ;  
To her be given the conquest of her face,  
And be enthron'd in scornful *Vashties* place.  
The project pleas'd the King, who straight requires  
That strict performance second their desires.  
Within the walls of *Susa* dwelt there one,  
By breeding, and by birth a Jew, and known  
By th' name of *Mordecai*, of mighty kin,  
Descended from the Tribe of *Benjamin* :  
(Whose neck was subject to the slavish yoke,  
When *Jechonia* was surpriz'd and took,  
And carried captive into *Babels* Land,  
With strength of mighty *Neb'chadnezzars* hand)  
Within his house abode a Virgin bright,  
Whose name was *Esther*, or *Hadassa* hight,

His brothers daughter, whom (her Parents dead)  
 This Jew did foster in her Fathers stead ;  
 She wanted none, though father she had none,  
 Her Uncle's love assur'd her for his own :  
 Bright beams of beauty stream'd from her eye,  
 And in her cheek late maiden modesty ;  
 Which peerless beauty lent so kind a relish  
 To modest virtue, that they did embellish  
 Each other ex'lence, with a full assent,  
 In her to boast their perfect complement.

---

*Meditat. IV.*

**T**HE strongest Arteries that knit and tie  
 The members of a mixed Monarchy,  
 Are learn'd Counsels, timely Consultations,  
 Rip'n'd Advice, and sage Deliberations ;  
 And if those Kingdoms be but ill be-blest,  
 Whose rule's committed to a young man's brest ;  
 Then such Estates are more unhappy far,  
 Whose choicest Councillors but Children are :  
 How many Kingdoms blest with high renown,  
 (In all things happy else) have plac'd their Crown  
 Upon the Temples of a childish head,  
 Until with ruine, King, or State be sped ;  
 What Massacres (begun by factious jars,  
 And ended by the spoil of Civil wars)  
 Have made brave Monarchies unfortunate,  
 And raz'd the glory of many a mighty state ?  
 How many hopeful Princes (ill advis'd  
 By young and smooth-fac'd Council) have despis'd  
 The sacred Oracles of riper years,  
 Till dear Repentance wash the Land with tears ?  
 Witness thou luckless, and succeeding Son  
 Of (Wisdoms Favorite) great Solomon ;

How did thy rash and beardless Council bring  
Thy fortunes subject to a stranger King?  
And laying burthens to thy peoples neck,  
The weight hung sadly on thy bended back.  
Thou second *Richard*, once our *Britain* King,  
(Whose Syre's and Gran. fir's fame the world did ring)  
How was thy gentle nature led aside  
By green advisements which thy state did guide,  
Until the title of the Crown did crack,  
And fortunes (as thy Fathers name) ware black?

Now glorious *Britain*, clap thy hands, and bless  
Thy sacred fortunes; for thy happiness  
(As doth thy Island) does it self divide,  
And sequesters from all the world beside;  
Blest are thy open Gates with joyful peace,  
Blest are thy fruitful Barns with sweet increase,  
Blest in thy Council, whose industrious skill  
Is but to make thy fortunes happy still:  
In all things blest, that to a state pertain;  
Thrice happy in my dreaded Sovereign,  
My sacred Sov'reign in whose only brest  
A wise Assembl' or Privy Councils rest,  
Who conquers with his Princely heart as far  
By peace, as *Alexander* did by war;  
And with his Olive branch more hearts did board,  
Than daring *Cæsar* did, with *Cæsars* sword:  
Long maist thou hold within thy Royal hand  
The peaceful Scepter of our happy Land:  
Great *Judah's* Lion, and the Flow'r of *Jesse*,  
Preserve thy Lions, and thy Flowers bleſs.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Fair Virgins brought to Hege's hand,  
The custom of the Persian Land :  
Esthers neglect of rich attire,  
To whet the wanton Kings desire.*

## S E C T. V.

**A**ND when the lustful Kings Decree was read  
In every ear, and shire proclaim'd and spread,  
Forthwith unto the Eunuch Hege's hand,  
The Bevy came, the pride of beauties band,  
Armed with joy, and warring with their eyes,  
To gain the Conquest of a Princely prize :  
But none in peerless beauty shin'd so bright  
As lovely *Ester* did in *Hege's* sight :  
In loyal service he observed her ;  
He sent for costly Oiles, and fragrant Myrrhe,  
To fit her for the presence of the King :  
Rich Tires, and change of Vesture did he bring ;  
Seven comely maids he gave to tend upon her,  
To shew his service, and increase her honour ;  
But she was watchful of her lips, and wise,  
Disclosing not her kindred, or allies,  
For trusty *Mordochaeus* tender care  
Gave hopeful *Ester* Items to beware  
To blaze her kin, or make her People known,  
Lest for their sakes her hopes be overthrown.  
Before the Gates he to and fro did pass,  
Wherein inclos'd the Courtly *Ester* was,  
To understand how *Ester* did behave her,  
And how she kept her in the Eunuchs favour.

Now when as time had fitted every thing,  
By course these Virgins came before the King.  
Such was the custome of the Persian soil,  
Six months the Virgins bath'd in Myrrh and Oil,  
Six months perfum'd in change of odours sweet,  
That perfect lust, and great excess may meet ;  
What costly robes, rare jewels, rich attire,  
Or curious fare, these Virgins did desire,  
'Twas given, and freely granted, when they bring  
Their bodies to be prostrate to the King :  
Each Virgin keeps her turn, and all the night  
They lewdly lavish in the Kings delight :  
As soon as morning shall restore the day,  
They in their bosoms bear black night away,  
And (in their guilty breasts, as do their sins,  
Close prisoners) in the house of Concubins  
Remain, until the satiate King shall please  
To lend their pamper'd bodies a release.

Now when the turn of *Ester* was at hand,  
To satisfie the wanton King's command,  
She sought not (as the rest) with brave attire  
To lend a needles spur t' unchaste desire,  
Nor yet endeavours with a whorish Grace,  
T' adulterate the beauty of her face ;  
Nothing she sought to make her glory braver,  
But simply took what gentle *Hebe* gave her :  
Her sober yisage daily wan her honour :  
Each wandering eye inflam'd, that lookt upon her.

---

*Meditat. V.*

**W**hen God had with his All-producing Blast  
Blown up the bubble of the world, and plac'd  
In order that, which he had made in measure,  
As well for necessary use, as pleasure :  
Then

Then out of earthly mould he fram'd a creature,  
Far more Divine, and of more glorious feature,  
Than erst he made, indu'd with understanding,  
With strength, victorious, and with awe commanding,  
With Reason, wit, replete with Majesty,  
With heavenly Knowldge, and Capacity,  
True embleme of his maker: Him he made  
The Sov'reign Lord of all: Him all obey'd;  
Yielding their lives as tribute to their King:  
Both Fish, and Bird, and Beast, and every thing:  
His body's rear'd upright, and in his eye  
Stand radiant beams of awful Sov'reignty;  
All creatures else pore downward to the ground,  
Man looks to Heaven, and all his thoughts rebound,  
Upon the Earth (where tides of pleasures meet)  
He treads and daily tramples with his feet;  
Which reads sweet Lectures to his wandring eyes;  
And teach his lustful heart to moralize:  
Naked he liv'd, naked to the world he came;  
For he had then no fault to hide, nor shame:  
His state was level, and he had free-will  
To stand or fall, unforc'd to good or ill:  
Man had (such state he was created in)  
Within his pow'r, a power not to sin:  
But Man was tempted, yielded, sinn'd, and fell,  
Abus'd his free-will, lost it, then beset  
A worse succeeding state; who was created  
Compleat, is now become poor, blind, and naked:  
He's drawn with head-strong bias unto ill,  
Bereft of active pow'r to will, or nill;  
A blessed Saint's become a baleful Devil,  
His freer-will's only stipted now to evil:  
Pleasure's his Lord, and in his Ladies eyes  
His Crystal Temple of Devotion lies:  
Pleasure's the white, whereat he takes the level,  
Which (too much wronged with the name of evil)

With best of blessings takes her lofty seat,  
Greatest of goods, and seeming best of great ;  
What's good (like Iron) rusts for want of use,  
And what is bad, is worsed with abuse ;  
Pleasure, whose apt, and right ordained end  
Is but to sweeten labour, and attend  
The frailty of man, is now preferr'd so high,  
To be his Lord, and bear the Sov'reignty,  
Ruling his lavish thoughts, ignoble actions,  
And gains the conquest of his best affections,  
Sparing no cost to bolster up delight,  
But force vain pleasures to unwonted height.  
Who adds excels unto a lustful heart,  
Commits a costly sin, with greater Art.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Esther's belov'd, wedded, crown'd ;  
A Treason, Mordecai betrayed ;  
The Traytors are pursu'd, and found,  
And for that Treason well apaid.*

---

### SECT. VI.

**N**ow, now the time is come, fair *Esther* must  
Expose her beauty to the Lechers lust ;  
Now, now must *Esther* stake her honor down,  
And hazard Chastity, to gain a Crown ;  
Gone, gone she is attended to the Court,  
And spends the evening in the Princes sport :  
As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowr)  
Picks here a Pink, and there a Gilly-flower,  
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,  
And then a Printrose (the years Maiden-head)

There

There, nips the Briar ; here, the Lovers Pauncy,  
 Shifting her dainty Pleasures, with her Fancy :  
 This on her arm, and that she lists to wear  
 Upon the borders of her curious hair ;  
 At length, a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)  
 She plucks, and bosoms in her Lilly brest ;  
 So when *Assuerus* (tickled with delight)  
 Perceiv'd the beauties of those Virgins bright,  
 He lik'd them all, but when with strict revie  
 He viewed *Esther's* face, his wounded eye  
 Sparkled, whil'st *Cupid* with his youthful Dart  
 Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart ;  
*Esther* is now his joy, and in her eyes  
 The sweetest flower of his Garland lies :  
 Who now but *Esther* ? *Esther* crowns his bliss,  
 And he's become her prisoner, that was his :  
*Esther* obtains the prize, her high desert  
 Like Di'mond's richly mounted in his heart ;  
 Iô, now Iô *Hymen* sing, for she  
 That crowns his joy, must likewise crowned be ;  
 The Crown is set on Princely *Esther's* head,  
*Esther* sits Queen, in scornful *Vafties* stead.

To consecrate this day to more delights,  
 In due solemnizing the Nuptial Rites,  
 In *Esther's* name, *Assuerus* made a Feast,  
 Invited all his Princes, and releast  
 The hard taxation that his heavy hand  
 Laid on the subjects of his groaning Land ;  
 No rites were wanting to augment his joys,  
 Great gifts confirm'd the bounty of his choice ;  
 Yet had not *Esther's* lavish tongue descri'd  
 Her Jewish Kin, or where she was alli'd ;  
 For still the words of *Mordecai* did rest  
 Within the Cabbin of her Royal brest,  
 Who was as pliant (being now a Queen)  
 To sage advice as e'r before she'd been.

It came to pass as *Mordochaeus* sat  
Within the Portal of the Princes gate,  
He heard two servants of the King,  
Closely combin'd in hollow whispering,  
( Like whistling *Notus* that foretels a rain )  
To breath out treason 'gainst their Sovereign :  
Which, soon as loyal *Mordochaeus* heard ;  
Forthwith to *Eshers* presence he repair'd ;  
Disclos'd to her, and to her care commended  
The Traitors, and the treason they intended :  
Whereat the Queen ( impatient of delay )  
Betray'd the Traytors, that would her betray,  
And to the King unbosom'd all her heart,  
And who her News-man was, and his desert.

Now all in hurly-burly was the Court,  
All tongues were fill'd with wonder, and report :  
The watch was set, pursuit was made about,  
To guard the King, and find the Traytors out :  
Who found, and guilty found, by speedy trial,  
( Where witness speaks, what boots a bare denial ? )  
Were both hanged upon the shameful tree :  
( To bear such fruit let trees ne'r barren be ; )  
And what success this happy Day afforded,  
Was in the Persian Chronicles recorded.

---

Meditat. V I.

**T**H E hollow Concave of a humane breast,  
Is God's Exchequer, and therein the best  
And sum of all his chiefest wealth consists,  
Which he shuts up, and opens when he lists :  
No power is of man ; to love or hate,  
Lies not in mortals brest, or pow'r of Fate :  
Man wants the strength to sway his strong affections,  
What power is, is from Divine directions ;

Which oft (unseen through dulnes of the mind)  
We nick-name Chance, because our selves are blind :  
And that's the cause, man's first beholding eye  
Oft loves, or hates, and knows no reason why.

'Twas not the brightness of *Rebecca's* face,  
Or servants skill, that wan the Virginis grace ;  
'Twas not the wish or wealth of *Abraham*,  
Or *Isaac's* fortune, or renowned name,  
His comely personage, or his high desert,  
Obtain'd the conquest of *Rebecca's* heart :  
Old *Abra'm* wisht, in secret God directed ;  
'Twas *Abra'm* us'd the means, 'twas God effected.  
Best marriages are made in Heaven ; In Heaven  
The hearts are joyn'd ; in Earth the hands are given ;  
First God ordains, then man confirms the Love,  
Proclaiming that on Earth was done above.

'Twas not the sharpnes of thy wandring eye,  
(Great King *Affuerus*) to pick Majesty  
From out the sadness of a Captives face ;  
'Twas not alone thy chusing, nor her grace ;  
Who mounts the sheek, and beats the lofly down,  
Gave thee the heart to chuse, gave her the Crown.

Who blest thy fortunes with a second wife,  
He blest thy fortunes with a second life ;  
That breast that entertain'd so sweet a Bride,  
Stood fair to Treason, (by her means descri'd ; )  
With double fortunes, wert thou doubly blest,  
To find so fair, and scape so foul a guest.

Thou aged Father of our years and hours,  
(For thou as well discover'st as devours)-  
Search still the entrails of thy just Records,  
Wherein are entred the diurnal words  
And deeds of mortal men ; bring (thou) to light  
All treach'rous projects man'd by craft or might :  
With Tow'rs of bras, their faithful hearts imboss  
That bear the Christian colourt of the Croſſ.

And thou preserver of all mortal things,  
Within whose hands are plac'd the hearts of Kings ;  
By whom all Kingdoms stand, and Princes reign,  
Preserve thy C H A R L E S, and my dear Sovereign ;  
Let Traitors plots, like wandring Atoms fly,  
And on their heads pay tenfold usury ;  
His bosom tutor, and his safety tender :  
O be thou his, as he's thy Faith's Defender :  
That thou in him, and he in thee may rest,  
And we of both may live and die possest.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The line of Haman, and his race :  
His fortunes in the Princely grace :  
His rage to Mordecai express'd,  
Not bowing to him, as the rest.*

---

### S E C T. VII.

**U** PON a time, to *Perſia's* Royal Court,  
A foregin stranger us'd to resort,  
He was the Issue of a Royal breed,  
The off-cast off-ſpring of the cursed ſeed  
Of *Amalek*, from his descended right,  
That ſold his birth-right for his Appetite :  
*Haman* his name ; His fortunes did improve,  
Increast by favour of the Princes love :  
Full great he grew, preferr'd to high command,  
And plac'd before the Princes of the Land :  
And ſince that honour and due reverence  
Belong where Princes give pre-eminence ;  
The King commands the ſervants of his State  
To ſuit reſpect to *Haman's* high estate,

And do him honour fitting his degree,  
 With vailed bonnet, and low bended knee :  
 They all observ'd ; but aged Mordecai  
 (Whose stubborn joyns neglected to obey  
 The seed which Heaven with infamy had branded)  
 Stoutly refused what the King commanded ;  
 Which when the servants of the King had seen,  
 Their fell disdain mixt with an envious spleen,  
 Inflam'd ; they question'd how he durst withstand  
 The just performance of the King's Command :  
 Daily they check'd him for his high disdain,  
 And he their check did daily entertain  
 With silent slight behaviour, which did prove  
 As full of care, as their rebukes of love.

Since then their hearts (not able to abide  
 A longer sufferance of his peevish pride)  
 (Whose scorching fires, passion did augment)  
 Must either break, or find a speedy vent :  
 To Haman they th' unwelcome news related ;  
 And what they said their malice aggravated,  
 Envy did ope her snake-devoring jaws  
 Foam'd frothy blood, and bent her uncked paws,  
 Her hollow eyes did cast out sudden flame,  
 And pale as ashes look'd this angry Dame,  
 And thus bespeak : Art thou that man of might,  
 That Imp of Glory ? Times great Favourite ?  
 Hath thy deserved worth restor'd again  
 The blemish'd honour of thy Princely strain ?  
 Art thou that Wonder which the Persian State  
 Stands gazing at so much, and pointing at ?  
 Filling all wondring eyes with admiration,  
 And every loyal heart with Adoration ?  
 Art thou that mighty He ? How hap's it then  
 That wretched Mordecai, the worst of men,  
 A captive slave, a superstitious Jew,  
 Slights thee, and robs thee of thy rightful due ?

Nor was his fault design'd with Ignorance,  
(The unsee'd Advocate of sin) or Chance;  
But backt with arrogance and foul despight:  
Rise up, and do thy suff'ring honour right.

Up (like his deep Revenge) rose Haman then,  
And like a sleeping Lion from his den,  
Rouz'd his resentless rage; But when his eye  
Confirm'd the news; Report did testifie,  
His reason straight was heav'd from off his hinge,  
And fury rounded in his ear Revenge,  
And (like a rash Adviser) thus began:

There's nothing (Haman) is more dear to man,  
And coals his boylng veins with sweeter pleasure,  
Than quick revenge; for to revenge by leisure,  
Is but like feeding when the stomach's past,  
Pleasing not eager appetite, nor taste:  
Yet when delay returns Revenge the greater,  
Like poynant sauce, it makes the meat the sweeter;  
It fits not th' Honour of thy personage,  
Nor stands it with thy Greatness, to ingage  
Thy noble thoughts, to make Revenge so poor,  
To be Reveng'd on one alone: thy sore  
Needs many plaisters: make thy Honour good,  
Not with a drop, but with a World of blood:  
Borrow the Scythe of time, and let thy passion  
Mow down thy Jewish Foe, with all his Nation.

---

Meditat. VII.

**F**ights God for cursed *Amalk*? That hand,  
That once did curse, doth now the curse withstand:  
Is God unjust? Is Justice fled from Heaven?  
Or are the righteous Ballances un-even?  
Is this that Just Jehovah's sacred word  
Firmly inroll'd within the Laws Record:

I'll fight with Amalek, destroy his Nation,  
 And from remembrance blot his Generation?  
 What shall his curse to Amalek be void?  
 And with those plagues shall Isr'el be destroy'd?  
 Ah sooner shall the sprightly flames of fire  
 Descend and moisten, and dull Earth aspire,  
 And with her driness quench fair Titans heat,  
 Than shall thy words, and just Decrees retreat:  
 The day (as weary of his burthen) tires;  
 The year (full laden with her months) expires;  
 The heav'ns (grown great with age) must soon decay;  
 The pond'rous earth in time shall pass away;  
 But yet thy sacred words shall alway flourish,  
 Though days, and years, and Heaven, and Earth do perish.

How perkins proud Haman then? what prosp'rous fate  
 Exalts his Pagan head? How fortunate  
 Hath favour crown'd his times? Hath God decreed  
 No other curse upon that cursed seed?  
 The mortal eye of man can but perceive  
 Things present; when his heart cannot conceive,  
 He's either by his outward senses guided,  
 Or like a Quare, leaves it undecided:  
 The fleshly eye that lends a feeble sight,  
 Fails in extent, and hath no further might  
 Than to attain the object, and there ends  
 His office, and of what it apprehends,  
 Acquaints the understanding, which conceives,  
 And descants on that thing the sight perceives,  
 Or good, or bad; unable to project  
 The just occasion, or the true effect:  
 Man seeks like man, and can but comprehend  
 Things as they present are, not as they ends;  
 God sees a King's heart in a Shepherds break,  
 And in a mighty King he sees a Beast:  
 'Tis not the spring tide of an high estate  
 Creates a man (though seeming) Fortunate:

The blaze of Honour, Fortunes sweet excess,  
Doundeserve the name of Happiness :  
The frowns of indisposed Fortune makes  
Man poor, but not unhappy. He that takes  
Her checks with patience, leaves the name of poor,  
And lets in fortune at a backer door.

Lord, let my fortunes be rich, or poor :  
If small, the less account, if great, the more.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Unto the King proud Haman sues,  
For the destruction of the Jews :  
The King consents, and in his name  
Decrees were sent to effect the same.*

---

### SECT. XII.

**N**ow when the year had turn'd his course about,  
And fully worn his weary hours out,  
And left his circling travel to his heir,  
That now sets onset to the ensuing year,  
Proud Haman (pain'd with travail in the birth,  
Till after-time could bring his mischief forth )  
Cast Lots, from month to month, from day to day,  
To pick the choicest time when fortune may  
Be most propitious to his damned plot :  
Till on the last month fell the unwilling Lot :  
So Haman, guided by his Idol Fate,  
(Cloaking with publique good his private Hate,) In plaintiff terms, where reason forg'd a relish,  
Unto the King, his speech did thus imbellish :  
Upon the limits of this happy Nation,  
There floats a scum, an off-cast Generation,

Dispers'd, despis'd, and noysome to the Land,  
 And Refractory to the Laws, to thy Command,  
 Not stooping to thy Power, but despising  
 All Government, but of their own devising,  
 Which stirs the glowing embers of division,  
 The hateful mother of a States perdition;  
 The which (not soon redrest by Reformation)  
 Will ruine breed', to thee and to thy Nation,  
 Begetting Rebels, and seditious broils,  
 And fill thy peaceful Land with bloody spoils :  
 Now therefore, if it please my gracious Lord  
 To right this grievance with his Princely sword,  
 That death and equal Justice may o'rwhelm  
 The secret Ruiners of thy sacred Realm,  
 Unto the Royal Treasure of the King  
 Ten thousand Silver talents will I bring.

Then gave the King from off his heedless hand  
 His Ring to Haman, with that Ring command,  
 And said : Thy proffer'd Wealth thy self posseſſ ;  
 Yet be thy just petition ne'retheleſſ  
 Entirely granted. Lo ! before thy face  
 Thy vassals lie, with all their rebel race ;  
 Thine be the People, and the power thine  
 To allot these Rebels their deserved Fine.  
 Forthwith the Scribes were summon'd to appear,  
 Decrees were written, sent to every Shire,  
 To all Lieutenants, Captains of the Band,  
 And all the Provinces throughout the Land  
 Stil'd in the name and person of the King,  
 And made authentick with his Royal Ring ;  
 By speedy Post-men were the Letters sent ;  
 And this the sum is of their sad content :

### ASSUERUS REX.

Let ev'ry Province in the Persian Land  
 (Upon the day prefxt) prepare his hand

To make the Channels flow with Rebels blood,  
And from the Earth to root the Jewish brood :  
And let the softness of no partial heart,  
Through melting pity, love or false desert,  
Spare either young, or old, or man, or woman,  
But like their faults, so let their plagues be common.  
Decreed, and signed by our Princely Grace,  
And given at Shushan from our Royal Place.

So Haman fill'd with ioy, (his fortunes blest  
With fair success of his so foul request )  
Laid care aside to sleep, and with the King  
Consum'd the time in jolly banqueting :  
Mean while the Jews (the poor afflicted Jews,  
Perplext and startled with the new-bred news)  
With drooping heads and self embracing arms,  
Wept forth the Dirge of their ensuing harms.

---

*Meditat. V I I I.*

**O** F all Diseases in a Publick weal,  
No one more dangerous, and hard to heal,  
(Except a tyrant King) than when great might  
Is trusted to the hands, that take delight  
To bathe and paddle in the blood of those  
Whom jealousies, and not just cause oppose :  
For when as haughty power is conjoyn'd  
Unto the will of a distemper'd mind,  
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,  
It in it self hath power to fulfil :  
What mischief then can linger, unattempted ?  
What base attempts can happen unprevented ?  
Statutes must break, good Laws must go to wrack,  
And (like a Bow that's overbent) must crack :  
Justice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,  
That (over-doing right) it proves injurious :

Mercy

Mercy (the Stear of Justice) flies the City,  
 And falsly must be term'd a foolish pity :  
 Mean wile the gracious Princel's tender breast  
 (Gently possest with nothing but the best  
 Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd,  
 And made the cloak, wherewith his fault's excus'd.  
 The radiant beams that warm, and shine so bright,  
 Comfort this lower world with heat and light,  
 But drawn, and recollect'd in a glas,  
 They burn, and their appointed limits palls.  
 Even so the power from the Princes hand,  
 Directs the subject with a sweet command :  
 But to perverse fantasticks if conferr'd,  
 Whom wealth, or blinded fortune hath preferr'd,  
 It spurs on wrong, and makes the right retire,  
 And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire :  
 Their foul intent, the Common good pretends,  
 And with that good they mask their private ends ;  
 Their glory's dim, and cann't be understood,  
 Unless it shine in pride, or swim in blood :  
 Their will's a Law, their mischief Policy,  
 Their frowns are death, their power tyranny :  
 Ill thrives the State that harbours such a man,  
 That can what e'r he wills ; wills, what he can.

May my ungarnisht quill presume so much  
 To glorifie it self, and give a touch  
 Upon the Island of my Sovereign Lord ;  
 What language shall I use, what new-found word,  
 Tabridge the mighty volume of his worth,  
 And keep me blameless from th' untimely birth  
 Of (false-reputed) flattery ? he leads  
 No cursed Haman pow'r to work his Ends  
 Upon our ruin, but transfers his grace  
 On just desert, which in the ugly face  
 Of foul detraction, (untoucht), can dare  
 And smile, till black-mough'd Envy blush, and rear  
Her

Her snaky fleece. Thus, thus in a happy peace  
He rules, to make our happiness increate,  
Directs with love, commands with Princely awe,  
And in his breast he bears a living Law;  
Defend us thou, and Heavens thee defend,  
And let proud Haman have proud Haman's end.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Jews and Mordecai lament,  
And mail the height of their distresses :  
But Mordecai the Queen possesses,  
With cruel Haman's foul intent.*

---

### SECT. IX.

**N**O W when as Fame (the daughter of the Earth  
Newly disburthen'd of her plumed birth)  
From off her Turrets did her wings display,  
And pearcht in the sad ears of *Mordecai* ;  
He rent his garments, wearing in their stead  
Distressed Sackcloth: on his fainting head  
He strowed Dust, and from his shovring eyes  
Ran floods of sorrow, and with bitter cries  
His grief saluted Heaven; his groans did borrow  
No Art to draw the true pourtraint of sorrow :  
Nor yet within his troubled breast alone,  
( Too small a stage for grief to trample on )  
Did tyrant sorrow act her lively Scene,  
But did inlarge (such grief admis no mean)  
The lawless limits of her Theatre  
I' th' hearts of all the Jewish Nation, where  
( With no dissembled action ) she exprest  
The lively Passion of a penitive brest.

Forth-

Forthwith he posteth to the Palace gate,  
 To acquaint Queen *Ester* with his sad estate,  
 But found no entrance: for the Persian Court  
 Gave welcome to delights, and youthful sport,  
 To jolly mirth, and such delightful things:  
 Soft raiment best befits the Courts of Kings:  
 There lies no welcome for a whining face,  
 A mourning habit suits no Princely place:  
 Which when the Maids, and Eunuchs of the Queen  
 (Unable of themselves to help) had seen,  
 Their Royal Mistress straight they did acquaint  
 With the dum shew of her sad Cozens plaint;  
 Whereat (till now a stranger to the cause)  
 Perplext and forced by the tender Laws  
 Of dear affection, her gentle heart  
 Did sympathize with his conceived smart:  
 She sent him change of raiment to put on,  
 To vail his grief, but he received none;  
 Then (sore dismay'd, impatient to forbear  
 The knowledge of the thing she fear'd to hear)  
 She sent her servant to him, to importune,  
 What sudden Chance, or what disastrous fortune  
 Had caus'd this strange and ill-apparell'd grief,  
 That she (if in her lies) may send relief:  
 To whom his sorrows made this sad Relation:  
 And this the tenour of his Declaration:

Haman's (that cursed Haman's) haughty pride,  
 (Because my knee deservedly den'd  
 To make an Idol of his greatness) hath  
 Incenst the fury of his jealous wrath,  
 And proffer'd lavish bribes to buy the blood  
 Of me, and all the faithful Jewish brood:  
 Lo, here the Copy, granted by the King,  
 Stil'd in his name, confirmed with his Ring:  
 By vertue of the which, into his hands,  
 Unst Haman hath ingrost our lives, our lands:

Go tell the Queen, it resteth in her powers  
To help ; the case is hers, as well as ours :  
Go tell my Cozen Queen, it is her charge  
To use the means whereby she may inlarge  
Her aged Kinsman's life, and all her Nation ;  
Preferring to the King her supplication.

---

Meditat. I X.

WHO hopes t' attain the sweet Elysian Lays,  
To reap the harvest of his well-spent days,  
Must pass the joyless streams of Acheron,  
The scorching waves of burning Phlegeton,  
And sable billows of the Stygian Lake :  
Thus sweet with sour each mortal must partake.  
What joyful Harvester did e'r obtain  
The sweet fruition of his hopeful gain,  
Until his hardy labors first had past  
The summers heat, and stormy winters blast ;  
A sable night returns a shining morrow ;  
And days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow :  
The way to blis lies not on beds of Down,  
And he that had no Cros, deserves no Crown :  
There's but one Heaven, one place of perfect ease,  
In man it lies, to take it where he please,  
Above, or here below : and few men do  
Enjoy the one, and taste the other too :  
Sweating, and constant labor wins the Goal  
Of rest ; Afflictions clarifie the soul,  
And like hard Masters, give more hard directions,  
Tut'ring the nonage of uncurb'd affections :  
Wisdom (the Antidote of sad despair)  
Makes sharp Afflictions seem not as they are,  
Through patient sufferance ; and doth apprehend,  
Not as they seeming are, but as they end :

To

To bear affliction with a bearded brow,  
 Or stubborn heart, is but to disallow  
 The speedy means to health ; salve heals no sore,  
 If misappli'd, but makes the grief the more ;  
 Who sends Affliction, sends an end, and He  
 Best knows what's best for him, what's best for me :  
 'Tis not for me to carve me where I like ;  
 Him pleases when he list to stroke or strike :  
 I'll neither wish, nor yet avoid temptation,  
 But still expect it, and make preparation :  
 If he think best, my Faith shall not be tri'd,  
 Lord keep me spotless from presumptuous pride :  
 If otherwise with trial, give me care,  
 By thankful patience to prevent despair :  
 Fit me to bear what-e'r thou shalt assign ;  
 I kiss the Rod, because the Rod is thine.  
 How-e'r, let me not boast, nor yet repine,  
 With trial, or without, (Lord) make me thine.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Her aid implor'd, the Queen refuses  
 To help them, and her self excuses :  
 But (urg'd by Mordecai) consents  
 To die, or cross their foes intents.*

---

### SECT. X.

**N**ow when the servant had return'd the words  
 Of wretched Mordecai, like painted swords  
 They near impier'd Queen Esther's tender heart,  
 That she could pity, but no help impart,  
 Ballac'd with grief, and with the burthen foil'd,  
 (Like Ordnance over-charg'd) she thus recoil'd :

Go, Hatach, tell my wretched kinsman thus,  
The thing concerns not you alone, but us :  
We are the subject of proud Haman's hate,  
As well as you ; our life is pointed at,  
As well as yours, or as the meanest Jew,  
Nor can I help my self, nor them, nor you :  
You know the custom of the Persian State,  
No King may break, no Subject violate.  
How may I then presume to make access  
Before th' offended King ? or rudely press  
(Uncall'd) into his presence ? How can I  
Expect my suit, and have deserv'd to die ?  
May my desires hope to find success ?  
When to effect them, I the Law transgress ?  
These thirty days uncall'd for have I been  
Unto my Lord, how dare I now go in ?  
Go, Hatach, and return this heavy news,  
And shew the truth of my enforc'd excuse.

Whereof when Mordecai was full possest,  
His troubled soul he boldly thus exprest :

Go, tell the fearful Queen, too great's her fear,  
Too small her zeal ; her life she rates too dear :  
How poor's th' adventure, to engage thy blood,  
To save thy Peoples life, and Churches good ?  
To what advantage canst thou more expose  
Thy life than this ? Th' hast but a life to lose :  
Think not thy Greatness can excuse our death,  
Or save thy life, thy life is but a breath  
As well as ours, (Great Queen) thou hop'st in vain,  
In saving of a life, a life to gain :  
Who knows if God on purpose did intend  
Thy high preferment for this happy end ?  
If at this needful time thou spare to speak,  
Our speedy help shall (like the morning) break  
From Heaven, together with thy woes ; and he  
That succours us, shall keep his plagues on thee.

Which

Which when Queen Esther had right well perus'd,  
And on each wounding word had sadly mus'd,  
Startled with zeal, nor daring to deny,  
She rouz'd her faith, and sent this meek reply :

Since Heaven it is endows, each enterprize  
With good success, and only in us lies  
To plant and water ; let us first obtain  
Heavens high assistance, lest the work be vain :  
Let all the Jews in Susa summon'd be,  
And keep a solemn three days Fast, and we,  
With all our servants, and our maiden-train,  
Shall fast as long, and from our thoughts abstain :  
Then to the King (uncall'd) will I repair,  
(Howe'r my boldness shall his Laws contrair)  
And bravely welcome Death before mine eye,  
And scorn her power : If I die, I die.

---

Meditat. X.

**A**S in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,  
(Whose careful Summer Providence fore-sees  
Th' approaching fruitless winter, which denies  
The crown of labour) some with laden thighs  
Take charge to bear their waxy burthens home ;  
Others receive the welcome load ; and some  
Dispose the wax, others the plot contrive ;  
Some build the curious Comb, some guard the Hive,  
Like armed Centinels ; others distract  
The purer honey from the wax ; some train,  
And discipline the young, while others drive  
The sluggish Drones from their deserved Hive :  
Thus is the Common-wealth (untaught by Art)  
Each winged Burger acts his busie part :  
So man (whose first creation did intend,  
And chiefly pointed at no other end,

Then (as a faithful Steward, to receive  
The Fine and quit-rent of the lives we live)  
Must suit his dear endeavour to his might:  
Each one must lift to make the burthen light,  
Proving the power that his gifts afford  
To raise the best advantage for his Lord,  
Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake  
We live and breathe, each his account must make,  
Or more or less; and he whose power lacks  
The means to gather honey, must bring wax;  
Five Talents double five; two render four,  
Where's little, little's crav'd; where's much, there's more:  
Kings by their Royal priviledg may do,  
What unbefits a mind to search into:  
But by the force of their Prerogatives,  
They cannot free the custom of their lives:  
The silly Widow (from whose wrinkled brows  
Faint drops distil, through labour that she ows  
Her needy life) must make her Audite too,  
As well as Kings and mighty Monarchs do:  
The World's a Stage, each Mortal acts thereon,  
As well the King that glitters on the throne,  
As needy Beggars; Heav'n Spectator is,  
And marks who acteth well, and who amiss.  
What part befits me best, I cannot tell;  
It matters not how mean, so acted well.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Unto the King Queen Esther goes,  
He unexpected favour shows ;  
Demands her Suit, she doth request  
The King and Haman to a Feast.*

## S E C T. XI.

**W**hen as Queen Esther's solemn three days Fast  
Had feasted Heaven with a sweet repast,  
Her lowly bended Body she unbow'd,  
And (like fair Titan breaking from a Cloud)  
She rose, and with her Royal Robe she clad  
Her lifeless limbs, and with a face as sad  
As grief could paint, (wanting no Art to borrow  
A needless help to counterfeit a sorrow)  
Softly she did direct her feeble pace  
Unto the Inner-Court, where for a space  
She boldly stood before the Royal Throne,  
Like one that would, but durst not make her mone :  
Which when her Princely Husband did behold,  
His heart relented, (Fortune helps the bold)  
And to express a welcome unexpected,  
Forth to the Queen his Scepter he directed ;  
Whom (now emboldned to approach secur'd)  
In gracious terms he gently thus conjur'd :

*What is't Queen Esther would ? what sad request  
Hangs on her lips, dwells in her doubtful brest ?  
Say, say, (my life's preserver) what's the thing  
That lies in the performance of a King,  
Shall be deny'd ? Fair Queen, whate'er is mine,  
Unto the moiety of my Kingdom's thine.*

So Esther thus: If in thy Princely eyes,  
Thy loyal Servant hath obtain'd the prize  
Of undeserved favour, let the King  
And Haman grace my this days Banqueting,  
To crown the dainties of his hand-maids Feast,  
Humbly devoted to so great a Guest.

The motion pleas'd, and fairly well succeeded:  
(To willing minds no twice entreaty needed)  
They came; but in Queen Esther's troubled face,  
(Rob'd of the sweetnes of her wonted grace)  
The King read discontent; her face divin'd  
The greatness of some further suit behind.

Say, say, (thou bounteous barkeft of my joys)  
(Said then the King) what dumpish grief annoys  
Thy troubled Soul? Speak Lady, what's the thing  
Thy heart desires? By th' honour of a King,  
My Kingdoms half, requested, I'll divide  
To fair Queen Esther, to my fairest Bride.

To then the tenour of my dear request,  
(Replied the Queen) Unto a second Feast,  
Thy humble Suitor doth presume to bid  
The King and Haman, as before she did:  
Now therefore if it please my gracious Lord  
To deign his Royal Presence, and afford  
The peerless treasure of his Princely Grace,  
To dry the sorrows of his Handmaids face,  
Then to my Kingly, and thrice welcome Guest;  
His Servant shall embosome her request.

---

Meditat. XY.

HE that invites his Maker to a Feast,  
(Advising well the greatness of his Guest)  
Must purge his dining Chamber from infections,  
And sweep the Cobwebs of his lowd affections,

And then provide such Cates as most delight  
 His Palate, and best please his Appetite ;  
 And such are holy works, and pious deeds,  
 These are the dainties whereon Heaven feeds :  
 Faith plays the Cook, seasons, directs, and guides ;  
 So Man finds meat, so God the Cook provides :  
 His drink are tears, sprung from a midnight cry,  
 Heaven sips out Nectar from a Sinners eye ;  
 The dining Chamber is the soul opprest ;  
 God keeps his Revels in a Sinners Brest :  
 The musick that attends the Feast, are groans,  
 Deep sounding sighs, and loud lamenting moans :  
 Heav'n hears no sweeter musick, than complaints ;  
 The Fastes of Sinners, are the Feasts of Saints,  
 To which Heav'n dains to stoop, and Heav'n's high King  
 Descends, whilst all the Quire of Angels sing,  
 And with such sense bereaving sonnets fill  
 The hearts of wretched men, that my rude Quill  
 (Dazell'd with too much light) it self addressing  
 To blaze them forth, obscures them in th' expressing :  
 Thrice happy man, and thrice thrice happy Feast,  
 Grac'd with the presence of so great a guest !  
 To him are freely giv'n the privy keys  
 Of Heav'n and Earth, to open when he please,  
 And lock when e'r he lists. In him it lies  
 To ope the shoring floodgates of the skies,  
 Or shut them at his pleasure ; in his hand  
 The Host of Heaven is put; if he command,  
 The Sun (not daring to withstand) obeys,  
 Out-runs his equal hours, flies back, or stays ;  
 To him there's nought uneasie to atchieve ;  
 He'll rouze the Graves, and make the dead alive.  
 Lord, I'm unfit t' invite thee to my home,  
 My Cates are all too course, too mean my Room :  
 Yet come and welcome : by thy power Divine,  
 Thy grace may turn my Water into Wine.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Good Mordecai's unreverence  
Great Haman's haughty pride offends :  
H' acquaints his Wife with the offence ;  
The counsel of his Wife and Friends.*

---

### SECT. XII.

**T**HAT day went *Haman* forth ; for his swoln brest  
Was fill'd with joys, and heart was full possest  
Of all the height Ambition could require,  
To satisfie her prodigal desire.

But when he passed through the Palace Gate,  
(His eye-sore) aged *Mordochæus* fate,  
With head unbar'd, and stubborn knee unbent,  
Unapt to fawn, with slavish blandishment :  
Which when great *Haman* saw, his boyling brest  
(So great disdain unable to digest)  
Ran o'r ; his blood grew hot, and new desires  
Incens'd and kindled his avenging fires ;  
Surcharg'd with grief, and sick with male-content  
Through his distemper'd passion, home he went ;  
Where (to allwage the swelling of his sorrow  
With words the poorest helps distres can borrow)  
His Wife and Friends he summon'd to partake  
His cause of discontent, and thus bespake :

See, see, how Fortune with a liberal hand,  
Hath with the best and sweetest of the Land,  
Crown'd my desires, and hath timely blown  
My budded hopes, whose ripeness hath out-grown  
The limits and the height of expectation,  
Scarce to be had but in a contemplation :

See, see, how Fortune (to enlarge his breath,  
And make me living in despite of Death)  
Hath multipli'd my toynes, that after-Fame,  
May in my stock preserve my blood, my name.

To make my honour with my fortunes even,  
Behold, my gracious Lord the King hath given  
And trusted to my hand the Sword of Pow'r ;  
Or life, or death lies where I laugh or low'r ;  
Who stands more gracious in my Prince's eye ?  
How frowns the King, if Haman be not by ?

Esther the Queen hath made the King her Guest,  
And wisely weighing how to grace the Feast  
With most advantag (hath in policie)  
Invittē me : And no man else but I  
Only (a fit companion for a King)  
May taste the Secrets of the Banqueting.

Yet what availes my wealth, my place, my might ?  
How can I relish them ? with what delight ?  
What pleasure is in dainties, if the taste  
Be in it self distemper'd ? Better fast :  
In many sweets, one sour offendeth the palate,  
One loathesom Weed annoys the choosest Sallat :  
What are my riches ? what my honour'd place ?  
What are my children ? or my Prince's Grace,  
So long as curs'd Mordecai survives ?  
Whose very breath infects, whose lese deprives  
My life of Bliss, and visage sternly strikes  
Worse venome to mine eyes than Basilisks.

When Haman then had launc'd his rip'ted grief,  
In bloody terms they thus appli'd relief :  
Erect a Gibbet, fifty Cubits high,  
Then urge the King (what will the King deny  
When Haman sues ?) that slavish Mordecai  
Be hang'd thereon ; his blood will soon allay  
The heat of thine, his curst death shall fame  
The highness of thy power, and his shame.

So when thy Suit shall find a fair event,  
Go banquet with the King, and live content.

The Counsel pleas'd : the Gibbet fairly stands,  
Soon done, as said ; Revenge finds nimble hands:

---

*Meditat. XII.*

Some Evils I must approve ; all Goods, I dare not  
Some are, and seem not good, some seem, and are not,  
In chusing goods my heart will make the choice,  
My flatt'ring eye shall have no casting voice ;  
No outward sense may chuse an inward bliss,  
For seeming happiness least happy is :  
The eye (the chiefest Cinque-Port of the heart) -  
Keeps open doors, and plays the Traytors part ;  
Lets painted pleasures in, to bribe th' Affections,  
Which masks foul faces under false complexions :  
It hath no power to judge, nor can it see  
Things as they are, but as they seem to be.

There's but one happiness, one perfect bliss ;  
But how obtain'd, or where, or what it is,  
The world of Nature ne'r could apprehend,  
Grounding their labours on no other end  
Than bare opinion, diversly affecting  
Some one thing, some another, still projecting  
Prodigious fancies, till their learned Schools  
Lent so much knowledg as to make them fools :  
One builds his Bliss upon the blaze of glory :  
Can perfect happiness be transitory ?  
In strength another summes felicity :  
What horse is not more happy far than he ?  
Some pile their happiness on heaps of wealth :  
Which (sick) they'd loath, if Gold could purchase health :  
Some in the use of beauty place their end,  
Some in the enjoyment of a courtly friend :

Like wasted Lamps, such happinesses smother ;  
 Age puffed out the one ; and want the other.  
 The happiness, whose worth deserves the name  
 Of chief, with such a fire doth inflame  
 The Brest of Mortals, that Heaven thinks it fit  
 That men should rather think, than taste of it ;  
 All earthly joys some other aim intend,  
 This, for it self's desir'd, no other end :  
 Those (if enjoy'd) are crost with discontent,  
 If not in the pursuit, in the event :  
 This (truly good) admits no contrariety,  
 Without defect, or yet a loath'd satiety.

The least is more than my desert can claim,  
 (Thankful for both) at this alone I aim.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The King asks Haman, what respects  
 Befit the man that he affects ;  
 And with that honour doth appay  
 The good deserts of Mordecai.*

### SECT. XIII.

**N**OW when as *Morpheus* (Sergeant of the night)  
 Had laid his Mace upon the dawning light,  
 And with his listless limbs had closely spred  
 The fable Curtains of his drowzy bed,  
 The King slept not, but (indispos'd to rest)  
 Disguised thoughts within his troubled brest  
 Kept midnight Revels.  
 Wherefore (to recollect his random thought)  
 He gave command the Chronicles be brought  
 And read before him ; where, with good attention,  
 He mark'd how *Mordecai* (with fair prevention

Of a foul treason 'gainst his blood intended)  
His life, and State had loyally defended :  
Whereat the King (impatient to repay  
Such faithful service with the least delay)  
Gently demands what thankful recompence,  
What worship, or deserved reverence,  
Equivalent to such great service, hath  
Justly repaid this loyal Liege-man's Faith ?  
They answer'd, None: Now Haman (fully bent  
To give the vessel of his poysen, vent)  
Stood ready charg'd with full revenge, prepar'd  
To beg his life, whom highly to reward  
The King intends; say (Haman) quoth the King  
What worship, or what honourable thing  
Befits the Person, whom the King shall place  
Within the bounty of his highest Grace ?

So Haman thus bethought, Who more than I  
Deserves the sun-shine of my Princes eye ?  
Whom seeks the King to honour more than me ?  
From Haman's mouth shall Haman honour'd be ;  
Speak freely then, and let thy tongue proclaim  
An honour suiting to thy worth, thy name.

So Haman thus : This honour, this respect  
Be done to him the King shall most affect,  
In Robes Imperial be his Body drest,  
And bravely mounted on that very Beast  
The King bestrides ; then be the Crown of State  
Plac'd on his lofty brows : Let Princes wait  
Upon his Stirrop, and in triumph lead  
This Imp of Honour in Assuerus stead ;  
And to express the glory of his name,  
Like Heralds, let the Princes thus proclaim ;  
This peerless Honour, and these Princely Rites  
Be done to him in whom the King delights.

Said then the King, O sudden change of Fate !  
Within the Portal of our Palace Gate

There

There sits a Jew, whose name is Mordecai,  
 Be he the man, let no perverse delay  
 Protract; but what thy lavish tongue hath said,  
 Do thou to him. So Haman sore dismaid,  
 His tongue (t'd to his Roof) made no reply,  
 But (neither daring answer, nor deny)  
 Perforce obey'd, and so his Page became,  
 Whose life he sought to have bereav'd with shame :  
 The Rites solemniz'd, *Mordecai* return'd  
 Unto the Gate ; *Haman* went home, and mourn'd,  
 (His visage muffled in a mournful Veil)  
 And told his wife this melancholy tale ;  
 Whereat amaz'd, and startled at the news,  
 Despairing, thus she spake : If from the Jews  
 This *Mordecai* derive this happy line,  
 His be the palm of victory not thine ;  
 The highest Heavens have still conspir'd to bless  
 That faithful seed, and with a fair success  
 Have crown'd their just designs : If *Mordecai*  
 Descend from thence, thy hopes shall soon decay,  
 And melt like wax before the mid-day Sun.  
 So said, her broken speech not fully done,  
*Haman* was hasted to Queen *Esther's* Feast,  
 To mirth and joy, an indisposed Guest.

## Meditat. IIII.

**T**HERE'S nothing under Heaven more glorifies  
 The name of King, or in a Subject's eyes  
 Wins more observance, or true loyalty,  
 Than sacred Justice shared equally :  
 No greater glory can belong to Might,  
 Than to defend the feeble in their right,  
 To help the helpless, and their wrongs redress,  
 To curb the haughty-hearted, and suppress

The proud ; requiting ev'ry special deed,  
With punishment, or honourable meed :  
Herein Kings aptly may deserve the name  
Of gods, enshrined in an earthly frame ;  
Nor can they any way approach more nigh  
The full perfection of a Deity,  
Than by true Justice, imitating Heaven  
In nothing more, than in the poizing even  
Their righteous Ballance ; Justice is not blind,  
As Poets feign, but, with a sight refin'd,  
Her Lyncean eyes are clear'd and shine as bright  
As do their errors, that deny her sight ;  
The soul of Justice resteth in her eye,  
Her contemplation's chiefly to descry  
True worth from painted shows ; and loyalty  
From false and deep dissembled treachery,  
A noble Statesman, from a Parasite,  
And good, from what is meerly good in sight ;  
Such hidden things her piercing eye can see ;  
If Justice then be blind, how blind are we ?

Right fondly have the Poets pleas'd to say,  
From earth the fair *Astrea*'s fled away,  
And in the shining Baudrike takes her Seat,  
To make the number of the Signs compleat ?  
For why ? *Astrea* doth repose and rest  
Within the Zodiack of my Sov'reigns Brest.  
And from the Cradle of his Infancy  
Hath train'd his Royal heart with industry,  
In depths of righteous lore, and sacred thews  
Of Justice School, that this my Haggard Muse  
Cannot contain the freeness of her spright,  
But make a Mounty at so fair a flight,  
Perchance (though like a Bastard Eagle) daz'd  
With too great light, she wink, and fall amaz'd.

Heav'n make my heart more thankful in confessing  
So high a bliss, than skilful in expressing.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Queen brings Haman's Accusation ;  
The King's displeased, and grows in passion :  
Proud Haman's treachery descry'd ;  
The shameful end of shameless Pride.*

## SECT. XIV.

**F**orthwith to satisfie the Queens request,  
The King and Haman came unto her Feast.  
Whereat the King, (what then can hap amiss ?)  
Became her Suitor, that was humbly his,  
And fairly thus entreating, this bespake :

*What is't Queen Esther would ? and for her sake  
What is't the King would not ? prefer thy Suit,  
Fair Queen : those that despair, let them be mute.  
Clear up those clouded Beams (my fairest Bride)  
My Kingdoms half (requested) I'll divide.*

Whereat the Queen, half hoping, half afraid,  
Disclos'd her trembling lips, and thus she said :

*If in the bounty of thy Princely Grace,  
Thy sad Petitioner may find a place  
To shroud her most unutterable grief,  
Which if not there, may hope for no relief ;  
If in the treasure of thy gracious eyes,  
(Where mercy and relenting pity lies)  
Thy hand-maid hath found favour ; let my Lord  
Grant me my life (my life so much abhor'd,  
To do him service) and my peoples life,  
Which now lye open to a Tyrants Knife :  
Our lives are sold, 'tis I, 'tis guiltless I,  
Thy loyal Spouse, thy Queen, and hers must die :  
The*

The spotless blood of me, thy faithful Bride,  
Must swage the swelling of a Tyrant's pride:  
Had we been sold for Drudges, to attend  
The busie Spindle; or for Slaves to spend  
Our weary hours, to deserve our Bread,  
So as the gain stood but my Lord in stead,  
I had been silent, and ne'r spent my breath:  
But neither he that seeks it, nor my death  
Can to himself the least advantage bring,  
(Except revenge) nor to my Lord the King.

Like to a Lion rouzed from his rest,  
Rag'd then the King, and thus his rage express;  
Who is the man that dares attempt this thing?  
Where is the Traytor? What? Am I King?  
May not our Subjects serve, but must our Queen  
Be made the subject of a Villains spleen?  
Is not Queen Esther bosom'd in our heart?  
What Traytor then dares be so bold, to part  
Our heart and us? who dares attempt this thing?  
Can Esther then be slain, and not the King?  
Reply'd the Queen, The man that hath done this,  
That cursed Haman, wicked Haman is.

Like as a Felon shakes before the Bench,  
Whose troubled silence proves the Evidence:  
So Haman trembled when Queen Esther spake,  
Nor answ're, nor excuse his guilt could make.

The King, no longer able to digest  
So foul a treachery, forsook the Feast,  
Walk'd in the Garden, where consuming rage  
Boil'd in his heart, with fire (unapt to swage)  
So Haman pleading guilty to the fault,  
Besought his life of her, whose life he sought.  
When as the King had walk'd a little space,  
(So rage and choler often shift their place)  
In he return'd, where Haman fallen flat  
Was on the Bed, whereon Queen Esther sat:

Whereat

Whereat the King new cause of rage debates,  
(Apt to suppose the worst, of whom he hates)  
New passion addes new fuel to his fire,  
And feigns a cause to make it blaze the higher.  
Is't not enough for him to seek her death,  
(Said he) but with a Lechers tainted breath,  
Will he inforce my Queen before my face,  
And make his Brothel in our Royal Place?  
So said, they veiled Haman's face, as he  
Unfit were to be seen, or yet to see :  
Then said an Eunuch sadly standing by,  
*In Haman's Garden, fifty Cubits high,*  
There stands a Gibbet, built but yesterday,  
Made for thy loyal Servant Mordecai,  
Whose faithful lips thy life from danger freed,  
And merit leads him to a fairer meed.

Said then the King, It seemeth just and good,  
To shed his blood, that thirsted after blood :  
Who plants the Tree, deserves the fruit ; 'tis fit  
That he that bought the purchase, hanse it :  
Hang Haman there ; It is his proper good :  
So let the Horseleach burst himself with blood.  
They straight obey'd : Lo here the end of Pride :  
Now rests the King appeas'd and satisfi'd.

---

*Meditat. XIV.*

**C**heer up, and carol forth your silver Ditty,  
(Heavens winged Quiristers) and fill your City  
(The new *Jerusalem*) with jolly mirth :  
The Church hath peace in Heaven, hath peace on Earth ;  
Spread forth your golden pinions, and cleave  
The flitting skies ; dismount, and quite bereave  
Our stupid senses with your heavenly mirth,  
For lo, there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on Earth :  
Let

Let *Hallelujahs* fill your warbling tongues,  
And let the Air compos'd of Saintly Songs,  
Breathe such Celestial Sonnets in our ears ;  
That whosoe'er this heavenly Musick hears,  
May stand amaz'd, and (ravish'd at the mirth) (Earth :  
Chant forth, there's peace in Heaven, there's peace on  
Let Mountains clap their joyful, joyful hands,  
And let the lesser hills trace o'r the Lands  
In equal measure ; and resounding woods  
Bow down your heads, and kiss your neighb'ring floods ;  
Let peace and love exalt your Key of mirth ;  
For now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on earth.

You holy Temples of the highest King,  
Triumph with joy ; Your sacred Anthems sing ;  
Chant forth your Hymns, and heav'nly roundelay's,  
And touch your Organs on their louder keys :  
For *Haman's* dead, that danted all your mirth,  
And now there's peace in Heav'n, there's peace on Earth,

Proud *Haman's* dead, whose life disturb'd thy rest,  
Who sought to cut and sear thy Lilly Brest ;  
The rav'ous Fox, that did annoyance bring  
Unto the Vineyard, 's taken in a Spring.

Seem'd not thy Spouse unkind, to hear thee weep  
And not redress thee ? Seem'd he not asleep ?  
No (Sion) no, he heard thy bitter prayer,  
But let thee weep, for weeping makes thee fair.  
The morning Sun reflects, and shines most bright,  
When Pilgrims grope in darkness all the night :  
The Church must conquer e'r she gets the prize,  
But there's no Conquest, where's no Enemies :  
The day is thine ; in triumph make thy mirth,  
For now there's peace in Heaven, there's peace on Earth.

What man's so dull, or in his brains undone,  
To say (because he sees not) there's no Sun ?  
Weak is the faith, upon a sudden grief,  
That says (because not now) there's no relief :

God's bound to help, but loves to see men sue :  
Though dateless, yet the Bond's not present due.

Like to the sorrows of our Child-bed Wives,  
Is the sad pilgrimage of humane lives :  
But when, by throes, God sends a joyful birth,  
Then find we peace in Heav'n, and peace on Earth.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Upon the Queen and Mordecai  
Dead Haman's wealth and dignity  
The King bestows : to their discretion  
Refers the Jews decreed oppression.*

### SECT. XV.

**T**HAT very day the King did freely add  
More bounty to his gift: what Haman had  
Borrow'd of smiling Fortune, he repaid  
To *Esther's* hand, and to her use convey'd:  
And *Mordecai* found favour with the King;  
Upon his hand he put his Royal Ring,  
Whose Princely pow'r proud *Haman* did abuse,  
In late betraying of the guiltless Jews;  
For now had *Esther* to the King descri'd  
Her Jewish Kin, how near she was alli'd  
To *Mordochius*, whom (her Father dead)  
His love did foster in her Fathers stead.

Once more the *Queen* prefers an earnest suit,  
Her humble Body lowly prostitute  
Before his Royal feet, her cheeks o'rflown  
With marish tears, and thus her painful moan,  
Commixt with bitter singults, she exprest:

*If in the Cabbin of thy Princely brest*

*Thy*

Thy loyal Servant (undeserv'd) hath found  
A place wherein her wishes might be crown'd  
With fair success; If in thy gracious sight  
I pleasing, or my cause seem just and right,  
By speedy Letters written to reverse  
Those bloody Writs which Haman did disperse  
Throughout thy Provinces, whose sad content  
Was the subversion of my innocent  
And faithful people; Help (my gracious Lord)  
The time's prefixt, wherein th' impartial Sword  
Must make this Massacre, the day's at hand,  
Unless thy speedy grace send countermand:  
How can I brook within my tender brest,  
To break the bonds of Natures high behest,  
And see my people (for whose sake I breath)  
Like stalled Oxen, brought and sold for death?  
How can I see such mischief? how can I  
Survive, to see my Kin, and People dye?

Said then the King, Lo cursed Haman hath  
The execution of our highest wrath,  
The equal hire of his malicious pride:  
His wealth to thee I gave; (my fairest Bride)  
His honour (better plac'd) I have beftow'd  
On him, to whom my borrow'd life hath ow'd  
Her five years breath, the trusty Mordecai,  
Our loyal Kinsman: Let his hand pourtray  
Our pleasure, as best liketh him and thee;  
Let him set down, and be it our Decree,  
Let him confirm it with our Royal Ring,  
And we shall signe it with the name of King:  
For none may alter, or reverse the same  
That's seal'd and written in our Princely name.

---

*Meditat. XV.*

**T**O breathe's a necessary gift of nature,  
 Whereby we may discern a living creature  
 From plants, or stones: 'tis but a meer degree  
 From vegetation; and this, hath she  
 Like equally shar'd out to bruitish Beasts  
 With man, who less observes her due behests  
 (Sometimes) than they; and oft, by accident,  
 Does less improve the gift in the event:  
 But man, whose Organs are more fairly drest,  
 To entertain a far more noble Guest,  
 Hath through the excellence of his Creation,  
 A Soul Divine; Divine by inspiration;  
 Divine through likeness to that power Divine,  
 That made and plac'd her in her fleshly shrine;  
 From hence we challenge lifes Prerogative;  
 Beasts only breathe; 'tis man alone doth live;  
 One end of man's Creation was Society,  
 Mutual Communion; and friendly Piety:  
 The man that lives unto himself alone,  
 Subsist, and breathes, but lives not; Never one  
 Deserv'd the moiety of himself, for he  
 That's born, may challenge but one part of three;  
 Triparted thus; his Country claims the best;  
 The next his Parents; and himself the least.  
 He husbands best his life, that freely gives  
 It for the publick good; He rightly lives,  
 That nobly dies: 'tis greatest mastery,  
 Not to be fond to live, nor fear to die  
 On just occasion; He that (in case) despises  
 Life, earns it best; but he that overprizes  
 His dearest blood, when Honour bids him dye,  
 Steals but a life, and lives by Robbery.

O sweet Redeemer of the world, whose death  
Deserv'd a World of lives! Had thy dear breath  
Been dear to thee; Or hadst thou but deny'd  
Thy precious blood, the World for e'r had dy'd:  
O spoil my life, when I desire to save it,  
By keeping it from thee, that freely gave it.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Letters are sent by Mordecai,  
That all the Jews, upon the day  
Appointed for their death, withstand  
The fury of their Fo-menshand.*

---

### SECT. XVI.

**F**orthwith the *Scribes* were summon'd to appear;  
To ev'ry Province, and to ev'ry Shire,  
Letters they wrote (as *Mordecai* directed)  
To all the *Jews* (the *Jews* so much dejected)  
To all Lieutenants, Captains of the Land,  
To all the States, and Princes of the Land,  
According to the phrase, and divers fashion  
Of Dialect, and speech of ev'ry nation;  
All which was styled in the name o' th' King,  
Sign'd with his hand, seal'd with his Royal Ring:  
Lo here the tenour of the Kings Commission:

*Whereas of late (at Haman's urg'd Petition)*  
Decrees were sent, and spred throughout the Land,  
To spoil the *Jews*, and with impartial hand  
(Upon a day prefixt) to kill and slay;  
We likewise grant, upon that very day,  
Full power to the *Jews*, to make defence,  
And quit their lives, and for a recompence,

*To take the spoils of those they shall suppress,  
Shewing like mercy to the merciless.*

By Posts, as swift as time, was this Decree  
Commanded forth ; as fast as day they flee,  
Spurr'd on, and hastn'd with the King's Command,  
Which straight was nois'd, and publisit through the Land,  
As warning to the Jews, to make provision  
To entertain so great an opposition.

So Mordecai (disburthen'd of his grief,  
Which now found hopeful tokens of relief),  
Departs the presence of the King, address  
In Royal Robes, and on his lofty Crest  
He bore a Crown of Gold, his Body spred  
With Lawn, and Purple deeply coloured :  
Fill'd were the Jews with triumphs, and with noise,  
(The common Heralds to proclaim true joys.)  
Like as a Pris'ner muffled at the Tree,  
Whose life's remov'd from death scarce one degree,  
His last pray'r said, and heart's confession made,  
(His eyes possessing death's eternal shade)  
At last, unlookt for, comes a slow Reprieve,  
And makes him (even as dead) once more to live :  
Amaz'd, he rends death's muffler from his eyes,  
And (over-joy'd) knows not he lives or dies :  
So joy'd the Jews, whose lives this new Decree  
Had quit from death and danger, and set free  
Their gasping Souls, and (like a blazing light)  
Disperst the darkness of the approaching night ;  
So joy'd the Jews : and with their solemn Feasts  
They chas'd dull sorrow from their pensive Breasts :  
Mean while the people (startled at the news)  
Some griev'd, some envi'd, some (for fear) turn'd Jews.

*Meditat. XL.*

**A**mong the noble Greeks it was no shame  
To lose a Sword ; It but deserv'd the name  
Of wars disastrous Fortune ; but to yield  
The right and safe possession of the Shield,  
Was foul reproach, and manless cowardize,  
Far worse than death to him that scorn'd to prize  
His life before his Honour ; Honour's won  
Most in a just defence, Defence is gone,  
The shield once lost. The wounded Theban cry'd,  
How fares my shield ? which safe, he smil'd, and dy'd :  
True Honour bides at home, and takes delight  
In keeping, not in gaining of a Right ;  
Scorns usurpation, nor seeks she blood,  
And thirsts to make her name not great, as good :  
God gives a Right to man ; to man, defence  
To guard it giv'n ; but when a false pretence  
Shall ground her title on a greater Might,  
What doth he else but warre with Heav'n, and fight  
With Providence ? God sets the Princely Crown  
On heads of Kings ; Who then may take it down ?  
No juster quarrel, or more noble fight,  
Than to maintain, where God hath giv'n a Right ;  
There's no despair of Conquest in that war,  
Where God's the Leader ; Policy's no bar  
To his designs ; No power can withstand  
His high Exploits ; within whose mighty hand  
Are all the Corners of the Earth ; the Hills  
His fensive Bulwarks are, which when he wills,  
His lesser breath can bandy up and down,  
And crush the world, and with a wink, can drown  
The spacious Universe in suds of Clay ;  
Where Heav'n is leader, Heaven must win the day :

God reaps his honour hence; that Combat's safe,  
Where he's a *Combatant*, and ventures half:  
Right's not impair'd with weakness, but prevails  
In spight of strength, when strength and power fails:  
Frail is the trust repos'd on Troops of Horse;  
Truth in a handful finds a greater force.

Lord, mail my heart with faith, and be my shield,  
And if a World confront me, I'll not yield.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The bloody Massacre: the Jews  
Prevail; their fatal Sword subdues  
A World of men, and in that fray  
Haman's ten cursed Sons they slay.*

### SECT. XVII.

**N**OW when as time had rip'd the Decree,  
(Whose winter-fruit, unshaken from the tree  
Full ready was to fall) and brought that day,  
Wherein pretended mischief was to play  
Her tragick Scene upon the Jewish State,  
And spite the venome of her bloody rage  
Upon the face of that dispersed Nation,  
And in a minute breathe their desolation;  
Upon that day (as patients in the fight)  
Their scatter'd force the *Jews* did re-unite.  
And to a head their stragling strength reduc'd,  
And with their fatal hand (their hand disus'd  
To bathe in blood) they made so long recoil,  
That with a purple stream the thirsty Soil  
O'rflow'd; and on the pavement (drown'd with blood)  
Where never was before, they rais'd a Flood:

There

There lies a headless Body, there a limb  
Newly dis-jointed from the trunk of him  
That there lies groaning ; here, a gasping head  
Cropt from his Neighbours shoulders ; there, half dead,  
Full heaps of Bodies, whereof some curse Fate,  
Others blasphem the name of Heav'n, and rate  
Their undisposed stars ; with bitter cries,  
One pities his poor widow-wife, and dies ;  
Another bans the night his Sons were born,  
That he must die, and they must live forlorn ;  
Here (all besmear'd in blood congeal'd) there lies  
A throng of Carcasses, whose lifeless eyes  
Are clos'd with dust, and death ; there lies the Sire  
Whose death the greedy Heir did long desire ;  
And here the Son, whose hopes were all the pleasure  
His aged Father had, and his lifes treasure :  
Thus fell their Foes, some dying, and some dead,  
And only they that scap'd the slaughter, fled ;  
But with such strange amazement were affrighted,  
(As if themselves in their own deaths delighted)  
That each his force against his friend addrest,  
And sheath'd his Sword within his neighbours brest ;  
For all the Rulers (being sore afraid  
Of Mordocheus name) with strength and aid  
Suppli'd the Jews ; For Mordocheus name  
Grew great with honour, and his honour'd fame  
Was blaz'd through every Province of the Land,  
And spread as far as did the Kings Command :  
In favour he encreast ; and every hour  
Did adde a greater greatness to his pow'r :  
Thus did the Jews triumph in victory,  
And on that day themselves were doom'd to dy,  
They slew th' appointed actors of their death,  
And on their heads they wore that noble wreath,  
That crowns a Victor with a Victors prize ;  
So fled their foes, so dy'd their enemies :

And on that day at *Susan* were Imbru'd  
 In blood, five hundred men, whom they subdu'd ;  
 The cursed fruit of the accursed Tree,  
 That impious Decad, *Haman's* progeny,  
 Upon that fatal day, they overthrew,  
 But took no spoil, nor substance, where they flew.

*Meditat. XVII.*

**I**Lately mus'd ; and musing stood amaz'd,  
 My heart was bound, my sight was over-daz'd  
 To view a miracle: Could *Pharaoh* fall  
 Before the face of *Isr'el*? Could her small  
 And ill-appointed handful then prevail,  
 When *Pharaoh's* men of war, and Char'ots fail?  
 These stood like Giants, those like Pigmy Brats ;  
 These soar'd like Eagles ; those like swarms of gnats :  
 On foot these marcht ; those rode on Troops of Horse:  
 These never better arm'd ; they never worse :  
 Strong backt with vengeance, and revenge were they ;  
 These, with despair, themselves, themselves betray :  
 They close purfu'd ; these (fearful) fled the field ;  
 How could they chuse, but win ? or these but yield ?  
 Sure 'tis not man, nor horse, nor sword avails,  
 When *Isr'el* conquers, and great *Pharaoh* fails ;  
 Poor *Isr'el* had no man of War, but One ;  
 And *Pharaoh* having all the rest, had none ;  
 Heav'n fought for *Isr'el*, weakned *Pharaohs* heart,  
 Who had no counter-god to take his part :  
 What meant that cloudy Pillar, that by day  
 Did usher *Isr'el* in an unknown way ?  
 What meant that fi'ry Pillar, that by night  
 Appear'd to *Isr'el*, and gave *Isr'el* light ?  
 'Twas not the secret power of *Moses* Rod,  
 That charm'd the Seas in twain ; 'twas *Moses* God

That fought for Isr'el, and made Pharaob fall ;  
Well thrives the fray where God's the General :  
'Tis neither strength nor undermining flight,  
Prevails, where Heaven's engaged in the fight

Me list not ramble into antick days,  
To man this Theam, lest while Ulysses strays,  
His heart forget his home Penelope :  
Our prosp'rous Britain make sufficient Plea  
To prove her bliss, and Heav'n's protecting power,  
Which had she mist, her glory in an hour  
Had fall'n to Cinders, and had past away  
Like smoak before the wind ; Which happy Day  
Let none but base-bred Rebels ever fail  
To consecrate ; and let this Age entail  
Upon succeeding times Eternity,  
Heav'n's highest love, in that Days memory.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sons of Haman (that were slain)  
Are all hang'd up : the Jews obtain  
Freedom to fight the morrow after,  
They put three hundred more to slaughter.*

---

### SECT. XVIII.

**W**HEN as the faine of that days bloody news  
Came to the King, he said, Behold, the Jews  
Have won the Day, and in their just defence,  
Have made their wrong, a rightful recompence ;  
Five hundred men in Susan they have slain,  
And that remainder of proud Haman's strain,  
Their hands have rooted out ; Queen Esther, say,  
What further Suit (wherein Assuerus may

*Express the bounty of his Royal hand)*

*Rests in thy bosom? what is thy demand?*

Said then the Queen: If in thy Princely sight,  
*My boon be pleasing, or thou take delight*  
*To grant thy servants suit, Let that commission*  
*(which gave the Jews this happy days permission*  
*To save their lives) to morrow stand in force,*  
*For their behalfs that only make recourse*  
*To God, and thee; and let that cursed brood*  
*(The Sons of Haman, that in guilty blood*  
*Lie all ingorg'd, unfit to taint a Grave)*  
*Be hang'd on Gibbets, and (like Co-heirs) have*  
*Like equal shares of that deserved shame,*  
*Their wretched father purchas'd in his name.*  
 The King was pleas'd, and the Decree was giv'n  
 From *Susan*, where betwixt the Earth and Heaven,  
 (Most undeserving to be own'd by either)  
 These cursed ten (like Twins) were born together.

When *Titan* (ready for his journal chase)  
 Had rouz'd his dewy locks, and rosie face  
 Inricht with morning beauty, up arose  
 The Jews in *Susan*, and their bloody blows  
 So roughly dealt, that in that dismal day  
 A lease of hundreds fell, but on the prey  
 No hand was laid: So, sweet and jolly rest  
 The Jews enjoy'd, and with a solemn Feast  
 (Like joyful Victors, dispossess'd of sorrow)  
 They consecrated the ensuing Morrow;  
 And in the Provinces throughout the Land,  
 Before their mighty and victorious hand,  
 Fell more than seventy thousand, but the prey  
 They seized not; and in memory of that day  
 They solemnized their victorious Guests,  
 With gifts and triumphs, and with holy Feasts.

*Meditat. XVIII.*

THE Doctrine of the School of Grace dissent  
From Natures (more uncertain) Rudiments,  
And are as much contrary, and opposite  
As Yea and Nay ; as black and purest white :  
For nature teaches first to understand,  
And then believe ; but Grace doth first command  
Man to believe, and then to comprehend ;  
Faith is of things unknown, and must intend,  
And soar above conceit ; what we conceive,  
We stand possest of, and already have :  
But faith beholds such things, as yet we have not, i  
Which *eye sees not, ear hears not, heart conceives not.*  
Hereon, as on our ground-work, our salvation  
Erects her pillars ; from this firm foundation,  
Our souls mount up the new Jerusalem,  
To take possession of her Diadem ;  
God loves no sophistry ; Who argues least  
In Graces School, concludes, and argues best ;  
A womans Logick passes there ; for 'tis  
Good proof to say, *'Tis so, because it is ;*  
Had *Abraham* advis'd with flesh and blood,  
Bad had his faith been, though his reasons good ;  
If God bid do, for man to urge a Why,  
Is, but in better language, to deny :  
The fleshly ballances of our conceits  
Have neither equal poysure, nor just weights,  
To weigh, without impeachment, Gods design ;  
There's no proportion betwixt things Divine,  
And Moral ; Lively faith may not depend  
Either upon th' occasion or the end.  
The glorious Suns reflected beams suffice,  
To lend a lustre to the feeblest eyes,

But if the eye, too covetous of the light,  
 Boldly out-face the Sun (whose Beams so bright,  
 And undispers'd are too too much refin'd  
 For view) is it not justly stricken blind?  
 I dare not task stout Sampson, for his death;  
 Nor wandring Jonah, that bequeatli'd his breath  
 To raging Seas, when God commanded so;  
 Nor thee (great Queen) whose lips did overflow  
 With streams of blood; nor thee (O cruel kind)  
 To quench the fire of a womans mind,  
 With flowing Rivers of thy Subjects blood;  
 From bad beginnings God creates a good,  
 And happy end; What I cannot conceive,  
 Lord, let my soul admire, and believe.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Feast of Purim consecrated,  
 Th' occasion why twice celebrated:  
 Letters were writ by Mordecai,  
 To keep the mem'ry of that day.*

---

### SECT. XIX.

**S**O Mordochaeus throughout all the Land  
 Dispers'd his Letters, with a strict command  
 To celebrate these two days memory  
 With feasts, and gifts, and yearly jollity,  
 That after-ages may record that day,  
 And keep it from the rust of time, that they  
 Which shall succeed, may ground their holy mirth  
 Upon the joys, those happy days brought forth,  
 Which chang'd their sadness, and black nights of sorrow  
 Into the brightness of a gladsom morrow:

Whereto

Whereto the Jews (to whom these Letters came)  
Gave due observance, and did soon proclaim  
Their sacred Festivals, in memory  
Of that days joy, and joyful victory :  
And since the Lots (that *Haman* did abuse,  
To know the dismal day which to the Jews  
Might fall most fatal, and to his intent  
Least unpropitious) were in th' event  
Croft with a higher Fate, than blinded Chance,  
To work his ruine, their deliverance :  
They therefore in remembrance of the Lot  
(Whose hop'd for sad event succeeded not)  
The solemn Feasts of *Purim* did invest,  
And by the name of *Purim* call their Feast ;  
Which to observe with sacred Complement,  
And Ceremonial Rites, their Souls indent,  
And firmly inroll the happy memory  
I' th' hearts of their succeeding Progeny,  
That time (the enemy of mortal things)  
May not with hov'ring of his nimble wings,  
Beat down the dear memorial of that time,  
But keep it flowing in perpetual prime.

Now lest this shining day in times progress  
Perchance be clouded with forgetfulness,  
Or lest the gilded Persian should debate  
The bloody slaughter, and re-ulcerate  
In after-days, their former misery,  
And blur the glory of this days memory,  
The Queen and *Mordecai* sent Letters out  
Into the Land dispersed round about  
To re-confirm, and fully ratifie  
This Feast of *Purim* to Eternity ;  
That it to after-ages may appear,  
When sinners bend their hearts, Heaven bows his ear.

## Meditat. XIX.

**A**ND are the Laws of God defective then?  
Or was the Paper scant, or dull the Pen  
That wrote those sacred Lines? Could imperfection  
Lurk closely there, where Heav'n hath giv'n direction?

How comes it then, new feasts are celebrated  
Unmention'd in the Last, and uncreated.

By him that made the Law compleat and just;  
Not to be chang'd as brain-sick Mortals lust?

Is not Heavens deepest curse, with death to boot,  
Denounc'd to him that takes from, or addes to't?

True 'tis, the Law of God's the Rule and Square  
Whereby to limit man's uncurb'd desire,  
And with a gentle hand doth justly poize  
The Ballances of his unlevell'd ways.

True, 'tis accus'd, and thrice accus'd be he,  
That shall detract, or change such Laws as be  
Directive for his worship, or concern

His holy Service, these we strictly learn,  
Within our constant Breast to keep inshrin'd,  
These in all Seasons, and for all times bind:

But Laws (although Divine) that do respect  
The publick rest, and properly direct,  
As Statutes politick, do make relation

To times, and persons, places, and occasion.  
The Brazen Serpent, which by Gods Command  
Was builded up, was by the Prophets hand

Beat down again, as impious and impure,  
When it became an Idol, not a Cure.

A moral Law needs no more warranty,  
Than Lawful Givers, and' conveniency,  
(Not crossing the Divine:) It lies in Kings

To act, and to inhibit all such things

As in his Princely wisdom shall seem best,  
And most vantageous to the publick rest,  
And what before was an indifferent thing,  
His Law makes good or bad : A lawful King  
Is Gods Lieutenant ; in his sacred ear  
God whispers oft, and keeps his presence there :  
To break a lawful Princes just Command,  
Is brokage of a sin at second hand.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Affuerus Acts upon Record.*  
*The just mans virtue and reward.*

---

### SECT. XX.

**A**ND *Affuerus* stretcht his heavy hand  
Laying a tribute both on Sea and Land ;  
What else he did, what *Trophies* of his fame  
He left for time to glorifie his Name,  
With what renown and grace he did appay  
The faithful heart of loyal *Mordecai* ;  
Are they not kept in endless memory,  
Recorded in the Persian History ?  
For *Mordecai* possest the second seat  
In all the Kingdom, and his Name is great ;  
Of God and man his vertues were approv'd,  
Of God and man much honour'd and belov'd ;  
Seeking his peoples good, and sweet prosperity,  
And speaking joyful peace to his posterity.

---

*Meditat. XX.*

**T**Hus thrives the man, thus prosper his endeavours,  
That builds on faith, and in that faith persevers:  
It is no loss to lose; no gain, to get,  
If he that loses all, shall win the Set:  
God helps the weakest, takes the losers chair,  
And setting on the King doth soon repair  
His loss with vengeance; He's not always best,  
That takes the highest place, nor he the least  
That sits beneath: for outward fortunes can  
Express how great, but not how good's the man;  
Whom God will raise, he humbles first a while;  
And where he raises, oft he means to spoil.  
It matters not (Lord) what my fortunes be,  
May they but lead or whip me home to thee.

Here the Canonical History of  
*Queen E S T H E R* ends.

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3

Job by foure Messengers hears  
of his loss of all his goods  
and Children Job: 1:14; etc



Job sate downe among the  
Ashes. His friends condole  
him. Job. 2. 8. n. etc.



This before Job

Satun smiteth Job with so  
boils, his wife tempteth him  
Job: 2.7.9.10.



And the Lord turned the Cap  
tivity of Job etc: also gave him  
twice so much. Job. 42.10. etc



# JOB Militant.

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Horat. Car. lib. 1 ode 17.

— *Diis, pietas mea  
Et Musa, cordi est* —

---

By *F R. QUARLES.*

---

MISSISSIPPI

Montgomery, Oct 17, 1862

W. H. Miller, Esq.

Dear Sir,

MR. GOODES



THE  
Proposition of the Work.

Wouldst thou discover in a curious Map,  
That Island, which fond worldlings call mis-  
Surrounded with a Sea of briny tears, (chap,  
The rocky dangers, and the boggy Fears,  
The storms of trouble, the afflicted Nation,  
The heavy soyl, the lowly situation?

On wretched Job then spend thy weeping eye,  
And see the colour painted curiously.

Wouldst thou behold a tragick Scene of sorrow,  
Whose woful Plot the Author did not borrow  
From sad invention? The fable Stage,  
The lively Actors with their equipage?  
The Musick made of Sighs, the Songs of Cries,  
The sad spectators with their watry eyes?

Behold all this, comprized here in one:  
Expect the Plaintiff, wheu the Play is done.

Or wouldst thou see a well built Pinnace tost  
Upon the swelling Ocean, split (almost)  
Now on a churlish Rock; now fiercely striving  
With labouring winds; now desperately driving

164 The Proposition of the WORK.

Upon the boylng Sands, her storm-rent Flags,  
Her Main-Mast broke, her Canvas torn to rags,  
Her treasure lost, her men with lightning slain,  
And left a wreck to the relentless Main?

This, this and more, unto your moistned eyes,  
Our patient Job shall lively moralize.

Wouldst thou behold unparallel'd distress,  
Which minds cannot out-think, nor tongues express  
Full to the life, the Anvil, whereupon  
Mischief doth work her Master-piece for none  
To imitate; the dire Anatomy  
Of (curiously dissected) Misery;  
The face of Sorrow in her sternest looks,  
The rueful Argument of Tragick Books;  
In brief, Would tender eyes endure to see  
(Summ'd up) the greatest sorrows that can be:  
Behold they then, poor Job afflicted here,  
And each Beholder spend (at least) bis tear.

---

TO THE GREAT  
TETRAGRAMMATON,  
LORD  
PARAMOUNT  
OF  
HEAVEN and EARTH:

His Humble Servant Dedicates  
Himself, and implores the En-  
franchising of his MUSE.

## I.

**G**reat God, the indebted praises of thy glory,  
If man should smother, or his Muse wax faint  
To number forth; the stones would make complaint,  
And write a never ending-Story,  
And, not without just reason, say,  
Mens hearts are more obdure, than they

## 2.

Dismount from Heaven (O thou Diviner Power)  
 Hansel my slender Pipe, breath (thou) upon it,  
 That it may run an everlasting Sonet,  
 Which envious time may not devour :

Oh, let it sing to after days

(When I am Dust) thy laudor Praise.

## 3.

Direct the foot steps of my sober Muse,  
 To tread thy glorious path : For be it known,  
 She only seeks thy Glory not her own,  
 Nor rousz'd for a second use ;  
 If otherwise, O may she never  
 Sing more, but be struck dumb for ever.

JOB

a M



# JOB MILITANT.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Job's Lineage, and Integrity,  
His Issue, Wealth, Prosperity,  
His Childrens holy Feast : His wife  
Forecast, and zealous Sacrifice.*

## SECT. I.

**N**O far from *Casius*, in whose bounteous womb  
Great Pompey's dust lies crowned with his tomb,  
Westward, betwix *Arabia* and *Judea*,  
Is situate a Countrey call'd *Idumaea*,  
There dwelt a man (brought from his Lineage,  
That for his belly swopt his Heritage,)  
His name was *Job*, a man of upright will,  
Just, fearing Heaven, eschewing what was ill,  
On whom his God had heap'd in highest measure  
The bounteous riches of his boundless treasure,  
As well of Fortune, as of Grace, and Spirit,  
Goods for his Children, Children to inherit ;  
As did his Name, his wealth did daily wex,  
His seed did germinate, in either sex,  
A hopeful Issue, whose descent may keep  
His righteous race on foot ; seven thousand sheep  
Did pay their Summer-tribute, and did add  
Their winter blessings to his Fold : He had  
Three thousand Camels, able for their load,  
Five hundred Asses furnish'd for the Road,

As many yoke of Oxen, to maintain  
His household, for he had a mighty train;  
Nor was there any in the East, the which  
In virtue was so rare, in wealth so rich.

Upon a time, his children (to improve  
The sweet affection of their mutual love)  
Made solemn feasts; each feasted in his turn,  
(For there's a time to mirth, as well as mourn)  
And who, by course was Master of the Feast,  
Unto his home invited all the rest.

Even as a Hen (whose tender brood forsake  
The downy closet of her wings, and take  
Each its affected way) marks how they feed,  
This, on that crum; and that, on t'other seed;  
Moves, as they move; and stays when as they stay,  
And seems delighted in their infant play:  
Yet fearing danger with a busie eye,  
Looks here and there, if ought she can espy,  
Which unawares might snatch a booty from her,  
Eyes all that pass, and watches every corner:  
Even so th' affection of this tender Sire,  
(Being made more fervent with the self-same fire  
Of dearest love, which flamed in their brests,  
Preserved (as by jewel) in those Feasts)  
Was ravish't in the height of joys to see  
His happy childrens ten-fold unity:  
As was his joy, such was his holy fear,  
Lest he that plants his Engines every where,  
Baited with golden sins, and re-insnares  
The soul of man, turning his wheat to tares,  
Should season Error with the taste of truth,  
And tempt the frailty of their tender youth.  
No sooner therefore had the dapled sky  
Opened the twilight of her waking eye,  
And in her breaking light had promis'd day,  
But up he rose, his holy hands did lay

Upon the sacred Altar (one by one)  
 An early Sacrifice for every Son :  
*For who can tell ? (said he) my Sons (perchance)*  
*Have slipt some sin, which neither ignorance*  
*Pleaded, nor want of heed, nor youth can cure ;*  
*Sin steals unseen, when men sleep most secure.*

---

## Meditat. I.

**W**ANT is the badge of poverty : then he  
 That wanteth most, is the most poor, say we.  
 The wretch that hunger drives from door to door,  
 Aiming at present Alms, desires no more.  
 The toyling Swain, that hath with pleasing trouble  
 Cookt a small Fortune, would that fortune double,  
 Which dearly bought with slav'ry, then (alas)  
 He would be deem'd a man, that's well to pass :  
 Which got, his mind's now tickled with an itch,  
 But to deserve that glorious stile of rich.  
 That done, h' enjoys the crown of all his labour,  
 Could he but once out-nose his right-hand neighbour :  
 Lives he at quiet now ? Now he begins  
 To wish that Us'ry were the least of sins :  
 But great, or small he tries, and sweet's the trouble,  
 And for its sake he wisheth all things double ,  
 Thus wishing still, his wishes never cease,  
 But as his wealth, his wishes still encrease.

Wishes proceed from want : the richest then,  
 Most wishing, want most, and are poorest men :  
 If he be poor, that wanteth much, how poor  
 Is he that hath too much, and yet wants more ?  
 Thrice happy he, to whom the bounty of Heaven,  
 Sufficient, with a sparing hand, hath given :  
 'Tis Grace, not Gold, makes great ; sever but which,  
 The rich man is but poor, the poor man rich.

The fairest Crop, of either Grass, or Grain,  
Is not for use, undew'd with timely rain,  
The wealth of *Cræsus*, were it to be given,  
Were not thank-worthy, if unblest by Heaven.

Even as fair *Phœbe*, in Diameter,  
(Earth interpos'd betwixt the Sun and her)  
Suffers Eclipse, and is disrobed quite  
(During the time) of all her borrowed light ;  
So Riches, which fond Mortals so imbrace,  
If not enlightned with the beams of Grace,  
B'ing interposed with too gross a Care,  
They lie obscured ; and no riches are.

My stint of wealth lies not in my expressing,  
With *Jacob's* store (Lord) give me *Jacob's* blessing,  
Or if, at night, thou grant me *Lazar's* boon,  
Let *Dives* Dogs lick all my sores at noon :  
Lord, pair my wealth by my Capacity,  
Lest I, with it, or it suit not with me.  
This humbly do I sue for at thy hand,  
Enough, and not too much for thy command.  
Lord, what thou lend'st, shall serve but in the place  
Of reckoning Counters, to sum up thy Grace.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan appears, and then professes  
Himself man's Enemy ; confesses  
God's love to Job, maligns his Faith,  
Gains power over all he bath.*

## S E C T. II.

**U**pon a time, when Heaven's sweet quire of Saints  
(Whose everlasting Hallelujah chaunts

The

The highest praise of their celestial King )  
 Before their Lord did their presentment bring  
 Of th' execution of his sacred will,  
 Committed to their function to fulfil :  
 Satan came too (that Satan, which betrai'd  
 The soul of man to death's eternal shade ;  
 Satan came too) and in the midst he stands,  
 Like to a Vulture 'mongst a herd of Swans.  
 Said then th' Eternal ; From what quarter now  
 Hath business brought thee ? (Satan) whence com'st thou ?

The Lord of Heaven (said th' infernal) since  
 Thou hast entitled me the Worlds great Prince,  
 I have been practising mine old profession,  
 And come from compassing my large Possession,  
 Tempting thy sons, and (like a roaring Lion)  
 Seeking my prey, disturb the peace of Sion ;  
 I come from sowing tares among thy wheat,  
 To him that shall dissemble Peter's seat,  
 I have been plotting how to prompt the death  
 Of Christian Princes, and the bribed breath  
 Of cheapned Justice, hath my fire inflam'd  
 With spirit of boldness, for a while, unsham'd.  
 I come from planting strife and stern debate,  
 'Twixt private man and man, 'twixt State and State,  
 Subverting truth with all the power I can,  
 Accusing Man to God ; and God to Man :  
 I daily sow fresh Schismes among thy Saints ;  
 I buffet them, and laugh at their complaints ;  
 The Earth is my Dominion, Hell's my home,  
 I round the World, and so from thence I come.

Said then th' Eternal : True, thou hast not fail'd  
 Of what thou say'st ; thy spirit hath prevail'd  
 To vex my little Flock : thou hast been bold  
 To make them stray, a little, from their Fold,  
 But say ; In all thy hard Adventures, bath  
 Thine eye observed Job my Servant's faith ?

Hath open force, or secret fraud beset  
His bulwark so impregnable as yet?  
And hast thou (without envy) yet bebeled,  
How that the World his second cannot yield?  
Hast thou not found, that he's of upright will,  
Just, fearing God, eschewing what is ill?

True Lord (repli'd the Fiend) thy Champion hath  
A strong and fervent (yet a crafty) Faith.  
A forced love needs no such great applause,  
He loves but ill, that loves not for a cause:  
Hast thou not heap'd his Garners with excess?  
Inricht his pastures? Doth not he possess  
All that he hath, or can demand from thee?  
His Coffers fill'd, his Land stock'd plenteously?  
Hath not thy love surrounded him about,  
And hedg'd him in, to fence my practice out?  
But small's the trial of a faith, in this,  
If thou support him, 'tis thy strength, not his.  
Can then my power, that stands by thy permission,  
Encounter, where thou mak'st an opposition?  
Stretch forth thy hand, and smite but what he hath,  
And prove thou then the temper of his faith:  
Cease cock'ring his fond humor, veil thy grace,  
No doubt but he'll blaspheme thee to thy face.

Lo, (said th' Eternal) to thy cursed hand,  
I here commit his mighty flock, his land,  
His hopeful Issue, and Wealth, though ne'r so much;  
Himself, alone, thou shalt forbear to touch.

---

Meditat. II.

**S**Atan begg'd once, and found his pray'r's reward:  
We often beg, yet oft return unheard.  
If granting be th' effect of love, then we  
Conclude our selves to be less lov'd, than he:

True, Satan begg'd, and begg'd his shame, no less;  
 'Twas granted ; shall we envy his success ?  
 We beg, and our request's (perchance) not granted ;  
 God knew, perhaps, it were worse had, than wanted.

Can God and *Belial* both joyn in one will ;  
 The one to ask, the other to fulfil ?

Sooner shall Stygian darkness blend with light,  
 The Frost with Fire, sooner day with Night.  
 True, God and Satan will'd the self-same will,  
 But God intended Good ; and Satan, Ill :  
 That will produc'd a several conclusion ;  
 He aim'd at Man's, and God at his confusion :  
 He that drew light from out the depth of shade,  
 And made of nothing, whatsoe'er he made,  
 Can out of seeming Evil, bring good events ;  
 God worketh Good, though by ill Instruments.

As in a Clock, one motion doth convey  
 And carry divers wheels a several way :  
 Yet all together, by the great wheels force,  
 Direct the hand unto his proper course :  
 Even so, that sacred Will, although it use  
 Means seeming contrary ; yet all conduce  
 To one effect, and in a free consent  
 They bring to pass Heaven's high decreed intent,  
 Takes God delight in humane weakness, then ?  
 What glory reaps he from afflicted men ?  
 The spirit gone, can flesh and blood indure ?  
 God burns his Gold, to make his Gold more pure.

Even as a Nurse whose Child's imperfect pace  
 Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,  
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,  
 Nor does uphold him for a step or two ;  
 But when she finds that he begins to fall ,  
 She holds him up, and kisses him withal :  
 So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand  
 A while, to teach his infant-faith to stand ;

But when he sees his feeble strength begin  
To fail, he gently takes him up again.

Lord, I'm a child ; so guide my paces then,  
That I may learn to walk an upright man :  
So shield my faith, that I may never doubt thee,  
For I shall fall, if e'er I walk without thee.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The frightened Messengers tell Job  
His four-fold loss : he rends his robe ;  
Submits him to his Makers trial,  
Whom he concludeth to be just.*

## SECT. III.

UPON that very day, when all the rest  
Were frolick at their elder Brother's feast,  
A breathless man, prickt on with winged feat,  
With staring eyes distracted here and there,  
( Like kindled exhalations in the Air  
At midnight glowing ) his stiff-bocking hair,  
( Not much unlike the Pens of Porcupines )  
Crossing his arms, and making woful signs,  
Perboil'd in sweat, shaking his fearful head,  
That often lookt behind him, as he fled,  
He ran to Job, still ne'retheless afraid,  
His broken blast breath'd forth these words, and said ;  
Alas ! (dear Lord) the whiles thy servant pl'd  
Thy painful Plough, and whilst on every side  
Thy Asses fed about us as we wrought,  
There sallied forth on us (suspecting nought,  
Nor ought intending but our cheerful pain )  
A rout of rude *Sabaeans* with their train

Armed with death, and deaf to all our Cries,  
 Which with strong hand did in an hour surprize  
 All that thou hadst, and whilst we strove in vain  
 To guard them, their impartial hands have slain  
 Thy faithful servants with their thirsty Sword,  
 I only scap'd to bring this woful word.

No sooner had he clos'd his lips, but see !  
 Another comes, as much agast as he :  
 A flash of fire (said he) new falm from Heaven,  
 Hath all thy servants of their lives bereaven,  
 And burnt thy sheep ; I, I alone am he  
 That's left unslain, to bring the news to thee.

This tale not fully told, a third ensues,  
 Whose lips in labour with more heavy news,  
 Brake thus ; the forces of a triple band  
 Brought from the fierce *chaldeans*, with strong hand  
 Hath feiz'd thy Camels, murther'd with the Sword  
 Thy servants all, but me that brings thee word.

Before the air had cool'd his hasty breath,  
 Rusht in a fourth, with visage pale as death :  
 The while (said he) thy children all were sharing  
 Mirth at a feast of thy first son's preparing,  
 Arose a wind, whose errand had more haste,  
 Than happy speed, which with a full-mouth'd blast  
 Hath smote the house, which hath thy children rest  
 Of all their lives, and thou art childless left ;  
 Thy children all are slain, all slain together,  
 I only scap'd to bring the tidings hither.

So said, Behold the man, whose wealth did flow  
 Like to a spring-tide, one bare hour ago,  
 With the unpattern'd height of fortunes blest,  
 Above the greatest dweller in the East ;  
 He that was Sire of many sons but now,  
 Lord of much People, and while e's could show  
 Such herds of Cattel : He, whose fleecy stock  
 Of sheep could boast seven thousand in a flock,

See how he lies, of all his wealth despoil'd,  
 He now hath neither servant, sheep, nor child.  
 Like a poor man arose the patient Job,  
 (Stun'd with the news) and rent his purple Robe,  
 Shaved the hair from off his woful head,  
 And prostrate on the floor he worshipped :

*Naked, ah ! Poor and naked did I come  
 Forth from the closet of my mothers womb,  
 And shall return (alas ! ) the very same  
 To th' Earth, as poor and naked as I came :  
 God gives, and takes ; and why should he not have  
 A priviledge, to take those things he gave ?  
 We men mistake our tenure oft, for He  
 Lends us at will, that we miscal as Fee ;  
 He re-assumes his own, takes but the same,  
 He lent a while. Thrice blessed be his Name.  
 In all this passage, Job, in heart, nor tongue  
 Thought God unjust, or charg'd his hand with wrong.*

---

*Meditat. III.*

**T**HE proudest pitch of that victorious spirit,  
 Was but to win the world, whereby t' inherit  
 The airy purchase of a transitory,  
 And glozing title of an Ages Glory ;  
 Wouldst thou by conquest win more fame than he ?  
 Subdue thy self, thy self's a world to thee :  
 Earth's but a Ball that Heaven hath quilted o'r  
 With wealth and honour, banded on the floor  
 Of fickle fortunes false and slippery Court,  
 Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,  
 Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying ;  
 To still the fondlings of the world from crying,  
 And he whose merit amounts to such a joy,  
 Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.

But

But wouldest thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd  
 By hands of Seraphims, triumph'd with the sound  
 Of Heaven's loud Trumpet, warbled by the shrill  
 Celestial Quire, recorded with a Quill,  
 Pluckt from the Pinion of an Angels wing,  
 Confirm'd with joy, by Heaven's Eternal King;  
 Conquer thy self, thy rebel thoughts repel,  
 And chase those false affections that rebel.  
 Hath Heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given thee?  
 Nipt thy suceeding Blossoms? or bereaven thee  
 Of thy dear latest hope thy bosom Friend?  
 Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an end?  
 Despair's a whisp'ring Rebel, that within thee  
 Bribes all thy Field, and sets thy self against thee:  
 Make keen thy Faith, and with thy force let flee,  
 If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:  
 Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,  
 And when grief strikes, 'twill strike the striker dead.  
 The patient man in sorrow spies relief,  
 And by the tail he couples Joy with Grief.

In adverse Fortunes be thou strong and stour,  
 And bravely win thy self, Heaven holds not out  
 His Bow, for ever bent. The disposition  
 Of noblest spirits, doth, by opposition  
 Exasperate the more: A gloomy night  
 Whets on the morning to return more bright:  
 A blade well tri'd, deserves a treble price,  
 And Virtue's purest, most oppos'd by Vice:  
 Brave minds opprest, should (in despight of Fate)  
 Look greatest (like the Sun) in lowest state:  
 But ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood:  
 Receives he glory from, or reaps he Good  
 In Mortals Ruine, that he leaves man so  
 To be o'whelm'd by his unequal foe?  
 May not a Potter, that from out the ground  
 Hath fram'd a Vessel, search if it be sound?

Or if by furbishing he take more pain  
 To make it fairer, shall the Pot complain?  
 Mortal, thou art but Clay: then shall not he  
 That fram'd thee for his service, season thee?  
 Man, close thy lips, be thou no undertaker  
 Of Gods designs, Dispute not with thy Maker.  
 Lord, 'tis against thy nature to do ill,  
 Then give me power to bear, and work thy will;  
 Thou know'st what's best, make thou thine own conclu-  
 Be glorifi'd, although in my confusion. (sion,

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Satan the second time appears :  
 Before th' Eternal, boldly dares  
 Malign Job's tried faith afresh,  
 And gains the affliction of his Flesh.*

## SECT. IV.

Once more, when Heaven's harmonious Quiristers  
 Appear'd before his Throne, (whose ministers  
 They are, of his concealed Will) to render  
 Their strict account of Justice, and to tender  
 Th' accepted Sacrifice of highest praise,  
 ( Warbled in Sonnets, and coelestial Lays )  
 Satan came too, bold, as an hungry Fox,  
 Or ravenous Wolf amid the tender Flocks.

Satan, (said then th' Eternal) from whence now  
 Hath thy employment driven thee? whence com'st thou?  
 Satan replies: Great God of Heaven and Earth,  
 I come from tempting, and from making mirth,  
 To hear thy dearest Children whine and roar:  
 In brief, I come, from whence I came before.

Said

Said then th' Eternal, Hast thou not beheld  
 My servants Faith, how like a seven-fold shield,  
 It hath defended his integrity  
 Against thy fiery Darts ? Hath not thine Eye  
 (Thine evious eye) perceiv'd how purely just  
 He stands, and perfect, worthy of the trust  
 I lent into his hand, persisting still  
 Just, fearing God, eschewing what is ill ?  
 'Twas not the loss of his so fair a flock,  
 Nor sudden rape of such a mighty stock ;  
 'Twas neither loss of servants, nor his Sons  
 Untimely slaughter (acted all at once)  
 Could make him quail, or warp so true a Faith,  
 Or stain so pure a Love, say (Satan) hath  
 Thy hand (so deeply counterfeiting mine)  
 Made him mistrust his God, or once repine ?  
 Can there in all the Earth, say, can there be  
 A man so perfect, and so just, as he ?  
 Replies the Tempter: Lord, an outward loss  
 Hopes for repair, it's but a common croſs :  
 I know thy servant's wise, a wise forecast  
 Grieves for things present, not for things are past ;  
 Perchance the tumor of his fullen heart  
 Brookſ loss of all, ſince he hath lost a part ;  
 My ſelf have ſervants, who can make true boſt,  
 They gave away as much as he hath lost :  
 Others (which Learning made ſo wiſely mad)  
 Refuſe ſuch Fortunes as he never had ;  
 A Faith's not tri'd by this uncertain Touch ;  
 Others, that never knew thee, did as much :  
 Lend me thy power then, that I might once  
 But ſacrifice his Fleſh, affli& his Bones,  
 And pierce his Hide, but for a moments ſpace,  
 Thy Darling then would curse thee to thy face.

To which, th' Eternal thus : *His bodie's thine,*  
*To plague thy fill, withal I do confine*

*Thy power to her lists : Afflict and tear  
His flesh at pleasure : But his life forbear.*

*Meditat. I V.*

**B**OTH Goods and Body too ! who can it stand ?  
Expect not Job's uprightness, at my hand,  
Without Job's aid ; the temper of my Passion,  
(Untam'd by thee) can brook no Job's Temptation ;  
For I am weak and frail, and what I can  
Most boast of, proves me but a *sinful Man* :  
Things that I should avoid, I do ; and what  
I am injoin'd to do, that do I not.  
My flesh is weak, too strong in this alone,  
It rules my spirit, that should be rul'd by none  
But thee ; my spirit's faint, and hath been never  
Free from the fits of sins quotidian Fever.  
My powers are all corrupt, corrupt my Will,  
Marble to good, and wax to what is ill ;  
Eclipsed is my reason, and my Wit,  
By interposing Earth 'twixt Heaven and it :  
My Mem'ry's like a Searce of Lawn ( alas ! )  
It keeps things gross, and lets the purer pass.  
What have I then to boast ? what title can  
I challenge more, than this, *A sinful Man* ?  
Yet do I sometimes feel a warm desire,  
Raise my low thoughts and dull affections higher,  
Where, like a soul entranc'd, my spirit flies,  
Makes leagues with Angels, and brings Deities  
Half way to Heaven, shakes hands with Seraphims,  
And boldly mingles wings with Cherubims,  
From whence I look askauns adown the Earth,  
Pity my self, and lose my place of birth :  
But while I thus my lower state deplore,  
I wake, and prove the wretch I was before.

Even as the Needle that directs the hour,  
 (Toucht with the Loadstone) by the secret power  
 Of hidden Nature, points upon the Pole ;  
 Even so the wav'ring powers of my soul,  
 Toucht by the vertue of thy Spirit, flee  
 From what is Earth, and point alone to Thee.  
 When I have faith to hold thee by the Hand,  
 I walk securely, and methinks I stand  
 More firm, than *Atlas* ; but when I forsake  
 The safe protection of thine Arm, I quake  
 Like wind-shak'd Reed, and have no strength at all,  
 But like a Vine, (the prop cut down) I fall.  
 Yet wretched I, (when as thy justice lends  
 Thy glorious presence from me) straight am Friends  
 With flesh and blood, forget thy Grace, flie from it,  
 And, like a Dog, return unto my vomit ;  
 The fawning world to pleasure then invites  
 My wandring eyes ; the Flesh presents delights  
 Unto my yielding heart, which thinks those pleasures  
 Are only bus'ness now, and rarest treasures  
 Content can glory in, whilst I, secure,  
 Stoop to the painted Plumes of Satans Lure ;  
 Thus I captiv'd, and drunk with pleasures wine,  
 Like to a mad-man, think no state like mine.  
 What have I then to boast, what title can  
 I challenge more than this, *A sinful man* ?  
 I feel my grief enough, nor can I be  
 Redrest by any, but (great God) by thee.  
 Too great thou art to come within my Roof,  
 Say but the word, *Be whole*, and 'tis enough ;  
 Till then, my tongue shall never cease, mine eyes  
 Ne'r close, my lowly bended knees ne'r rise :  
 Till then my soul shall ne'r want early sobs,  
 My cheeks no tears, my penitive brest no throbs,  
 My heart shall lack no zeal, nor tongue expressing,  
 I'll strive, like *Jacob*, till I get my Blessing :

Say then, *Be Clean*, I'll never stop till then ;  
Heaven ne'r shall rest, till Heaven shall say, *Amen.*

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Job smote with Ulcers, groveling lies ;  
Plung'd in a Gulf of Miseries ;  
His wife to blasphemy doth tempt him ;  
His three Friends visit, and lament him.*

---

## SECT. V.

**L**IKE as a Truant-Scholar (whose delay  
Is worse than whipping) having leave to play,  
Makes haste to be inlarged from the Jayl

Of his neglected School, turns speedy tail  
Upon his tedious book (so ill befriended)

Before his Master's *It be full ended* :

So thankless Satan, full of winged haste,  
Thinking all time, not spent in mischief, waste,  
Departs with speed, less patient to forbear

The patient *Job*, than patient *Job* to bear.

Forth from the furnace of his Nostril flies  
A sulph'rous vapour, which (by the envious eyes

Of this foul Fiend inflam'd) possest the fair

And sweet complexion of th' abused Air,

With pestilence, and (having power so far)

Took the advantage of his worser star,

Smote him with Ulcers, (such as once befel

Th' Egyptian Wizzards) Ulcers hot and fell,

Which like a searching Tetter uncorrected,

Lest no part of his body unaffected,

From head to foot no empty place was found,

That could b'afflicted with another wound :

So noysom was the nature of his grief,  
That (left by Friends and wife, that should be chief  
Assisters) he, poor he, alone remain'd  
Groveling in Ashes, being (himself) constrain'd  
With Pot-sheards to scrape off those rip'ned coars,  
(Which dogs disdain'd to lick) from out his sores.

Which when his wife beheld, adust and keen  
Her passion waxt, made strong with scorn and spleen ;  
Like as the winds, imprison'd in the Earth,  
And barr'd the passage to their natural birth,  
Grow fierce ; and nilling to be longer pent,  
Break in an Earthquake, shake the world and vent ;  
So brake she forth, so forth her fury brake,  
Till now pent in with shame, and thus she spake :

*Fond Saint, thine innocence finds timely speed,  
A foolish Saint receives a Saintly meed ;  
Is this the just man's recompence ? Or hath  
Heaven no requital, for thy painful Faith,  
Other than this ? what have thy zealous Qualms,  
Abstemious Fastings, and thy hopeful Alms,  
Thy private groans, and often bended knees,  
No other end, no other thanks but these ?  
Fond man ! submit thee to a kinder Fate,  
Cease to be righteous at so dear a rate ;  
'Tis Heaven, not Fortune, that thy meat debars ;  
Curse Heaven then, and not thy wayward Stars :  
'Tis God that plagues thee, God not knowing why,  
Curse then that God, revenge thy wrongs and die.*

Job then reply'd, God loves where he chasiz'd :  
Thou speakest like a fool, and ill adviz'd ;  
Laugh we to lick the sweet, and shall we lowr,  
If be be pleas'd to send a little sowr ?  
Am I so weak, one blast or two should chill me ?  
I'll trust my Maker, though my Maker kill me.

When these sad tidings fill'd those itching ears  
Of Earths black-babbling daughter (she that hears

And vents alike, both truth and forgeries,  
 And utters, often, cheaper than she buyes)  
 She spred the pinions of her nimble wings,  
 Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,  
 And fills the whisp'ring air, which soon possest  
 The spacious borders of th' enquiring East ;  
 Upon the summons of such solemn news,  
 Whose truth malignant Fame could not abuse,  
 His woful Friends came to him, to the end  
 To comfort, and bewail their wretched Friend.  
 But when they came far off, they did not know  
 Whether it were the self-same Friend or no :  
 (Brim-fill'd with briny woe) they wept and tore  
 (T' express their grief) the garments that they wore.  
 Seven days and nights they sate upon the ground,  
 But spake not, for his sorrows did abound.

---

*Meditat. V.*

**S**A Y, Is not Satan justly stiled then,  
 A Tempter, and an Enemy to Men ?  
 What could he more ? His wish would not extend  
 To death, lest his assaults with death should end :  
 Than what he did, what could he further do ?  
 His hand hath seiz'd both goods and body too.  
 The hopeful issue of a holy strain,  
 In such a dearth of holiness is slain :  
 What hath the Lazar left him, but his grief,  
 And (what might best be spar'd) his foolish wife ?  
 Could mischief been more hard, (though more in kind)  
 To nip the flowers, and leave the weeds behind ?  
 Woman was made a helper by Creation,  
 A Helper, not alone for Propagation,  
 Or fond Delights, but sweet Society,  
 Which Man (alone) should want, and to supply.

Comforts to him for whom her Sex was made,  
 That each may joy in either's needful aid :  
 But fairest Angels had the foulest fall ;  
 And best things (once abus'd) prove worst of all :  
 Else had not Satan been so foul a Fiend,  
 Else had not woman prov'd so false a Friend.

Ev'n as the treacherous Fowler, to entice  
 His silly winged Prey, doth first devise  
 To make a Bird his stale, at whose false call,  
 Others may chance into the self-same thrall :  
 Even so, that crafty snarer of Mankind,  
 Finding Man's righteous Palate not inclin'd  
 To taste the sweetnes of his gilded baits,  
 Makes a collateral suit, and flily waits  
 Upon the weakness of some bosom Friend,  
 From whose enticement he expects his end.

Ah righteous *Job*, what crois was left unknown ?  
 What grief may be describ'd, but what's thine own ?  
 Is this a Just man's case ? What doth befall  
 To one man, may as well betide to all.

The worst I'll look for, that I can project,  
 If better come, 'tis more than I expect ;  
 If otherwise, I'm arm'd with Preparation ;  
 No sorrow's sudden to an expectation.

Lord, to thy wisdom I submit my Will,  
 I will be thankful, send me good or ill ;  
 If good, my present state will pass the sweeter ;  
 If ill, my Crown of glory shall be the greater.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*O'rwhelm'd with grief, Job breaketh forth  
 Into impatience : Bans his Birth,  
 Professes that his heart did doubt,  
 And fear, what since hath fallen out.*

---

**W**orn bare with grief, the patient Job betray'd  
 His seven-days silence, curs'd his day; and said,  
*O that my day of birth had never been,*  
*Nor yet the night which I was brought forth in!*  
*Be it not number'd for a Day, let Light*  
*Not make a difference 'twixt it and Night;*  
*Let gloomy shade, (than death more sable) pass*  
*Upon it, to declare how fatal 'twas:*  
*Let Clouds o'recast it, and as hateful make it,*  
*As life's to him, whom Tortures bid forsake it:*  
*From her next day, let that black Night be cut,*  
*Nor in the reck'ning of the Months be put:*  
*Let Desolation fill it all Night long,*  
*In it be never heard a Bridal Song:*  
*Let all sad Mourners that do curse the night,*  
*When light's drawn in, begin to curse this night;*  
*Her evening twilight, let foul darkness stain,*  
*And may her midnight expell light in vain;*  
*Let not her infant Day (but newly born)*  
*Suffer 't to see the Eye-lids of the morn;*  
*Because my Mothers Womb it would not cloze,*  
*Which gave me passage to endure these Woes;*  
*Why died I not in my conception, rather?*  
*Or, why was not my birth, and death together?*  
*Why did the Midwife take me on her knees?*  
*Why did I suck, to feel such griefs as these?*  
*Then had this body never been opprest,*  
*I had enjoy'd th' eternal sleep of rest;*  
*With Kings and mighty Monarchs that lie crown'd*  
*With stately Monuments, poor I, had found*  
*A place of Rest, had born as great a sway,*  
*Had been as happy, and as rich as they:*  
*Why was not I as an abortive birth,*  
*That ne'r had known the horrors of the Earth?*

The silent Grave is quiet from the fear  
 Of Tyrants : Tyrants are appeased there :  
 The grinded Pris'ner hears not (there) the noise,  
 Nor harder threatnings of th' Oppressors voice :  
 Both rich and poor are equall'd in the Grave,  
 Servants no Lord's, and Lords no Servants have :  
 What needs there light to him that's comfortless ?  
 Or life to such as languish in distress,  
 And long for death, which if it come by leisure,  
 They ransack for it, as a hidden treasure :  
 What needs there life to him, that cannot have  
 A Boon more gracious, than a quiet Grave ?  
 Or else to him, whom God hath wall'd about,  
 That would, but cannot find a passage out ?  
 When I but taste, my sighs return my food,  
 The flowing of my tears have rais'd a flood ;  
 When my estate was prosperous, I did fear,  
 Lest by some heedless slip, or want of care,  
 I might be brought to misery, and (alas !)  
 What I did then so fear, is come to pass :  
 But though secure, my soul did never slumber,  
 Yet do my woes exceed both weight, and number.

## Meditat. V I.

**S**O poor a thing is Man : No Flesh and Blood  
 Deserve the style of *Absolutely good* :  
 The righteous man sins oft ; whose power's such  
 To sin the least, sins (at the least) too much :  
 The man whose faith disdain'd his Isaac's life,  
 Dissembled once, a Sister, for a Wife :  
 The righteous Lot, being drunk, did make (at once)  
 His Daughters both half Sisters to their sons :  
 The Royal Favourite of Heaven stood  
 Not guiltless of Adultery and Blood :

And

And he whose hands did build the Temple, doth  
 Bow down his lustful knees to *Asheroth* :  
 The sinful woman was accus'd, but none  
 Was found, that could begin to fling a stone :  
 From mudled Springs, can Crystal water come ?  
 In some things all men sin ; in all things some.

Even as the soil (which *Aprils* gentle showers  
 Have fill'd with sweetness, and enrich'd with flowers)  
 Rears up her sucking plants, still shooting forth  
 The tender blossoms of her timely birth,  
 But if deni'd the beams of clearly *May*,  
 They hang their withered heads, and fade away :  
 So man, assisted by th' Almighty's hand,  
 His faith doth flourish, and securely stand,  
 But left a while, forsook (as in a shade)  
 It languishes, and nipt with sin, doth fade.  
 No gold is pure from dross, though oft refin'd ;  
 The strongest Cedar's shaken with the wind ;

x The fairest Rose hath no prerogative  
 Against the fretting Canker-worm : The Hive  
 No Honey yields unblended with the wax :  
 The finest linnen hath both soil and bracks :  
 The best of men have sins ; none lives secure,  
 In nature nothing's perfect, nothing pure.

Lord, since I must needs sin, yet grant that I  
 Forge no advantage by infirmity :  
 Since that my vesture cannot want a stain,  
 Assist me, let the tincture be in grain.

To thee (my great Redeemer) do I flie,  
 It is thy Death alone, can change my Dye ;  
 Tears, mingled with thy blood, can scour so,  
 That scarlet sins shall turn, as white as snow.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Rash Eliphaz reproves, and rates ;  
And falsely censures Job : Relates  
His Vision ; shews him the event  
Of wicked men : Bids him repent.*

## SECT. VII.

**T**hen Eliphaz his bounded tongue repliev'd,  
And said, should I contend, thou wouldest be griev'd,  
Yet what man can refrain, but he must break  
His angry silence, having heard thee speak ?

O sudden change ! many hast thou directed,  
And strengthned those whose minds have been dejected,  
Thy sacred Thews, and sweet Instructions, did  
Help those were falling, rais'd up such as slid ;  
But now it is thy case, thy soul is vext,  
And canst not help thy self, thy self perplext ;  
Thou lov'st thy God but basely for thy profit,  
Fear'st him in further expectation of it :  
Judge then : Did Record ever round thine ear  
That God forsook the heart that was sincere ?  
But often have we seen, that such as plow  
Lewdnes, and mischief, reap the same they sow :  
So have proud Tyrants from their Thrones been cast,  
With all their off-spring, by th' Almighties blast ;  
And they whose hands have been imbrew'd in blood,  
Have with their Issue di'd for want of food.

A vision lately appear'd before my sight,  
In depth of darkness, and the dead of night,  
Unwonted fear usurp'd me round about,  
My trembling bones were sore, from head to foot :

Forth-

Forthwith a Spirit glanc'd before mine eyes ;  
My brows did sweat, my moistned hair did rise,  
The face I knew not, but a while it staid,  
And in the depth of silence, thus it said :

Is man more just, more pure than his Creator ?  
Amongst his Angels (more upright by nature  
Than man) he hath found weakness ; how much more  
Shall he expect in him, that's walled o'r  
With mortal flesh and blood, founded, and floor'd  
With Dust, and by the worts to be devour'd ?  
They rise securely with the Morning Sun,  
And (unregarded) die e'r day be done ;  
Their glory passes with them as a breath,  
They die (like fools) before they think of death.

Rage then, and see who will approve thy rage,  
What Saint will give thy railing Patronage ?  
Anger destroys the fool, and he that hath  
A wrathful heart, is slain with his own wrath ;  
Yet have I seen, that fools have oft been able  
To boast with Babel, but have fain with Babel :  
Their sons despairing, roar without relief  
In open ruine, on the Rocks of Grief :  
Their harvest (though but small) the hungry eat,  
And robbers seize their wealth though ne'r so great :  
But wretched man, were thy Condition mine,  
I'de not despair as thou doft, nor repine,  
But offer up the broken sacrifice  
Of a sad soul, before his angry eyes,  
Whose works are Miracles of Admirati<sup>n</sup>on,  
He mounts the meek, amidst their Desolation.  
Confounds the worldly wise, that (blindfold) they  
Grope all in darkness at the noon of day :  
But guards the humble from reproach of wrong,  
And stops the current of the crafty Tongue.  
Thrice happy is the man his hands correct :  
Ebeware lest fury force thee to reject

Th' Almighty's trial ; He that made thy wound  
 In Justice, can in Mercy make it sound :  
 Fear not though multipli'd Afflictions shall  
 Besiege thee ; he, at length will rid them all :  
 In Famine he shall feed, in War defend thee ;  
 Shield thee from slander, and in griefs attend thee ;  
 The Beasts shall strike thee with Eternal peace,  
 The stones shall not disturb thy fields Encrease ;  
 Thy House shall thrive replenish't with Content,  
 Which thou shalt rule in prosp'r'ous Government.  
 The number of thy Off-spring shall abound,  
 Like Summers Grafs upon a fruitful Ground :  
 Like timely Corn well rip'ned in their Ears,  
 Thou shalt depart thy life struck full of years :  
 All this Experience tells, then (*Job*) advise,  
 Thou hast taught many, now thy self be wise.

## Meditat. VII.

**T**H E perfect model of true Friendship's this :  
 A rare affection of the soul, which is  
 Begun with ripened judgment ; doth persever  
 With simple Wisdom, and concludes with Never.

'Tis pure in substance, as refined Gold,  
 That buyeth all things, but is never sold.  
 It is a Coin, and most men walk without it ;  
 True Love's the stamp, *Febrovah's* writ about it ;  
 It rusts unus'd, but using makes it brighter,  
 'Gainst Heav'n high Treason 'tis to make it lighter.

'Tis a Gold Chain, links soul and soul together  
 In perfect Unity, ties God to either.

Affliction is the Touch, whereby we prove,  
 Whether't be Gold, or gilt with feigned Love.

The wisest Moralist that ever div'd  
 Into the depth of Natures bowels, striv'd

With

With th' Augur of experience, to bore  
 Men's hearts so far, till he had found the Ore  
 Of Friendship, but despairing of his end,  
*My friends (said he) there is no perfect friend.*

Friendship's like Musick; two strings tun'd alike,  
 Will both stir; though but only one you strike.

It is the Quintessence of all perfection  
 Extracted into one: A sweet connexion  
 Of all the Virtues Moral and Divine,  
 Abstracted into one. It is a Mine,  
 Whose nature is not rich, unless in making  
 The state of others wealthy by partaking.

It blooms and blossoms both in Sun and shade,  
 Doth (like a Bay in winter) never fade:  
 It loveth all, and yet suspecteth none;  
 Is provident, yet seeketh not her own:  
 'Tis rare it self, yet maketh all things common,  
 And is judicious, yet judgeth no man.

The noble Theban, bein asked which  
 Of three (propounded) he suppos'd most rich  
 In Virtues sacred treasure, thus reply'd:  
*Till they be dead, that doubt cannot be tryed.*

It is no wise man's part to weigh a Friend,  
 Without the glos and goodness of his end:  
 For life, without the death considered, can  
 Afford but half a story of the man.

'Tis not my Friend's affliction that shall make  
 Me either wonder, censure, or forsake:  
 Judgment belongs to Fools; enough that I  
 Find he's afflicted, not enquire, why:  
 It is the hand of Heaven; that self-same sorrow  
 Grieves him to day, may make me groan to-morrow.

Heaven be my comfort; in my highest grief  
 I will not trust to man's, but thy relief.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Job counts his sorrow, and from thence  
 Excuses his impatience ;  
 Describes the shortness of man's time,  
 And makes confession of his crime.*

## SECT. VIII.

**B**UT wretched Job sigh'd forth these words, and said ;  
 Ah me ! that my impatience were weigh'd  
 With all my sorrows, by an equal hand  
 They would be found more ponderous, than the sand  
 That lies upon the new forsaken shore :  
 My griefs want utterance, and have stopt their door :  
 And wonder not, Heavn's shafts have struck me dead ;  
 And God hath heapt all mischiefs on my head :  
 Will Asses bray, when they have grass to eat ?  
 Or lows the Oxe, whenas he wants no meat ?  
 Can palates find a relish in distaste ?  
 Or can the whites of Egges well please the taste ?  
 My vexed soul is daily fed with such  
 Corruptions, as my hands disdain to touch ;  
 Alas ! that Heav'n would hear my hearts request,  
 And strike me dead, that I may find some rest :  
 What hopes have I to see my end of grief,  
 And to what end should I prolong my life ?  
 Why should not I wish death ? My strength (alas)  
 Is it like marble, or my flesh like brass ?  
 What power have I to mitigate my pain ?  
 If e'r I had, that power now is vain ;  
 My Friends are like the Rivers that are dry  
 In heat of Summer, when necessity

Requireth water, they amazed stand  
To see my grief, but lend no helping hand.  
Friends, beg I succour from you ? Craved I  
Your goods, to ransom my Captivity ?  
Shew me my faults, and wherein I did wrong  
My patience, and I will hold my tongue ;  
The force of reasonable words may move,  
But what can Rage, or Lunacy reprove ;  
Rebuke you (then) my words to have it thought  
My speech is Frantick, with my grief distraught ?  
You take a pleasure in your Friends distress,  
That is more wretched, than the Fatherless :  
Behold these sores : Be judg'd by your own eyes  
If these be counterfeited miseries :  
Ballance my words, and you shall find me Free,  
Free from those foul crimes wherewith ye branded me,  
And that my speech was not distain'd with sin,  
Only the language sorrow treated in.

Is not man's day prefixt, which when expir'd  
Sleeps he not quiet, as a servant hir'd ?  
A servants labour doth, at length, surcease,  
His day of travel finds a Night of peace ;  
But (wretched) I with woes am still opprest,  
My Mid-day torments see no Even of Rest ;  
My nights (ordain'd for sleep) are fill'd with grief,  
I look (in vain) for the next days relief :  
With dust and worms my flesh is hid, my sorrows  
Have plow'd my skin, and filth lies in her furrows ;  
My days of joy are in a moment gone,  
And (hopeless of returning) spent and done :  
Remember (Lord) my life is but a puff,  
I but a man, that's misery enough ;  
And when pale death hath once seal'd up my sight,  
I ne'r shall see the pleasures of the light ;  
The eye of man shall not discover me,  
No, nor thine (Lord,) for I shall cease to be ;

When mortals die, they pass (like Clouds before  
The Sun) and back return they never more;  
T his earthly house he ne'er shall come again,  
And then shall be, as if he ne'er had been:  
Therefore my tongue shall speak, while it hath breath,  
Prompted with grief, and with the pangs of death:  
Am I not weak and faint? what needst thou stretch  
Thy direful hand upon so poor a wretch?  
When as I think that night shall stop the streams  
Of my distress, thou fright'st me then with dreams;  
So that my soul doth rather choose to die,  
Than be involved in such misery;  
My life's a burthen, and will end: O grieve  
No longer him, that would no longer live.  
Ah! what is man, that thou should'st raise him so  
High at the first, then sink him down so low?  
What's man? thy glory's great enough without him:  
Why dost thou thus disturb thy mind about him?  
Lord, I have sinn'd (Great Helper of Mankind)  
I am but Dust and Ashes, I have sinn'd  
Against thee: (as a mark) why hast thou fixt me?  
How have I trespass'd, that thou thus afflict'st me?  
Why, rather, didst not thou remove my sin,  
And salve the sorrows that I raved in?  
For thou hast heapt such vengeance on my head,  
That when thou seek'st me, thou wilt find me dead.

## Meditat. VIII.

**T**H' Egyptians, amidst their solemn Feasts,  
Used to welcome, and present their Guests  
With the sad sight of Man's Anatomy,  
Serv'd in with this loud Motto, *All must die.*  
Fools often go about, when as they may  
Take better vantage of a nearer way.

Look well into your bosoms ; do not flatter  
 Your known infirmities : Behold, what matter  
 Your flesh was made of : Man, cast back thine eye  
 Upon the weakness of thine infancy ;  
 See how thy lips hang on thy Mothers brest,  
 Bawling for help, more helpless than a Beast,  
 Liv'st thou so childhood ? then, behold, what toys  
 Do mock the sense, how shallow are thy joys ?  
 Com'st thou to downy years ? See, how deceits  
 Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits  
 Slily beguile the prime of thy affection.  
 Art thou a train'd at length to full perfection  
 Of ripened years ? Ambition hath now sent  
 Thee on her frothy errand ; Discontent  
 x Pays thee thy wages. Do thy grizly hairs  
 Begin to cast account of many cares  
 Upon thy head ? The sacred lust of gold  
 Now fits thy Spirit, for fleshly lust too cold,  
 Makes thee a slave to thine own base desire,  
 Which melts and hardens at the self-same fire.  
 Art thou decrepit ? Then thy very breath  
 Is grievous to thee, and each grief's a death.  
 Look where thou list, thy life is but a span,  
 Thou art but dust, and to conclude, *A Man.*

Thy life's a warfare, thou a Soldier art,  
 Satan's thy Fo-man, and a faithful heart  
 Thy two-edg'd weapon, Patience thy shield,  
 Heaven is thy Chieftain, and the world thy field.  
 To be afraid to die, or wish for death,  
 Are words and passions of despairing breath :  
 Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yield ;  
 And who the second, basely flies the field.

Man's not a lawful Stearsman of his days,  
 His bootless wish, nor hastens, nor delays :  
 We are God's hired workmen ; he discharges  
 Some, late at night, and (when he list) enlarges

Others at noon, and in the morning some :  
 None may relieve himself, till he bid, Come :  
 If we receive for one half day, as much  
 As they that toil till evening, shall we grutch ?

Our life's a Road, in death our Journy ends,  
 We go on God's Embassage, some he sends,  
 Gall'd with the trotting of hard misery,  
 And others, pacing on prosperity :

Some lag, whilst others gallop on before ;  
 All go an-end, some faster, and some slower.

Lead me that pace (great God) that thou think'st best,  
 And I will follow with a dauntless brest :

Which (ne'rtheless) if I refuse to do,  
 I shall be wicked, and yet follow too.

Assist me in my Combate with the flesh,  
 Relieve my fainting powers, and refresh

My feeble spirit : I will not wish to be  
 Cast from the world, Lord, cast the world from me.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Bildad, man's either state expresses,  
 God's Mercy and justice Job confesses :  
 He pleads his cause, and begs relief,  
 Fail'd with the burthen of his grief.

### SECT. IX.

**S**O Bildad's silence (great with tongue) did break,  
 And like a heartless Comforter did speak :  
 How long wilt thou persist to breathe thy mind  
 In words that wanish as a Storm of wind ?  
 Will God forsake the innocent, or will  
 His justice smite thee, undeserving ill ?

Though righteous death thy sinful sons hath sent  
 From thy sad bosom, yet if thou repent,  
 And wash thy ways with undissimbled tears,  
 Tuning thy troubles to th' Almighty's ears,  
 The mercy of his eyes shall shine upon thee,  
 And shew the sweetnes of his blessings on thee :  
 And though a while thou plunge in misery,  
 At length he'll crown thee with prosperity :  
 Run back and learn of sage Antiquity,  
 What our late births to present times deny ;  
 See how, and what (in the worlds downy age),  
 Befel our Fathers in their pilgrimage ;  
 If Rushes have no mire, and Grafs no rain,  
 They cease to flourish, droop their heads, and wain ;  
 So fades the man, whose heart is not upright,  
 So perisheth the double Hypocrite ;  
 His hopes are like the Spiders web, to day  
 That's flourishing, to morrow swept away ;  
 But he that's just, is like the flow'ring tree,  
 Rooted by Crystal Springs, that cannot be  
 Scorcht by the noon of day, nor stirr'd from thence,  
 Where firmly fixt it hath a residence ;  
 Heaven never fails the soul that is upright,  
 Nor offers arm to the base Hypocrite :  
 The one he blesses with eternal joys,  
 The other his avenging hand destroys.

I yield it for a truth, (sad Job reply'd)  
 Compar'd with God, can man be justifir'd ?  
 If man should give account what he hath done,  
 Not of a thousand can he answer one :  
 His hand's all Power, and his heart all pure,  
 Against his God, what man can stand ?  
 He shakes the mountains, and the Sun he bars  
 From circling his due course, shuts up the stars,  
 He spreads the Heavens, and rideth on the Flood,  
 His works may be admir'd, not understood.

No eye can see, no heart can apprehend him,  
 Lifts he to spoil? what's he can reprehend him?  
 His will's his Law. The smoothest pleader hath  
 No power in his lips to slake his wrath;  
 Much less can I plead for immunity,  
 Which could my guiltless tongue attain, yet I  
 Would kiss the footstep of his Judgement-seat:  
 Should he receive my cry, my grief's so great,  
 It would persuade me that he heard it not,  
 For he hath torn me with the five-fold knot  
 Of his sharp scourge; his plagues successive are,  
 That I can find no ground, but of despair.  
 If my bold lips should dare to justifie  
 My self, my lips would give my lips the lye.  
 God ows his mercy, nor to good, nor bad;  
 The wicked oft he spares, and oft does add  
 Grief to the just man's grief, woes after woes;  
 We must not judge man as his market goes.  
 But might my prayers obtain this boon, that God  
 Would cease those sorrows, and remove that Rod  
 Which moves my patience; I would take upon me  
 To implead before him your rash judgment on me,  
 Because my tender Conscience doth persuade me,  
 I'm not so bad, as your bad words have made me.

My life is tedious, my distrest shall break  
 Into her proper voice, my griefs shall speak:  
 (Just Judge of Earth) condemn me not before  
 Thou please to make me understand wherefore:  
 Agrees it with thy Justice, thus to be  
 Kind to the wicked, and so harsh to me?  
 Seest thou with fleshly eyes? or do they glance  
 By favour? Are they clos'd with ignorance?  
 Liv'st thou the life of man? Dost thou desire  
 A space of time to search, or to enquire  
 My sin? No, in the twinkling of an eye  
 Thou seest my heart, seest my immunity

From those foul crimes, wherewith my friends at pleasure  
 Tax me, yet thou afflict'st me in this measure :  
 Thy hands have form'd, and fram'd me what I am,  
 When thou hast made, wilt thou destroy the same ?  
 Remember, I am built of Clay, and must  
 Return again (without thy help) to Dust.  
 Thou didst create, preserve me ; hast indu'd  
 My life with gracious blessings ; oft renew'd  
 Thy precious favours on the : How wert thou,  
 Once so benign, and so cruel now ?  
 Thou hunt'st me like a prey, my plagues increase,  
 Succeed each other, and they never cease.  
 Why was I born ? Or why did not my tomb  
 Receive me (weeping) from my Mothers womb ?  
 I have not long to live ; Lord, grant that I  
 May see some comfort, that am soon to die.

---

*Meditation X.*

**H**E that's the truest Master of his own,  
 Is never less alone, than when alone ;  
 His watchful eyes are plac'd within his heart ;  
 His skill, is how to know himself : his Art  
 How to command the pride of his affections,  
 With sacred Reason : how to give directions  
 Unto his wandring will ; his conscience checks his  
 More looser thoughts ; his louder sins, she vexes  
 With frights, and fears, within her own precincts.  
 She rambles with her whips of Wire, ne'r winks  
 At smallest faults ; like as a tender Mother  
 (Howe'r she loves her darling) will not smother  
 His childish fault, but she (her self) will rather  
 Correct, than trust him to his angry Father :  
 Even so the tender conscience of the wife,  
 Checks her beloved soul, and doth chastise

And judge the crime it self, lest it should stand  
As liable to a severer hand.

Fond soul beware, who e'r thou art, that spies  
Another's fault, that thou thine own chastise,  
Lest like a foolish man, thou judge another  
In those self-crimes, which in your brest you smother.

Who undertakes to drain his Brothers eye  
Of noysom humors, first must clarifie  
His own, lest when his Brothers blemish is  
Remov'd, he spie a fouler Blain in his.

It is beyond th' extent of man's Commission  
To judge of man: The secret disposition  
Of sacred Providence is lockt, and seal'd  
From man's conceit, and not to be reveal'd,  
Until that Lamb break ope the Seal, and come  
With life and death, to give the world her doom:

The ground-work of our faith must not rely  
On bare events; Peace and Prosperity  
Are goodly favours, but no proper mark  
Wherewith God brands his sheep: No outward bark  
Secures the body to be sound within;  
The rich man liv'd in Scarlet, di'd in sin.  
Behold th' afflicted man; affliction moves  
Compassion; but no confusion proves.  
A gloomy Day brings oft a glorious Even:  
The poor man di'd with sores, and lives in Heaven.  
To good and bad, both fortunes Heaven doth share,  
That both, an after-change, may hope, and fear.

I'll hope the best (Lord) leave the rest to thee,  
Lest while I judge another, thou judge me;  
It's one man's work to have a serious fight  
Of his own sins, and judge himself aright.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Zophar blames Job ; Job equal makes  
 His wisdom unto theirs ; He takes  
 In hand to plead with God, and then  
 Describes the frail estate of men.

## S E C T. X.

**T**hen Zophar from deep silence, did awake  
 His words with louder language, and bespeak :  
 Shall Pratlers be unanswer'd, or shall such  
 Be counted just, that speak, for babbling much ?  
 Shall thy words stop our mouths ? he that hath blam'd  
 And scoff'd at others, shall he die unsham'd ?  
 Our ears have heard thee, when thou hast excus'd  
 Thy self of evil, and thy God accus'd :  
 But if thy God should plead with thee at large,  
 Thou'dst reap the sorrows of a double charge.  
 Canst thou, by deep enquiry, understand  
 The hidden Justice of the Almighty's hand ?  
 Heaven's large dimensions cannot comprehend him ;  
 What-e'r he do, what's he can reprehend him ?  
 What refuge hast thou then, but to present  
 A heart inricht with the sad complement  
 Of a true Convert, on thy bended knee,  
 Before thy God, t' atone thy God and thee ?  
 Then doubt not, but he'll rear thee from thy sorrow,  
 Disperse thy Clouds, and like a shining morrow,  
 Make clear the Sun-beams of Prosperity,  
 And rest thy soul in sweet Security.  
 But he, whose heart, obdur'd in sin, persists,  
 His hopes shall vanish, as the morning mists.

But

But Job, even as a Ball against the ground,  
Bandied with violence, did thus rebound :

You are the only wisemen, in your brest  
The hidden Magazzin of true wisdom rests,  
Yet (though ash'a'd with sorrows) do I know  
A little, (and perchance) as much as you ;  
I'm scorned of my Friends, whose prosp'r'ous state  
Surmises me (that have expir'd the date  
Of earth's fair Fortunes) to be cast away  
From Heaven's regard, think none belov'd but they ;  
I am despised, like a Torch that's spent,  
Whiles that the wicked blazes in his Tent :  
What have your wisdoms taught me, more than that  
Which birds and beasts (could they but speak) would  
Digests the Stomach e'r the Palate tastes ? (chat ?  
O weigh my words, before you judge my case.  
But you refer me to your Fathers days,  
To be instructed in their wiser Lays.  
True, length of days brings wisdom ; but I say,  
I have a wiser teacheth me, than they :  
For I am taught, and tutor'd by that hand,  
Whose unrefisted power doth command  
The limits of the Earth, whose wisdom schools  
And trains the simple, makes the Learned fools :  
His hand doth raise the poor, deposes Kings ;  
On him, both Order, and the Change of things  
Depend ; he searches, and brings forth the light  
From out the shadows, and the depth of night.

All this, mine own experience hath found true,  
And in all this I know as much as you.  
But you aven, If I should plead with God, if you will  
That he would double his severer Rod,  
Your tongue belies his Justice, you apply  
Amiss your Medicine to my malady : In silence, you would seem more wise, less weak ;  
You having spoke, now kind me leave to speak.

Will

Will you do wrong, to do God's Justice right?  
 Are you his Council? Need you help to fight  
 His quarrels? Or expect you his applause,  
 Thus (brib'd with self-conceit) to plead his cause?  
 Judgment's your fee, when as you take in hand  
 Heavens cause to plead it, and not Heav'n command.  
 If that the soulness of your censures could  
 Not fright you, yet, methinks, his greatness should,  
 Whose Justice you make Patron of your lies;  
 Your slender Maximes, and false forgeries  
 Are substanc'd like the dust that lies besides me;  
 Peace then, and I will speak, whate'r betides me:  
 My soul is on the rack, my tears have drown'd me,  
 Yet will I trust my God though God confound me;  
 He, He's my Tow'r of strength; No hypocrite  
 Stands unconfounded in his glorious sight:  
 Ballance my words; I know my case would quit  
 Me from your censures, should I argue it.

Who takes the plaintiffs pleading? Come; for  
 Must plead my right, or else perforce must die.  
 With thee (great Lord of Heaven) I dare dispute  
 If thou wilt grant me this my double Sute:  
 First, that thou slake these sorrows that surround me;  
 Then, that thy burning face do not confound me:  
 Which granted, then take thou thy choice, let me  
 Propound the question, or else anwer thee.  
 Why dost thou thus pursue me like thy foe?  
 For what great sin dost thou afflict me so?  
 Break'st thou a wither'd leaf, thy Justice doth  
 Sum up the reckonings of my sinful youth?  
 Thou keep'st me pris'ner, bound in fetters fast,  
 And, like a thred-bare garment, do I waste.

Man born of woman, hath but a short while  
 To live, his days are fleet, and full of toil:  
 He's like a flower, shooting forth and dying,  
 His life is as a shadow, swiftly flying.

Ah!

Ah ! b'ing so poor a thing, what needst thou mind him ?  
 The number of his days thou hast confin'd him ;  
 Then add not plagues unto his grief, O give  
 Him peace, that hath so small a time to live ;  
 Trees that are fell'd, may sprout again, man never :  
 His days are numbered, and he dies for ever :  
 He's like a mist, exhaled by the Sun,  
 His days once done, they are for ever done.  
 O that thy hand would hide me close, and cover  
 Me in the grave, till all thy wrath were over !  
 My desperate sorrows hope for no relief,  
 Yet will I wait my change. My day of grief  
 Will be exchang'd for an eternal day  
 Of joy : but now thou dost not spare to lay  
 Full heaps of vengeance on my broken soul,  
 And writ'st my sins upon an ample scowl :  
 As Mountains (being shaken) fall, and Rocks  
 (Though firm) are worn and rent with many knocks :  
 So strongest men are batter'd with thy strength,  
 Lose ground, returning to the ground at length ;  
 So mortals die, and (being dead) ne'r mind  
 The fairest Fortunes that they leave behind.  
 While man is man (until that death bereave him  
 Of his last breath) his griefs shall never leave him.

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*Meditat. X.*

DOTH Hist'ry then, and sage Chronology,  
 (The Index, pointing to Antiquity)  
 So firmly grounded on deep judgment, guarded  
 And kept by so much miracle, rewarded  
 With so great glory, serve, but as slight Fables,  
 To edge the dulness of men's wanton Tables,  
 And claw their itching ears ? or do they rather,  
 Like a concise Abridgement, serve to gather

x

Man's high Adventures and his transitory  
 Achievements, to express his Makers glory?  
 Acts that have blown the loudest Trump of Fame,  
 Are all but humors, purchas'd in his name.  
 Is he, that (yesterday) went forth, to bring  
 His Fathers Asses home, (to day) crown'd King?

Did he, that now on his brave Palace stood,  
 Boasting his *Babels* beauty, chew the cud  
 An hour after? Have not Babes been Crown'd,  
 And mighty Monarchs beaten to the ground?  
 Man undertakes, Heaven breaths success upon it;  
 What good, what evil is done, but Heaven hath done it?

The *Man* to whom the world was not ashame'd  
 To yield her Colours, he that was proclaim'd  
 A God in humane shape, whose dreadful voice  
 Did strike men dead like thunder, at the noise;  
 Was rent away, from his Imperial Throne,  
 Before his flower of youth was fully blown,  
 His Race was rooted out, his Issue slain,  
 And left his Empire to another strain.

Who that did e'r hehold the ancient *Rome*,  
 Would rashly give her glory such a doom,  
 Or thought her subject to such alterations,  
 That was the Mistress, and the Queen of Nations?

*Egypt*, that in her walls had once engrost  
 More wisdom than the world besides, hath lost  
 Her senses now: Her wisest men of State  
 Are turn'd, like Puppets, to be pointed at:  
 If *Romes* great power, and *Egypt's* wisdom can  
 Not aid themselves, how poor a thing is Man?  
 God plays with Kingdoms, as with Tennis-Balls,  
 Fells some that rise, and raises some that fall:  
 Nor Policy can prevent, nor secret Fate,  
 Where Heaven hath pleas'd to blow upon a State:  
 If States be not secure, nor Kingdoms, than  
 How helpless, (Ah!) how poor a thing is man!

Man's like a flower, the while he hath to last,  
He's nipt with frost, and shook with every blast,  
He's born in sorrow, and brought up in tears,  
He lives a while in sin, and dies in fears.

Lord, I'll not boast, what-e'r thou give unto me,  
Lest e'r my brag be done, thou take it from me.  
No man may boast but of his own, I can  
Then boast of nothing, for I am a man.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Rash Eliphaz doth aggravate  
The sins of Job, maligns his state:  
Whom Job reproving, justifies  
Himself, bewails his miseries.*

## SECT. XI.

**D**O T H vain repining (*Eliphaz replies*)  
Or words like wind, be seem the man that's wise ?  
Ah ! sure, thy faithless heart rejects the fear  
Of Heav'n, doth not acquaint thy lips with pray'r :  
Thy words accuse thy heart of Impudence,  
Thy tongue (not I) brings in the Evidence :  
Art thou the first of men ? Do Mysteries  
Unfold to thee ? art thou the only wise ?  
Wherein hath wisdom been more good to you  
Than us ? what know you that we never knew ?  
Reverence, not Censure, fits a young man's eyes,  
We are your Ancients, and should be as wise ;  
Is't not enough, your Arrogance derides  
Our Counsels, but must scorn thy God besides ?  
Angels (if God enquire strictly) must  
Not plead perfection : then can man be just ?

It is a truth receiv'd, these aged eyes  
 Have seen't, and is confirmed by the wise,  
 That still the wicked man is void of rest,  
 Is always fearful, falls when he fears least ;  
 In trouble he despairs, and is dejected,  
 He begs his bread, his death comes unexpected,  
 In his adversity, his griefs shall gaul him ;  
 And, like a raging Tyrant, shall inthrall him ;  
 He shall advance against his God, in vain,  
 For Heaven shall crush and beat him down again ;  
 What if his Garners thrive, and goods increase ?  
 They shall not prosper, nor he live in peace,  
 Eternal horror shall begirt him round,  
 And vengeance shall both him and his confotind,  
 Amidst his joys, despair shall stop his breathi,  
 His sons shall perish with untimely death :  
 The double soul shall die, and in the hollow  
 Of all false hearts, false hearts themselves shall swallow.

Then answered *Job*, All this, before, I knew ;  
 They want no grief, that find such Friends as you ;  
 Ah ! cease your words, the fruits of ill-spent hours !  
 If Heav'n should please to make my fortunes yours,  
 I would not scoff you, nor with taunts torment ye :  
 My lips should comfort, and these eyes lament ye :  
 What shall I do ? Speak not, my griefs oppres  
 My soul, or speak (alas) they'r ne'rtheleſs ;  
 Lord, I am wasted, and my pangs have spent me,  
 My skin is wrinkled, for thy hand hath rent me,  
 Mine Enemies have smit me in disdain,  
 Laught at my torments, jested at my pain :  
 I swell'd in wealth, but (now) alas am poor  
 And (fell'd with woe) lie groveling on the floor,  
 In dust and sackcloth I lament my sorrows,  
 Thy hand hath trench't my cheek with water-furrows,  
 Nor can I comprehend the cause, that this  
 My smart shold be so grievous as it is.

O Earth! If then an hypocrite I be,  
 Cover my cries, as I do cover thee ;  
 And witness Heaven, that these my vows be true,  
 (Ah friends !) I spend my tears to Heav'n, not you.  
 My time's but short (alas !) would then that I  
 Might try my cause with God before I die.

Since then I languish, and not far from dead,  
 Let me a while with my accusers plead  
 (Before the Judge of Heaven and Earth) my right :  
 Have they not wrong'd, and vex me day and night ?  
 Who first lays down his Gage to meet me ? Say,  
 I doubt not (Heaven being Judge) to win the day :  
 You'll say perchance, we'll recompel your word,  
 E're simple truth should unawares afford  
 Your discontent ; No, no, forbear, for I  
 Hate less your censure, than your flattery ;  
 I am become a by-word, and a Tabor,  
 To set the tongues, and ears of men in labour.  
 Mine eyes are dim, my body's but a shade,  
 Good men that see my case, will be afraid,  
 But not confounded ; They will hold their way,  
 And in a bad they'll hope a better day :  
 Recant your errors, for I cannot see  
 One man that's truly wise among you Three.  
 My days are gone, my thoughts are mispossest,  
 The silent night, that Heaven ordain'd for rest,  
 My day of travel is, but I shall have  
 E're long, long peace, within my welcome grave ;  
 My nearest kindred are the worms, the Earth  
 My Mother, for she gave me first my birth :  
 Where are my hopes then ? where that future joy,  
 Which you false-propheſi'd I should enjoy ?  
 Both hopes, and I alike, shall travel thither,  
 Where, clos'd in dust, we shall remain together.

## Meditat. XI.

**T**H E Moral Poets (not unaptly) feign,  
That by lame *Vulcan's* help, the pregnant brain  
Of sovereign *Jove*, brought forth, and at that birth,  
Was born *Minerva*, Lady of the Earth.

O strange Divinity ! but sung by rote ;  
Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.

The moral says ; All wisdom that is given  
To hood-wink'd mortals, first proceeds from Heaven.  
Truth's error, wisdom's but wise insolence,  
And light's but darkness, not deriv'd from thence ;  
Wisdom's a strain transcends Morality,  
No Virtue's absent, wisdom being by.  
Virtue by constant practice is acquir'd,  
This (this by sweat unpurchas'd) is inspir'd :  
The master-piece of knowledge is to know  
Eut what is good, from what is good in show,  
And there it rests : wisdom proceeds, and chuses  
The seeming evil, th' apparent good refuses.  
Knowledge descries alone ; wisdom applies ;  
That makes some fools ; this, maketh none but wise :  
The curious hand That is that doth but pick  
Bare simples, wisdom pounds them for the sick :  
In my afflictions knowledge apprehends  
Who is the Author, what the Cause, and Ends ;  
It finds that patience is my sad relief,  
And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my grief :  
To rest contented here, is but to bring  
Clouds without rain, and heat without a Spring :  
What hope arises hence ? The Devils do  
The very same : They know and tremble too :  
Eut sacred wisdom doth apply that good,  
Which simple knowledge barely understood :

Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves,  
 That whatsoever God corrects, he loves :  
 Wisdom digests, what knowledge did but taste ;  
 That deals in futures ; this, in things are past ;  
 Wisdom's the Card of knowledge, which without  
 That guide, at random's wreck'd on every doubt :  
 Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,  
 Is like a head-strong horse that throws the Rider :  
 Which made that great Philosopher avow,  
 He knew so much, that he did nothing know.

Lord, give me wisdom to direct my ways,  
 I beg not riches, nor yet length of days ;  
 O grant thy servant wisdom, and with it,  
 I shall receive such knowledge as will fit  
 To serve my turn : I wish not *Phæbus* wain,  
 Without his skill to drive it, lest I gain  
 Too dear an honour : Lord, I will not stay  
 To pick more Manna, than will serve to day.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad, the whil'st he makes a show  
 To strike the wicked, gives the blow  
 To Job ; Job's misery and faith ;  
 Zophar makes good, what Bildad saith.*

---

### SECT. XII.

**S**O Bildad then, when will you bring to end  
 The speeches whereabout yet so contend ?  
 Weigh either's words, lest ignorant confusion  
 Debar them of their purposed conclusion :  
 We came to comfort, fits it then that we  
 Be thought, as beasts, or fools accounted be ?

But thou, *Job* (like a mad-man) wouldest thou force  
 God, to desist his order, and set course  
 Of Justice? Shall the wicked, for thy sake  
 (That wouldest not taste of evil) in good partake?  
 No, no, his lamp shall blaze, and die, his strength  
 Shall fail, and shall confound it self at length.  
 He shall be hamp'red with close hidden snares.  
 And dog'd, where e'r he starts, with troops of fears:  
 Hunger shall bite, destruction shall attend him;  
 His skin shall rot, the worst of deaths shall end him:  
 His fears shall be a thousand linkt together,  
 His branch above, his root beneath shall wither,  
 His name shall sleep in dust, in dust decay,  
 Odious to all, by all men chac'd away:  
 No Son shall keep alive his house, his name,  
 And none shall thrive, that can alliance claim:  
 The after-age shall stand amaz'd, to hear  
 His fall, and they that see't, shall shake for fear:  
 Thus stands the state of him that doth amiss,  
 And (*Job*) what other is thy case, than this?

But *Job* reply'd, how long (as with sharp swords)  
 Will ye torment me with your pointed words?  
 How often have your biting tongues defam'd  
 My simple innocence, and yet unsham'd?  
 Had I deserv'd these plagues, yet let my grief  
 Express it self, though it find no relief;  
 But if you needs must wear your tongues upon me,  
 Know 'tis the hand of God hath overthrown me;  
 I roar, unheard; his hand will not release me;  
 The more I grieve, the more my griefs oppres me:  
 He hath despoil'd my joys, and goes about  
 (My branches being lopt) to 'stroy the Root:  
 His plagues, like souldiers, trench within my bones,  
 My friends, my kindred flie me all at once,  
 My neighbours, my familiars have forgone me,  
 My houshold stares with strangers eyes upon me:

I call my servant, but his lips are dumb,  
 I humbly beg his help, but he'll not come :  
 My own wife loaths my breath, though I did make  
 My solemn suit, for our dead Childrens sake :  
 The poor, whose wants I have suppli'd, despise me,  
 And he that liv'd within my brest, denies me :  
 My bones are hide-bound, there cannot be found  
 One piece of skin (unless my gums) that's sound :  
 Alas ! complaints are barren shadows to  
 Express, or cure the substance of my wo.  
 Have pity (oh my friends) have pity on me,  
 'Tis your God's hand and mine, that lies upon me :  
 Vex me no more, O let your anger be  
 (If I have wrong'd you) calm'd with what you see :  
 O ! that my speeches were engraven, then,  
 In Marble Tablets, with an Iron Pen :  
 For sure I am that my Redeemer lives,  
 And though pale death consume my flesh (and gives  
 My Carkaſſ to the worms) yet am I sure  
 Clad with this self-same flesh (but made more pure)  
 I shall behold his glory ; These sad eyes  
 Shall see his face, howe'r my body lies  
 Mould'red in dust ; These fleshly eyes, that do  
 Behold these sores, shall see my Maker too.  
 Unequal hearers of unequal grief,  
 Y'are all ingag'd to the self same belief ;  
 Know there's a Judge, whose voice will be as free  
 To judge your words as you have judged me.

Said Zophar then, I purpos'd to refrain  
 From speaking, but thou mov'st me back again :  
 For having heard thy haughty spirit break  
 Such hasty terms, my spirit bids me speak ;  
 Hath not the change of Ages, and of Climes,  
 Taught us, as we shall our succeeding times,  
 How vain's the triumph, and how short the blaze,  
 Wherein the wicked sweeten out their days ?

Though for a while his Palms of glory flourish,  
 Yet, in conclusion they grow fear, and perish:  
 His life is like a dream, that passes o'r,  
 The eye that saw him, ne'r shall see him more :  
 The Son shall flatter, whom the Sire opprest,  
 And (poor) he shall return, what he did wrest ;  
 He shall be baited with the sins, that have  
 So smil'd upon his Childhood, to his grave ;  
 His plenty (purchas'd by oppression) shall  
 Be honey, tasted, but digested, gall :  
 It shall not bless him with prolonged stay,  
 But evilly come, it soon shall pass away ;  
 The man whose griping hath the poor opprest  
 Shall neither thrive in state, nor yet find rest  
 In soul, nought of his fulness shall remain,  
 His greedy heir shall long expect in vain ;  
 Soak't with extorted plenty, others shall  
 Squeeze him, and leave him disposses'd of all ;  
 And when his joys do in their height abound,  
 Vengeance shall strike him groaning on the ground ;  
 If swords forbear to wound him, arrows shall  
 Returning forth anointed with his gall ;  
 No shade shall hide him, and an unblown fire  
 Shall burn both him and his; Heav'n like a Crier  
 Shall blaze his shame, and Earth shall stand his foe,  
 His wandring children shall no dwelling know :  
 Behold the man's estate, whom God denies,  
 Behold thine own, pourtraicted to thine eyes.

## Meditat. XII.

CAN mercy come from bloody *Cain* ? or hath  
 His angry brow a smile ? or can his wrath  
 Be quench't with ought but righteous *Abel's* blood ?  
 Can guilty *Pris'ners* hope for any good

From the severer Judge, whose dismal breath  
 Dooms them to die, breaths nothing else, but death ?  
 Ah righteous Judge ! wherein hath man to trust ?  
 Man hath offended, and thy Laws are just ;  
 Thou frownest like a Judge, but I had rather,  
 That thou would'st smile upon me like a Father ;  
 What if thy *Esau* be austere and rough ?  
 Thou hast a *Jacob* that is smooth enough :  
 Thy *Jacob's* tender Kid brings forth a blessing,  
 While *Esau's* tedious Ven'zon is a dressing.  
 Thy face hath smiles, as well as frowns, by turns ;  
 Thy fire giveth light, as well as burns.  
 What if the Serpent stung old *Adam* dead ?  
 Young *Adam* lives, to break that Serpents head.  
 Justice hath struck me with a bleeding wound,  
 But mercy pours in Oyle to make it sound.  
 The milk-white Lamb confounds the roaring Lion ;  
 Blasted by *Sinai*, I am heald by *Sion* :  
 The Law finds guilty, and Death Judgment gives,  
 But sure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

How wretched was man's case in those dark days,  
 When Law was only read : which Law disnays,  
 And taking vantage, through the breach of it ;  
 The Letter kills, and can no way admit  
 Release by pardon ; for by Law we die.  
 Why then hop'd man without a reason, why ?  
 Although there was no Sun, their morning eyes  
 Saw by the twilight, that the Sun would rise.  
 The Law was like a misty Looking-glass,  
 Wherein the shadow of a Saviour was,  
 Treats in a darker strain, by Types and Signs,  
 And what should pass in after-days, divines.  
 The Gospel says, that he is come and dead ;  
 And thus the riddle of the Law is read.  
 Gospel is Law, the Myst'ry being seal'd ;  
 And Law is Gospel, being once reveal'd.

Experience tells us, when as birth denies  
 To man (through Natures over-fight) his eyes,  
 Nature (whose curious works are never vain)  
 Supplies them in the power of his brain :  
 So they whose eyes were barr'd that glorious sight  
 Of the *Messiah's* day, receiv'd more light,  
 (Inspired by the breath of Heaven) than they,  
 That heard the tidings of that happy day.

The man, that with a sharp contracted eye  
 Looks in a clear perspective-Glass, doth spie  
 Objects remote, which to the sense appear  
 (Through help of the perspective) seeming near :  
 So they that liv'd within the Laws dominion,  
 Did hear far off, a brute and buzz'd opinion,  
 A Saviour one day should be born ; but he  
 That had a perspective of Faith might see  
 That long expected day of joy as clear,  
 As if the triumph had been then kept there.  
 Lord, so direct me in thy perfect way,  
 That I may look, and smile upon that day :  
 O ! bathe me in his blood, sponge every stain,  
 That I may boldly sue my Counter-pain :  
 O ! make me glorious in the doom he gives,  
 For sure I am, that my Redeemer lives.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Earth's happiness is not Heavens brand :*  
*A rash recounting of Job's crimes :*  
*Job trusts him to th' Almighty's hand :*  
*God ties his judgment not to times.*

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### SECT. XIII.

**T**hen Job repli'd, O, let your patience prove,  
 You came (not to afflict me, but) in love.

Oh!

Oh ! bear with me, and hear me speak at leisure,  
My speech once ended, mock, and scoff your pleasure.  
Myst'ries I treat, not Toys ; if then I range  
A thought beyond my self, it is not strange ;  
Behold my case, and stand amaz'd, forbear me :  
Be still, and in your deeper silence hear me.  
Search you the hearts of men (my Friends) or can  
You judge the inward, by the outward man ?  
How haps the wicked then, so sound in health,  
So ripe in years, so prosperous in wealth ?  
They multiply, their house is fill'd with peace,  
They pass unplagu'd, their fruitful flocks increase,  
Their Children thrive in joyful melody,  
Prosperous they live, and peacefully they die ;  
Renounce us (God) say they (*if God there be*)  
*What need we knowledge of thy Word or Thee ?*  
*What's the Almighty, that we should adore him ?*  
*What boots our prayer, or us to fall before him ?*  
'Tis not by chance, their vain prosperity  
Crowns them with store ; or Heav'n not knowing why :  
But you affirm, *That in conclusion they*  
*Shall fall* ; But not so sudden as you say :  
But can ye limit forth the space, confine  
How long, or when their lamps shall cease to shine ?  
Will any of you undertake to teach  
Your Maker, things so far above your reach ?  
The bad man lives in plenty, dies in peace ;  
The good, as do his hours, his griefs encrease :  
Yet both the good and bad alike shall have  
Though lives much differing, yet one common grave.  
I know your mining thoughts : You will demand,  
*Where is the wicked's power ? And where stand*  
*Their lofty buildings ? Are they to be seen ?*  
Enquire of wandring Pilgrims that have been  
Experienc'd in the Road : and they'll relate  
The Princely greatness of their Tow'rs and State :

Live any more secure than they ? or who  
Dare once reprove them for the deeds they do ?  
He lives in power, and in peace he dies,  
Attended in his pompous Obsequies.

How vain are then the comforts of your breath,  
That censure goodness, or by life or death ?

Said *Eliphaz*, what then remains ? Thy tongue  
Hath quit thy self, accus'd thy God of wrong.  
Gains he by mans uprightnes ? Can man add  
To his perfection, what he never had ?

Fears he the strength of man ? Doth he torment him  
Lest that his untam'd power should prevent him ?  
What need I waste this breath ? Recall thy senses,  
And take the Inventory of thy offences :

Thou took'st the poor man's pawn, nor hast thou fed  
Thy needy brother, with thy prosp'rous bread ;  
Thy hands perverted Justice, and have spoil'd  
The hopeless widow, with her helpless child.  
Hence spring thy sorrows (*Job*;) 'Tis Justice then  
Thou should'st be plagu'd, that thus plagu'dst other men ;  
Is Heaven just ? Can Heavens just Creator

Let pass (unpunisht) sins of so high a nature ?

Hath not experience taught, that for a while,  
The wicked may exalt their Crests, and smile,  
Blow up with Insolence : but in conclusion

They fall, and good men laugh at their confusion ?

*Job*, add not sin to sin, cease to beguile

Thy self, thinking to quench thy fire with oy !

Return thee to thy Good, confess thy crimes ;

Return, and he will crown thy after-times

With former blessings, and thy riches shall

Be as the sand : for God is all in all :

His face shall welcom thee, and smile upon thee,

And cease that mischief his just hand hath done thee.

He shall be pleased with thy holy fires,

And grant the issue of thy best desires.

Job answer'd then: Although my soul be faint,  
And griefs weigh down the scale of my complaint,  
Yet would I plead my cause (which you defam'd)  
Before my Maker, and would plead, unsham'd;  
Could I but find him, I would take upon me  
To quit the censures, you have passed on me.  
His Justice hath no limits, is extended  
Beyond conceit, by man unapprehended;  
Let Heaven be Umpire, and make Arbitration  
Betwixt my guiltless heart, and your taxation:  
My Embryon thoughts, and words are all inroll'd,  
Pure will he find them, as refined gold;  
His steps I follow'd, and uprightly stood,  
His Laws have been my guide, his words my food;  
Hath he but once decreed? (alas!) there's none  
Can bar: for what he will, must needs be done;  
His will's a Law: If he have doom'd, that I  
Shall still be plagu'd, 'tis bootless to reply.  
Hence comes it, that my sore afflicted spright  
Trembles, and stands confounded at his sight;  
His hand hath struck my spirits in a maze,  
For I can neither end my griefs nor days.  
Why should not times in all things be forbid,  
When to the just, their time of sorrow's hid?  
Some move their land-marks, rob their neighbors flocks;  
Others ingage, receive the widows Ox;  
Some grind the poor, while others seek the prey;  
They reap their harvest, bear their grain away;  
Men press their oyl, and they distrain their store,  
And rend the gleanings from the hungry poor.  
The City roars, the blood which they have spent,  
Cries (unreveng'd) for equal punishment;  
Early they murther, and rob late at night,  
They trade in darkness, for they hate the light;  
They sin (unpunish'd) thriving uncontroll'd,  
And what by force they got, by force they hold.

O friends ; repeal your words, your speeches bring  
 No lawful issue, prove not any thing :  
 Your deeper wisdoms argue (in effect)  
 That God doth, or not know, or else neglect :  
 Conclude with me, or prove my words untrue,  
 I must be found the Lyer, or else you.

Meditat. *XIII.*

**T**HE wisest men that Nature e'r could boast  
 For secret knowledge of her power, were lost,  
 Confounded, and in deep amazement stood,  
 In the discovery of the chiefest good :  
 Keenly they hunted, beat in every brack,  
 Forwards they went, on either hand, and back  
 Return'd they counter ; but their deep mouth'd art,  
 (Though often challeng'd Scent, yet) ne'r could start  
 In all th' enclosures of Philosophy,  
 That game, from squat, they term, felicity :  
 They jangle, and their Maxims disagree ;  
 As many men, so many minds there be.

One digs to *Pluto's* Throne, thinks there to find  
 Her Grace, rak'd up in gold : another's mind  
 Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of honour,  
 And feather'd hopes, hopes there to seize upon her ;  
 A third unlocks the painted gate of pleasure,  
 And ransacks there, to find this peerless treasure ;  
 A fourth, more sage, more wisely melancholy,  
 Perswades himself, her Deity's too holy  
 For common hands to touch, he rather chuses  
 To make a long days journey to the Muses :  
 To *Athens* (gown'd) he goes, and from that School  
 Returns unsped, a more instructed fool.

Where lies she then? or lies she any where?  
 Honours are bought and sold, she rests not there ;

Much

Much less in pleasures hath she her abiding,  
 For they are shar'd to Beasts, and ever sliding;  
 Nor yet in virtue, virtue's often poor,  
 And (crusht with fortune) begs from door to door :  
 Nor is she sainted in the shrine of wealth;  
 That, makes men slaves, is unsecur'd from stealth ;  
 Conclude we then, *Felicity* consists  
 Not in exterior fortunes, but her lists  
 Are boundless, and her large extension  
 Out-runs the pace of humane apprehenfion,  
 Fortunes are seldom measur'd by desert :  
 The fairer face hath oft the fouler heart ;  
 Sacred Felicity doth ne'r extend  
 Beyond it self : In it all wishes end :  
 The swelling of an outward fortune can  
 Create a prosp'rous, not a happy man :  
 A peaceful Conscience is the true content,  
 And wealth is but her golden ornament.  
 I care not so my kernel relish well,  
 How flender be the substance of my shell ;  
 My heart b'ing virtuous, let my face be wan,  
 I am to God, I only seem to man.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Bildad shews man's impurity ;*  
*Job setteth forth th' Almighty's power,*  
*Pleads still his own integrity :*  
*God's Wisdom no man can discover.*

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### SECT. XIV.

**S**aid *Bildad* then, with whom dost thou contest,  
 But with thy Maker, that lives ever blest ?

His

His pow'r is infinite, man's light is dim,  
 And knowledge darkness, not deriv'd from him.  
 Say then, who can be just before him ? No man  
 Can challenge purity that's born of woman.  
 The greater Torch of Heaven in his fight  
 Shall be ashamed, and lose his purer light ;  
 Much less can man, that is but living dust,  
 And but a fairer worm, be pure and just.

Whereat *Job* thus : doth Heav'n's high judgment stand  
 To be supported by thy weaker hand ?  
 Wants he thy help ? To whom dost thou extend  
 These, these thy lavish lips, and to what end ?  
 No, he's Almighty ; and his power doth give  
 Each thing his being, and in him they live :  
 To him is nothing dark, his sovereign hands  
 Whirl round the restless Orbs, his power commands  
 The even-pois'd Earth, the water-pots of Heaven  
 He empties at his pleasure, and hath given  
 Appointed lists, to keep the waters under ;  
 The trembling skies he strikes amaz'd, with thunder :  
 These, these the Trophees of his power be.  
 Where is there ever such a God as he !

My friends, these ears have heard your censures on me,  
 And Heav'n's sharp hand doth weigh so hard upon me ;  
 So languishing in grief, that no defence  
 Seems to remain, to shield my innocence :  
 Yet while my soul a gasp of breath affords,  
 I'll not distrust my Maker, nor your words  
 Deserve, which Heaven forefend, that ever I  
 Prove true, but I'll plead guiltless till I die ;  
 While I have breath, my pangs shall ne'er perswade me  
 To wander, and revolt from him that made me.  
 E'er such thoughts spring from this confused brest,  
 Let death and tortures do their worst, their best.  
 What gains the hypocrite, although the whole  
 Worlds wealth he purchase, with the price on's soul ?

Will Heaven hear the voice of his disease ?  
 Can he repent, and turn, when e'r he please ?  
 True, God doth sometime plague with open shame  
 The wicked, often blurs he forth his name  
 From out the Earth, his children shall be slain,  
 And who survives, shall beg their bread in vain ;  
 What if his gold be heapt, the good man shall  
 Possess it, as true Master of it all ;  
 Like Moths, their houses shall they build, in doubt  
 And danger, every hour to be cast out ;  
 Besieg'd with want, their lips make fruitless moan,  
 Yet (wanting succour) be reliev'd by none ;  
 The worm of conscience shall torment his brest,  
 And he shall roar, when others be at rest ;  
 God's hand shall scourge him that he cannot flie,  
 And men shall laugh, and hiss to hear him cry.

The purest metal's hid within the mould,  
 Without is gravel, but within is gold ;  
 Man digs, and in his toil he takes a pleasure,  
 He seeks, and finds within the Turf, the treasure ;  
 He never rests unsped, but (underneath)  
 He mines, and progs, though in the fangs of death :  
 No secret (how obscure soever) can  
 Earths bosom smother, that's unsound by man ;  
 But the Divine and high Decrees of Heaven,  
 What mind can search into ? No power's given  
 To mortal man, whereby he may attain  
 The rare discovery of so high a strain :  
 Dive to the depth of darkness, and the deeps  
 Renounce this wisdom, The wide Ocean keeps  
 Her not inclos'd ; 'Tis not the purest gold  
 Can purchase it, or heaps of Silver, told ;  
 The Pearls, and peerless treasures of the East,  
 Refined gold, and gems, are all, the least  
 Of nothing, if compar'd with it, as which,  
 Earths Mass of treasure (summ'd) is not so rich ;

Where

Where rests the wisdom then ? If men enquire  
 Below, they find not her ; or if they (higher)  
 Soar with the Prince of fowls, they still despair :  
 The more they seek, the further off they are.  
 Ah friends ! how more than men ? how Eagle-ey'd  
 Are you, to see, what to the world beside  
 Was dark ? To you alone (in trust) was given  
 To search into the high Decrees of Heaven :  
 You read his Oracles, you understand  
 To riddle forth mans fortunes by his hand :  
 Your wisdoms have a priviledge to know  
 His secret smiling from his angry Brow :  
 Let shame prevent, your lips recant, and give  
 To the Almighty his prerogative ;  
 To him the searching of mens hearts belong,  
 Mans judgment sinks no deeper than the tongue ;  
 He overlooks the world, and in one space  
 Of time, his eye is fixt on every place :  
 He weighs the waters, ballances the air,  
 What e'r hath being, did his hands prepare ;  
 He wills that Mortals be not over-wise,  
 Nor judge his secrets with censorious eyes.

---

 Meditat. XIV.

**T**IS Virtue to flie Vice : there's none more stout  
 Than he that ventures to pick virtue out  
 Betwixt a brace of Vices : Dangers stand,  
 Threatning his ruine upon either hand ;  
 His Card must guide him, lest his Pinnace run  
 Upon *charybdis*, while it *Scylla* shun :  
 In moderation all Virtue lies ;  
 'Tis greater folly to be over-wise,  
 Than rudely ignorant : The golden mean  
 Is but to know enough; safer to lean

To Ignorance, than Curiosity ;  
 For Lightning blasts the Mountains that are high :  
 The first of men, from hence deserv'd his fall,  
 He sought for secrets, and found death withal :  
 Secrets are unfit objects for our eyes,  
 They blind us in beholding : He that tries  
 To handle water, the more hard he strains  
 And gripes his hand, the less his hand retains :  
 The mind that's troubled with that pleasing itch  
 Of knowing secrets, having flown a pitch  
 Beyond it self, the higher it ascends  
 And strives to know, the less it apprehends :  
 That secret-Wiseman is an open Fool,  
 Which takes a Council-chamber for a School.

The eye of man desires no farther light,  
 Than to descry the object of his sight,  
 And rests contented with the Suns reflection :  
 But (lab'ring to behold his bright complexion)  
 If it presume t'out-face his glorious light,  
 The beams bereave him, justly, of his sight :  
 Even so the mind shott'd rest in what's reveal'd,  
 But over-curious, if in things conceal'd  
 She wades too far, beyond her depth, unbounded,  
 Her knowledge will be lost; and she confounded.  
 Far safer 'tis of things tunsure to doubt,  
 Than undertake to riddle secrets out.  
 It was demanded once, what God did do  
 Before the world he framed? whereunto  
 Answer was made, *He built a Hell for such*  
*As are too curious, and would know too much.*

Who flies with *Icarus* his feathers, shall  
 Have *Icarus* his Fortune, and his fall.  
 A noble Prince, (whose bounteous hand was bent  
 To recompence his servants faith, and vent  
 The earnest of his favours) did not proffer,  
 But will'd him boldly to prevent his offer ?

Thankful he thus reply'd, *Then grant unto me  
This boon, With-hold thy Princeley secrets from me.*

That holy man, in whose familiar ear  
Heav'n oft had thundred, might not come too near :  
The temple must have Curtains ; mortal hearts  
Must rest content to see his hinder-parts.  
I care not (Lord) how far thy Face be off,  
If I but kiss thy hand, I have enough.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Job wisheth his past happiness ;  
Shew's his state present, doth confess  
That God's the Author of his grief ;  
Relates the pureness of his life.*

## SECT. XV.

**O**H ! that I were as happy as I was,  
When Heavens bright favours shone upon my  
And prosper'd my affairs, enrich'd my joys, (face,  
When all my Sons could answer to my voice ;  
Then did my store, and thriving Flocks encrease,  
Offended Justice sought my hands for peace ;  
Old men did honour, and the young did fear me,  
Princes kept silence (when I spake) to hear me,  
I heard the poor, reliev'd the widows cry,  
Orphans I succour'd, was the blind man's eye,  
The Cripple's foot, my helpless brothers drudge,  
The poor man's Father, and th' Oppressors Judge ;  
I then supposed that my days long Lease  
Would pass in plenty, and expire in peace :  
My Roots were fix'd, and my Branches sprung,  
My Glory blaz'd, my Power grew daily strong ;

I speaking, men stood mute, my speeches mov'd  
 All hearts to joy, by all men were approv'd :  
 My kindly words were welcome, as a latter  
 Rain, and were Oracles in a doubtful matter.

O sudden change! I'm turn'd a laughing-stock  
 To boys, and those that su'd to tend my Flock,  
 And such, whose hungry wants have taught their hands  
 To scrape the Earth, and dig the barren lands  
 For hidden roots, wherewith they may appease  
 Their tyrant stomachs, these (even very these)  
 Flout at my sorrows, and disdaining me,  
 Point with their fingers, and cry, *This is he* :  
 My honour's foil'd, my troubled spirit lies  
 Wide open to the worst of injuries ;  
 Where-e'r I turn, my sorrow new appears,  
 I'm vext abroad with flouts, at home with fears :  
 My soul is faint, and nights that should give ease  
 To tired spirits, make my griefs encrease :  
 I loath my Carkass, for my ripened sores  
 Have chang'd my garments colour with their coats.  
 But what is worst of worsts, (Lord) often I  
 Have cri'd to thee, a stranger to my cry,  
 Though perfect Clemency thy nature be,  
 Though kind to all, thou art unkind to me.  
 I ne'r wext pale, to see another thrive,  
 Nor e'r did let my afflicted Brother strive  
 With tears alone : but I (poor I) tormented,  
 Expect for succour, and am unlamented :  
 I mourn in silence, languish all alone :  
 As in a Desart, am reliev'd by none :  
 My sores have di'd my skin with filth, still turning  
 My joys to grief, and all my mirth to mourning.

My heart hath past Indentures with mine eye,  
 Not to behold a Maid, for what should I  
 Expect from Heaven but a deserv'd reward,  
 Earn'd by so foul a sin? for death's prepar'd,

And flames of wrath are blown for such : Doth he  
 Not know my actions, that so well knows me ?  
 If I have lent my hand to slie deceit,  
 Or if my steps have not been purely strait,  
 What I have sown, then let a stranger eat,  
 And root my plants untimely from their seat.  
 If I with lust have e'r distain'd my life,  
 Or been defiled with another's wife,  
 In equal Justice let my wife be known  
 Of all, and let me reap, as I have sown :  
 For lust, that burneth in a sinful brest,  
 Till it hath burnt him too, shall never rest.  
 If e'r my haste did treat my servant ill,  
 Without desert, making my power my will,  
 Then how should I before God's Judgment stand,  
 Since we were both created by one hand ?  
 If e'r my power wrong'd the poor man's cause,  
 Or to the widow, lengthned out the Laws :  
 If e'r (alone) my lips did taste my bread,  
 Or shut my churlish doors, the poor unfed,  
 Or bent my hand to do the Orphan wrong,  
 Or saw him naked, unapparell'd long ;  
 In heaps of Gold, if e'r I took delight,  
 Or gave Heavens worship, to the Heavenly Light,  
 Or e'r was flatt'red by my secret will,  
 Or joyed in my Adversaries Ill ;  
 Let God curse me from his glorious seat,  
 And make my plagues (if possible) more great.

Oh ! that some equal hearer now were by,  
 To judge my righteous cause : Full sure am I,  
 I shall be quitted by th' Almighty's hand.  
 What, therefore, if censorious tongues withstand  
 The judgment of my sober Conscience ?  
 Compose thy Ballads on me, yet from thence  
 My simple Innocence shall gain renown,  
 And on my head, I'll wear them, as my Crown :

To the Almighty's ear will I reveal  
 My secret ways ; to him, alone, appeal :  
 If (to conclude) the Earth could find a tongue,  
 T' impeach my guiltless hands of doing wrong :  
 If hidden wages (earn'd with sweat) do lie  
 Rak'd in her furrows, let her womb deny  
 To bless my Harvest, let her better Seeds  
 Be turn'd to Thistles, and the rest to weeds.

## Meditat. XV.

SVII O  
 T HE man whose soul is undistain'd with Ill,  
 Pure from the check of a distemper'd will,  
 Stands only free from the distracts of Care,  
 And flies a pitch above the reach of Fear :  
 His bosom dares the threatening Bow-man's Arm,  
 His wisdom sees, his Courage finds no harm ;  
 His brest lies open to the reeking Sword ;  
 The darts of swarthy *Maurus* can afford  
 Less dread, than danger to his well prepar'd  
 And setled mind, which (standing on her guard)  
 Bids mischief do the worst she can, or will,  
 For he that does no ill, deserves no ill.

Would any strive with *Sampson* for renown,  
 Whose brawny arm can strike most pillars down ?  
 Or try a fall with Angels, and prevail ?  
 Or with a Hymn unhinge the strongest Jayl ?  
 Would any from a pris'ner prove a Prince ?  
 Or with slow speech best Orators convince ?  
 Reserve he then, unstained in his brest,  
 A milk-white Conscience ; let his soul be blest  
 With simple Innocence ; The seven-fold shield  
 No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yield ;  
 The sinewy Bow, and deadly headed Lance,  
 Shall break in shivers, and the splinters glance :

Aside, returning back, from whence they came,  
And wound their hearts with an eternal shame.  
The just and constant mind, that perseveres  
Unblemish'd with false pleasures, never fears  
The bended threatenings of a Tyrant's brow ;  
Death neither can disturb, nor change his Vow ;  
Well guarded with himself, he walks along,  
When most alone he stands a thousand strong.

Lives he in weal, and full Prosperity ?  
His wisdom tells him, that he lives to die.

Is he afflicted ? Sharp afflictions give  
Him hopes of Change, and that he dies to live.

Is he revil'd and scorn'd ? He sits, and smiles,  
Knowing him happy, whom the world reviles.  
If rich, he gives the Poor, and if he live  
In poor estate, he finds rich friends to give :  
He lives an Angel in a mortal form ;  
And having past the brunt of many a storm,  
At last arriveth at the haven of Rest,  
Where that just Judge, that rambles in his brest,  
Joyning with Angels, with an Angel's voice,  
Chaunts forth sweet *Requiems* of Eternal joys.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Elihu Job reproves, reproves  
His Friend alike ; he pleads the case  
with Job in God's behalf, and moves  
Him to recant, and call for Grace.

### SECT. XVI.

**T**HUS Job his ill defended Cause adjourns,  
And silence lends free liberty of turns

To his unjust Accusers, whose bad cause  
 Hath left them grounded in too large a pause ;  
 Whereat *Elibu*, a young stander-by  
 Whose modest ears, upon their long reply  
 Did wait, his angry silence did awake.  
 And (craving pardon for his youth) bespake :  
 Young Standers-by do oftentimes see more  
 Than elder Gamesters : Y'are to blame all four :  
 Th'ones cause is bad, but with good proofs befriended,  
 The other's just and good, but ill defended :  
 Though reason makes the man, Heaven makes him wise ;  
 Wisdom in greatest Clerks not always lies :  
 Then let your silence give me leave to spend  
 My judgment, whilst your heedful ears attend.  
 I have not heard, alone, but still expected  
 To hear what more your spleens might have objected  
 Against your woful Friend, and I have found  
 Your reason's built but upon a sandy ground.  
 Flourish no Flags of Conquest : Understand,  
 That he's afflicted by th' Almighty's hand :  
 He hath not fail'd to cross your accusations ;  
 Yet I (though not with your foul exprobriations)  
 Will cross him too. I'm full, and I must speak,  
 Or, like unvented vessels, I must break ;  
 And with my tongue my heart will be reliev'd,  
 That I wells, with what my patience hath conceiv'd :  
 Be none offended, for my lips shall tread  
 That ground (without respect) as truth shall lead ;  
 God hates a flatt'ring Language ; then how can I  
 Unlikely to danger flatter any ?

Now, *Job*, to thee I speak. O let my Errant  
 Be welcom to thine ears, for truth's my warrant ;  
 They are no slender trifles that I treat  
 Of, things digested with the sacred heat,  
 But an inspired knowledge ; 'Tis no rash  
 Discharge of wrath, nor wits conceited flash ;

I'll speak, and hear thee speak, as free, for I  
Will take no vantage of thy Misery.

Thy tongue did challenge to maintain thy case  
With God, if he would veil his glorious face :  
Be I the man (though clad with clay and dust,  
And mortal like thy self) that takes the trust  
To represent his Person: thou dost term  
Thy self most just, and boldly dost affirm,  
That Heaven afflicts thy soul without a reason.

Ah *Job* ! these very words (alone) are treason  
Against th' Almighty's Will : thou oughtest rather  
Submit thy passion to him, as thy Father,  
Than plead with him, as with thy Peer. Is he  
Bound to reveal his secret Will to thee ?  
God speaketh oft to man, not understood,  
Sometimes in dreams, at other times think good  
To thunder Judgment in his drouzy ear ;  
Sometimes with hard affliction's scourge doth tear  
His wounded soul, which may at length give ease  
(Like sharper Phyfick) to his foul disease :  
But if (like pleasing Julips) he afford  
The meek Expounders of his sacred word,  
With sweet perswasions to recure his grief,  
How can his sorrows wish more fair relief ?  
Ah, then his body shall wax young and bright ;  
Heavens face that scorcht before, shall now delight.  
His tongue with Triumph shall confess to men,  
I was a Leper, but am clear agen.  
Thus, thus that Spring of mercy oftentimes  
Doth speak to man, that man may speak his crimes.  
Consider, *Job* ; my words with judgment weigh ;  
Which done, (if thou hast ought) then boldly say ;  
If otherwise, shame not to hold thy peace,  
And let thy wisdom with my words encrease.

And you, you wisemen that are silent here,  
You have to lend my lips your ripened ear ;

Let's call a parly, and the cause decide ;  
For *Job* pleads guiltless, and would fain be tri'd :  
Yet hath his boldness term'd himself upright,  
And tax'd th' Almighty for not doing right :  
His Innocence with Heaven doth he plead,  
And that unjustly he was punished :  
O Purity by Impudence suborn'd !  
He scorn'd his maker, and is justly scorn'd :  
Far be it from the heart of man, that he  
Who is all Justice, yet unjust should be.  
Each one shall reap the harvest he hath sown,  
His meed shall measure what his hands have done.  
Who is't can claim the worlds great Sovereignty ?  
Who rais'd the Rafters of the Heavens, but he ?  
If God should breathe on man, or take away  
The breath he gave him, what were man but Clay ?  
O, let thy heart th' unbridled tongue convince !  
Say, Dare thy lips defame an earthly Prince ?  
How dar'st thou then malign the King of Kings,  
To whom great Princes are but poorest things ?  
He kicks down Kingdoms, spurns th' Imperial Crown,  
And with his blast, puffs mighty Monarchs down.  
'Tis vain to strive with him, and if he strike,  
Our part's to bear, not fondly to dislike,  
(Misconstruing the nature of his drift)  
But husband his corrections to our thirst.  
If he afflict, our best is to implore  
His Blessing with his Rod, and sin no more.  
What if our torments pass the bounds of measure ?  
It unbefits our wills, to stint his pleasure.  
Judge then, and let th' impartial world advise,  
How far (poor *Job*) thy judgment is from wise :  
Nor are these speeches kindled with the fire  
Of a distempred spleen, but with desire  
T' enrich thy wisdom, lest thy fury tie  
Presumption to thy rash infirmity.

## Meditas. XVI.

**F**O R mortals, to be born, wax old, and die,  
 Lies not in Will, but bare Necessity,  
 Common to beasts, which in the self degree,  
 Hold by the self same Patent, even as we :  
 But to be wise is a diviner action  
 Of the discursive Soul, a pure abstraction  
 Of all her power, united in the Will,  
 Aiming at good, rejecting what is ill :  
 It is an influence of inspired breath,  
 Unpurchased by birth, unlost by death,  
 Entail'd to no man, no, not free to all,  
 Yet gently answers to the eager call  
 Of those, that with inflam'd affections seek,  
 Respecting tender youth and age alike :  
 In depth of days, her spirit not alway lies,  
 Years make man old, but Heaven returns him wise ;  
 Youths Innocence, nor riper ages strength  
 Can challenge her as due ; (Desired) length  
 Of days, produced to decrepit years,  
 Fill'd with experience, and grizly hairs,  
 Can claim no right, th' Almighty ne'r ingages  
 His gifts to times, nor is he bound to Ages ;  
 His quickning Spirit to Sucklings oft reveals,  
 What to their doting Grandsires he conceals ;  
 The virtue of his birth can unbewumb  
 The frozen lips, and strike the speaker dumb :  
 Who put that moving power into his tongue,  
 Whose lips did right the chaste Susanna's wrong,  
 Upon her wanton false accusers death ?  
 What secret fire inflam'd that fainting breath  
 That blasted Pharo ? Or those ruder tongues,  
 That school'd the faithless Prophet for the wrongs

He did to sacred Justice? 'matters not  
 How sleight the mean be in it self, or what  
 In our esteems, so wisdom be the message :  
 Embassadors are worthied in th' Embassage :  
 God sows his harvest to his best encrease,  
 And glorifies himself howe'r he please.

Lord, if thou wilt, (for what is hard to thee ? )  
 I may a Factor for thy Glory be,  
 Then grant that (like a faithful servant) I  
 My render back thy stock with Usury.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

*God reaps no gain by man's best deeds,  
 Man's misery from himself proceeds :  
 God's Mercy and Justice are unbounded,  
 On works of Nature man is grounded.*

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## SECT. XVII.

**E**LIBU, thus his pausing lips again  
 Disclos'd, and laid, (Ralph Job) dost thou maintain  
 A rightful cause, which in conclusion, must  
 Avow thee blameless, and thy God unjust!  
 Thy lawless words implying, that it can  
 Advantage none to live an upright man?  
 My tongue shall school thee, and thy friends, that would  
 (Perchance) refel thy reasons, if they could:  
 Behold thy glorious makers greatness, see  
 The power of his hand; Say they, can he  
 Be damag'd by thy sin, or can he raise  
 Advantage by th' uprightnes of thy ways?  
 True, the afflicted languish oft in grief,  
 And roar to Heaven (unanswer'd) for relief,

Yet

Yet is not Heaven unjust, for their fond cry  
Their sins bewails not, but their misery.  
Cease then to make him guilty of thy crimes,  
And wait his pleasure, that's not bound to times,  
Nor hears vain words. The sorrows thou art in  
Are slight, or nothing, ballanc'd with thy sin :  
Thy lips accuse thee, and thy foolish tongue,  
To right thy self, hath done th' Almighty wrong.

Hold back thine answer, let thy flowing stream  
Find passage to surround my fruitful Theam ;  
I'll raise my thoughts to plead my makers case ;  
And speak as shall befit so high a place :  
Behold, the Almighty's meek, as well as strong,  
Destroys the wicked, rights the just man's wrong,  
Mounts him to honour ; if by chance he stray,  
Instructs, and shews him where he lost his way :  
If he return, his blessings shall encrease,  
Crowning his joys with plenty and sweet peace :  
If not, th' entailed sword shall ne'r depart  
His stained house, put pierce his hardned heart ;  
Ah sinful *Job* ! these plagues had never been,  
Hadst thou been guiltless (as thou boasts) of sin :  
But thy proud lips against their Maker plead,  
And draw down heaps of vengeance on thy head :  
Look to thy self, seek not to understand  
The secret causes of th' Eternals hand ;  
Let wisdom make the best of misery,  
Know who inflicts it, ask no reason why :  
His will's beyond thy reach, and his Divine  
And sacred knowledge, far surpasseth thine.  
Ah ! rather praise him in his works, that lie  
(Wide open to the world) before thine eye ;  
His meanest Act, our highest thoughts o'r-tops,  
He pricks the Clouds, stills down the rain by drops ;  
Who comprehends the lightning, or the thunder ?  
Who sees, who hears them, unamaz'd with wonder ?

My troubled heart chills in thy quivering brest,  
 To relish these things, and is dispossess  
 Of all her powers: who ever heard the voice  
 Of th' angry Heavens, unfrighted at the noise?  
 The beast by nature daz'd with sudden dread,  
 Seeks out for covert to secure his head:  
 If God command, the dusky Clouds march forth  
 Into a Tempest; From the freezing North  
 He beckons Frost and Snow; and from the South  
 He bloweth whirl-winds with his angry mouth.  
 Presumptuous Job! if thou canst not aspire  
 So high, to comprehend these things, admire.  
 Know'st thou the progress of the rambling Clouds?  
 From mortals eyes, when gloomy darkness shrowds  
 The Lamps of Heavens? Know'st thou the reason why?  
 Canst thou unriddle Heavens Philosophy?  
 Know'st thou th' unconstant nature of the weather?  
 Or whence so many winds proceed, and whither?  
 Wert thou made privy, or a stander by  
 When God stretcht forth his spangled Canopy?  
 Submit thy self, and let these secrets teach,  
 How far his Mysteries do surmount thy reach:  
 For he's Almighty, and his sacred will  
 Is just, nor renders an unearned ill:  
 His works are objects for no soaring eyes,  
 But wherefoe'r he looks, he finds none wise.

## Meditat. XVII.

**T**HE world's an Index to Eternity,  
 And gives a glance of what our clearer eye  
 In time shall see at large; nothing's so slight  
 Which in Nature sends not forth some light,  
 Or *Memorandum* of his Makers Glory:  
 No Dust so vile, but pens an ample story

Of

Of the Almighty's power, nor is there that,  
Which gives not man just cause to wonder at,

Cast down thine eyes, behold the pregnant earth,  
(Her self but one) produceth at one birth  
A world of divers natures : From a seed  
Entirely one, things hot and cold proceed,  
She suckles with one milk, things moist and dry,  
Yet in her womb is no repugnancy.

Or shall thy reason ramble up so high,  
To view the Court of wild Astronomy ?  
Behold the Planets, round about thine ears,  
Whirling like fire-balls in their restless Spheres,  
At one self-instant moving several ways,  
Still measuring out our short, and shorter days.  
Behold the parts whereon the world confists,  
Are limited in their appointed lists,  
Without rebellion unapt to vary,  
Though being many, divers, and contrary :  
Look where we list, above, beneath, or under,  
Our eyes shall see to learn, and learn to wonder ;  
Their depth shall drown our judgments, and their height,  
Besides his wits, shall drive the prime conceit :  
Shall then our daring minds presume t'aspire  
To Heavens hid Myst'ries ? shall our thought inquire  
Into the depth of secrets unconfounded,  
When in the shore of Nature they were drowned ?

Fond man be wise, strive not above thy strength,  
Tempt not thy Bark beyond her Cables length ;  
And, like *Prometheus*, filch no sacred fire,  
Lest Eagles gripe thee : Let thy proud desire  
Suit with thy fortunes : Curious minds, that shall  
Mount up with *Phaeton*, shall have *Phaeton's* fall.  
Unbend thy bow betimes, lest thou repent  
Too late, for it will break, or else stand bent.

I'll work at home, ne'r cross the scorching Line,  
In unknown Lands to seek a hidden Mine :

Plain Bullion pleaseth me, I not desire  
 Dear Ingots from the Elixirs techy fire ;  
 I'll spend my pains (where best I may be bold)  
 To know my self, wherein I shall behold  
 The world abridg'd, and in that world, my maker,  
 Beyond which task, I wish no undertaker.

Great God, by whom it is, what-e'r is mine,  
 Make me thy Viceroy in this world of thine,  
 So clear mine eyes, that I may comprehend  
 My sleight beginning, and my sudden end.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*God questions Job, and proves that man  
 Cannot attain to things so high,  
 As divine secrets, since he can  
 Not reach to Natures ; Job's reply.*

## SECT. XVIII.

**F**orth from the bosom of a murmur'ring Cloud,  
 Heavens great Jethovah did at length unshroud  
 His Earths-amazing language, (Equally  
 Made terrible with Fear and Majesty)  
 (Challeng'd the Devil) he did undertake  
 His grumbling servant, and him thus bespake :  
 Who, who art thou, that thus dost pry in vain  
 Into my secrets, hoping to attain,  
 With murmuring, to things conceal'd from man ?  
 Say, (poor blind mortal) who art thou that can  
 Thus clear thy crimes, and dar'st (with vain applause)  
 Make me Defendant in thy sinful cause ?  
 Lo, here I am ; Engross into thy hands  
 Thy stoutest weapons : Answer my demands :  
 Say,

Say, where wert thou, when these my hands did lay  
 The worlds foundation ? canst thou tell me ? Say,  
 Was Earth not measur'd by this Arm of mine ?  
 Whose hand did aid me ? was I help'd by thine ?  
 Where wert thou, when the Planets first did blaze,  
 And in their Spheres sang forth their Makers praise ?  
 Who is't that tames the raging of the Seas,  
 And swathes them up in Mists when e'r he please ?  
 Didst thou divide the Darkness from the Light ?  
 Or knowst thou whence *Aurora* takes her flight ?  
 Didst e'r inquire into the Seas Abyss,  
 Or mark'd the Earth of what a bulk she is ?  
 Knowst thou the place where Light or Darkness springs ?  
 Can thy deep age unfold these secret things ?  
 Knowst thou the cause of Snow or Hail, which are  
 My fierce Artill'ry in my time of war ?  
 Who is't that rends the gloomy Clouds in sunder,  
 Whose sudden raptures strikes forth fire and thunder ?  
 Or who bedews the Earth with gentle showers ,  
 Filling her pregnant soil with fruits and flowers ?  
 What Father got the Rain ? From what chill womb  
 Did Frosts, and hard-congealed waters come ?  
 Canst thou restrain fair *Maia*'s course, or stint her ?  
 Or sad *Orion* ushering in the winter ?  
 Will scorching *Cancer* at thy summons come ?  
 Or Sun-burnt Autumn with her fruitful womb ?  
 Knowst thou Heavens course above, or dost thou know  
 Those gentle influences here below ?  
 Who was't inspir'd thy soul with understanding,  
 And gave thy spirit the spirit of apprehending ?  
 Dost thou command the Cisterns of the Sky  
 To quench the thirsty soil ? or is it I ?  
 Nay, let thy practice to the Earth descend,  
 Prove there, how far thy power doth extend :  
 From thy full hand will hungry Lions eat ?  
 Feedst thou the empty Rayens that cry for meat ?

See'st thou the Season, when the fearful Hind  
 Brings forth her painful birth ? Hast thou assign'd  
 The Mountain-Goat her Time ? Or is it I ?  
 Canst thou subject unto thy Sovereignty  
 The untam'd Unicorn ? Can thy hard hand  
 Force him to labour on thy fruitful Land ?  
 Didst thou enrich the Peacock with his Plume ?  
 Or did that Steel-digesting Bird assume  
 His downy Flags from thee ? Didst thou endow  
 The noble Stallion with his strength ? Canst thou  
 Quaile his proud courage ? See his angry breath  
 Puffs nothing forth, but fears summ'd up in death :  
 Mark with what pride his horny Hoofs do tabor  
 The hard resounding Earth ; with how great labor,  
 How little ground he spends : but at the noise  
 And fierce Alarm of the hoarse Trumpets voice  
 He breaks the Ranks amongst a thousand Spears  
 Pointed with death, undaunted at the fears  
 Of doubtful war, he rushes like a Ranger,  
 Through every Troop, and scorns so brave a danger.  
 Do lofty Haggards cleave the flitting Air,  
 With Plumes of thy devising ? Then how dare  
 Thy ravenous lips thus, thus at random run,  
 And countermand what I the Lord have done ?  
 Think'st thou to learn (fond mortal) thus by diving  
 Into my secrets, or to gain by striving ?  
 Plead then ; No doubt but thine will be the Day,  
 Speak (peevish Plaintiff) if thou'st ought to say.  
 Job then reply'd : Great God, I am but dust,  
 My heart is sinful, and thy hands are just ;  
 I am a Sinner (Lord) my words are wind,  
 My thoughts are vain, (Ah Father) I have sin'd :  
 Shall dust reply ? I speake too much before,  
 I'll close these lips, and never answer more.

## Meditat. XVIII.

O Glorious Light ! A light unapprehended  
 By mortal eyes ! O Glory never ended,  
 Nor e'er created, whence all Glory springs,  
 In heavenly Bodies ; and in earthly things !  
 O Power immense, derived from a will  
 Most just and able to do all, but ill !  
 O Essence pure, and full of Majesty !  
 Greatness (it self) and yet no quantity ;  
 Goodness, and without quality ; producing  
 All things from out of nothing ; and reducing  
 All things to nothing ; past all comprehending,  
 Both First and Last, and yet without an ending,  
 Or yet beginning ; filling every creature,  
 And not (it self) included ; above Nature,  
 Yet not excluded ; of it self subsisting,  
 And with it self all other things assisting ;  
 Divided, yet without division ;  
 A perfect Three, yet Three, entirely One ;  
 Both One in Three, and Three in One, together ;  
 Begetting, and begotten, and yet neither ;  
 The Fountain of all Arts confounding Art :  
 Both all in all, and all in every part ;  
 Still seeking Glory, and still wanting none,  
 Though just, yet reaping, where thou ne'er hast sown.  
 Great Majesty, since Thou art every where,  
 O, why should I misdoubt thy Presence here ?  
 I long have sought thee, but my ranging heart  
 Ne'er quests, and cannot see thee where thou art ;  
 There's no defect in thee, thy light hath shin'd,  
 Nor can be hid, (Great God) but I am blind.  
 O clear mine eyes, and with thy holy fire  
 Inflame my Breast, and edge my full desire :

Wash me with Hyssop, cleanse my stained thoughts,  
 Renew my spirit, blur forth my secret faults ;  
 Thou tak'st no pleasure in a sinners death,  
 For thou art Life, thy Mercy's not beneath  
 Thy sacred Justice. Give thy Servant power  
 To seek aright, and (having sought) discover  
 Thy glorious Presence ; Let my blemisht Eye  
 See my Salvation yet before I dye.

O then my Dust, that's bowell'd in the Ground,  
 Shall rise with triumph at the welcome Sound  
 Of my Redeemers earth-awaking Trump,  
 Unfrighted at the noise : no fallen Dump  
 Of self-confounding Conscience shall affright me,  
 For he's my Judge, whose dying blood shall quit me.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*GOD speaks to Job the second time :  
 Job yields his sin, repents his crime :  
 GOD checks his friends, restores his health,  
 Gives him new Issue, double Wealth.*

## S E C T. XIX.

**O**nce more the mouth of Heaven rapt forth a voice,  
 The troubled Firmament was fill'd with noise,  
 The Rafters of the darkned Skie did shake,  
 For the Eternal thundred thus, and spake :  
 Collect thy scattered sensēs, and advise,  
 Rouze up (fond man) and answer my replies.

Wilt thou make Comments on my Text, and trust  
 I be unrighteous, to conclude thee just?  
 Shall my Decrees be licensed by thee ?  
 What, canst thou thunder with a voice like Me?

Put on thy Robes of Majesty ; Be clad  
 With as bright Glory (*Job*) as can be had ;  
 Make fierce thy frowns, and with an angry face  
 Confound the Proud, and his high thoughts abase,  
 Pound him to Dust : Do this, and I will yield,  
 Thou art a God, and need'st no other shield.

Behold the Castle-bearing Elephant,  
 That wants no bulk, nor doth his greatness want  
 An equal strength ; Behold his massie Bones,  
 Like bars of iron, like congealed stones,  
 His knotty sinews are ; Him have I made,  
 And given him natural weapons for his aid ?  
 The Mountains bear his food, the shady Boughs  
 His Covers are, great Rivers are his Troughs,  
 Whose deep Carouses would to standers by  
 Seem at a watring to draw Jordan dry ;  
 What skilful Huntsmen can with strength out-dare him ?  
 Or with what Engines can a man ensnare him ?

Haft thou beheld the huge Leviathan,  
 That swarthy Tyrant of the Ocean ? Can  
 Thy bearded hook impierce his Gills, or make him  
 Thy landed Pris'ner ? Can thy angles take him ?  
 Will he make suit for favour from thy hands,  
 Or be entrall'd to thy fierce Commands ?  
 Will he be handled as a Bird ? or may  
 Thy fingers bind him for thy Childrens play ?  
 Let men be wise, for in his looks he hath  
 Displayed Banners of untimely death.  
 If Creatures be so dreadful, how is he  
 More bold than wise, that dares encounter Me ?  
 What hand of Man can hinder my design ?  
 Are not the Heavens, and all beneath them, mine ?  
 Dissect the greatness of so vast a Creature,  
 By view of several parts summe up his feature :  
 Like shields his Scales are plac'd, which neither art  
 Knows how to sunder, nor yet force can part.

His belching rucks forth flames, his moving Eye  
 Shines like the glory of the morning skie ;  
 His craggy Sinews are like wreaths of Brafs,  
 And from his mouth quick flames of fire pass  
 As from an Oven, the temper of his heart  
 Is like a Nether-Milstone, which no Dart  
 Can pierce, secured from the threatning Spear ;  
 Afraid of none, he strikes the world with fear :  
 The Bow-mans brawny arm sends shafts in vain,  
 They fall like stubble, or bound back again :  
 Stones are his pillow, and the Mud his Down,  
 In Earth none greater is, nor equal none,  
 Compar'd with him, all things he doth deride,  
 And well may challenge to be King of Pride.

So said, th'amazed *Job* bent down his eyes  
 Upon the ground, and (sadly) thus replies :  
 I know (Great God) there's nothing hard to Thee,  
 Thy thoughts are pure, and too too deep for me :  
 I am a fool, and my distempered wits  
 Longer out-straid my Tongue, than well befits :  
 My knowledge slumbred, while my lips did chat,  
 And like a Fool, I spake I knew not what.  
 Lord, teach me wisdom, lest my proud desire,  
 Singe her bold feathers in thy Sacred fire.  
 Mine ear hath oft been rounded with thy Story ;  
 But now these very eyes have seen thy glory.  
 My sinful word I not (alone) lament,  
 But in the horrour of my soul repent,  
 Repent with Tears in Sackcloth, mourn in Dust ;  
 I am a sinful man, and thou art just.

Thou *Eliphaz*, that mak'st my sacred Word  
 An Engine of despair, (said then the Lord)  
 Behold full Vials of my wrath attends  
 On thee, and on thy two too partial friends ;  
 For you have judg'd amiss, and have abus'd  
 My word to work your ends, falsly accus'd

My righteous Servant : Of you all there's none  
 Hath spoke uprightly, as my Job hath done.  
 Haste then (before my kindling fire begin  
 To flame) and each man offer for his sin  
 A Sacrifice, by Job my servants hand,  
 And for his sake your Offering shall withstand  
 The wages of your sins, for what can I  
 If Job, my servant, make request, deny ?

So straight they went, and (after speedy pardon  
 Desir'd and had) the righteous Job (for guerdon  
 Of his so tedious grief) obtain'd the health  
 Of a sound body, and encrease of wealth ;  
 So that the second Harvest of his store  
 Was double that which he enjoy'd before.  
 E'r this was blazed in the worlds wide ears,  
 (The frozen Breasts of his Familiars,  
 And cold Allies, being now dissolv'd in grief)  
 His backward friends came to him with relief,  
 To feed his wants, and with sad shovring eyes,  
 To moan his (yet supposed) miseries ;  
 Some brought him Sheep to bleſſ his empty Fold,  
 Some precious Ear-Rings, others Rings of Gold :  
 God bleſſ'd his Loins, from whence there sprang again  
 The number of his Children that were slain ;  
 Nor was there any in the Land so rare  
 In vertue, as his Daughters, or so fair.  
 Long after this he liv'd in peace to see  
 His Childrens Children to the fourth Degree,  
 Till at the length, cut short by Him that stays  
 For none, he dy'd in peace, and full of Days.

---

*Meditat. XIX.*

**E**vil's the defect of good, and as a shade,  
 That's but the ruines of the light decay'd ;

It hath no Being, nor is understood,  
 But by the opposition of Good  
 What then is man? whose purest thoughts are prest  
 For Satans Wars, which from the tender brest,  
 With Infant-silence have consented to  
 Such sinful deeds, as (Babes) they could not do?  
 What then is man, but Nothing, being Evil,  
 His Lunatick affections do unlevel  
 What Heaven created by just weight and measure;  
 In pleasures sink he takes a swine-like pleasure;  
 His span of life, and beauty's like a Flower,  
 Fair flourishing, and fading in an hour,  
 He breaks into the world with tears, and then  
 Departs with grief, not knowing how, nor when.  
 His life's a bubble, full of seeming bliss,  
 The more it lengthens, the more short it is;  
 Begot in darkness, he's brought forth, and cries  
 For succour, passes o'r the Stage and dies.  
 Yet, like a Mole, the Earth he undermines,  
 Making the world the forge of his designs:  
 He plots, complots, foresees, prevents, directs,  
 He hopes, he fears, he doubts, pursues, effects:  
 Each hath his plot, each one his course doth bend,  
 Each hath his project, and each one his end.  
 Thus restless man doth still his Soul molest  
 To find out (that which hath no Being) Rest;  
 Thus travels sinful man in endless toil,  
 Taking a pleasure in his own turmoil.  
 Fond man, first seek to purchase that Divine  
 And Sacred prize, and all the world is thine:  
 Great *Solomon* made suit for wisdom, and he found  
 Not (barely) Wisdom, but that wisdom crown'd  
 With Diadem of wealth, and fair encrease  
 Of Princely Honour, with long days of Peace.  
 (With safe respect, and awful reverence  
 To Myst'ries) Meditation doth commence

An earnest doubt: Was *Job's* despoiled Flock  
 Restored double? Was his former Stock  
 Renew'd with double vantage? did Heaven add  
 To all his Fortunes double what he had?  
 Yet those sweet Emblems of his dearest love,  
 (His Sons) whom death untimely did remove  
 From off the face of the unthankful Earth,  
 Why likewise sprang not they in double birth?

Bruit Beasts that perish once, are lost for ever,  
 Their substance, and their All consumes together;  
 Once having given a farewell to the light,  
 They dye, and with them is perpetual night:  
 But man (unorgan'd by the hand of Death)  
 Dies not, is but transplanted from beneath,  
 Into a fairer soil, or as a stranger  
 Brought home secure, from the worlds pleasing danger:  
*Job's* flocks were lost, and therefore double given,  
 His Issue's equal shar'd 'twixt Earth and Heaven,  
 One half in Heav'n are glorious in their doom  
 Engag'd as Pledges till the other come.  
 Great God! my time's but short, and long my way,  
 My heart hath lost her Path, and gone astray,  
 My spirit's faint and frail, my soul's impost,  
 If thou help not, I am for ever lost;  
 Though Dust and Ashes, yet I am thy Creature,  
 Howe'er my sins are great, thy mercy's greater:  
 Of nothing didst thou make me, and my sin  
 Hath turn'd me back to nothing once again:  
 Create me a new heart, (Great God) inspire  
 My cold affections with thy sacred fire:  
 Instruct my will, and rectifie my ways,  
 O teach me (Lord) to number out my days.

# The digestion of the whole *History.*

## I. In Prosperity.

**T**hou, whose *lank* fortunes Heav'n hath swell'd with  
Make not thy self, by over-wishing, poor :  
Husband that good, which else abuse makes bad,  
Abstracting where thy base desire would add :  
Lines flowing from a *Sophoclean* Quill  
Deserve no *Plaudit*, being acted ill.

## II. In Adversity.

Hath Heav'n withdrawn the *Talent* he hath given thee ?  
Hath envious Death of all thy Sons bereaven thee ?  
Have foul Diseases foil'd thee on the floor ?  
He earns no sweet, that never tasted sour :

Thou art a Scholar : If thy Tutor do  
Poe thee too hard, he will instruct thee too.

## III. In Temptation.

Art thou oppos'd to thy unequal Foe ?  
March bravely on, thy General bids thee, Go ;  
Thou art Heavens Champion to maintain his right ;  
Who calls thee forth, will give thee strength to fight,  
God seeks by Conquest thy renown ; for He  
Will win enough, Fight thou, or Faint, or Flee.

## IV. In Slander.

If Winter fortunes nip thy Summer friends,  
And tip their tongues with Censure that offends  
Thy tender Fame, despair not, but be wise,  
Know, Heaven selecteth, whom the world denies :  
Thou

Thou hast a milk-white *Thisbe* that's with thee,  
Will take thy part when all the world's against thee.

V. *In re-advancement.*

Art thou advanc'd to thy supreme desire?  
Be still the same ; Fear lower, aim no higher :  
Mans Play hath many Scenes, but in the last,  
Heaven knits up all ; to sweeten all that's past :  
Affliction is a Rod, to scourge us home,  
An' a painful earnest of a Heaven to come.

---

The End.

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And Samson said with y<sup>e</sup> jaw  
of an Af<sup>e</sup> have I slain a Thousand  
men. Judges. 15 . 16 .



If I be shaven then my strength  
will goe from me etc .  
Judges 16 . 17



this before Samson

And Samson took the doors  
of the Gate of the City and the  
two posts etc. Judg. 16. 2.



And Samson took hold of the  
two middle Pillars etc. and  
the house fell: Judg. 16. 23.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Sampson.

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By *FRANCIS QUARLES.*

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## CHAPTER

10

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## Financials

# To the R E A D E R.

THE tyranny of my Affairs was never yet so imperious, but I could steal some hours to my private Meditations; the fruits of which stolen time I here present thee with, in the History of Sampson: Wherein if thy extream severity check at any thing which thou conceivest may not stand with the Majesty of this sacred Subject; know, that my intention was not to offend my Brother: The wisest of Kings inspired by the King of Wisdom, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy Proverbs, to describe a Harlot like a Harlot; Her whorish Attire; her immodest Gesture; her bold Countenance; her flattering Tongue; her lascivious Embraces; her unchaste Kisses; her impudent Invitations: If my descriptions in the like kind, offend; I make no question but the validity of my Warrant will give a reasonable satisfaction: He that lifts not his feet high enough, may easily stumble: But on the contrary, if any be, whose worse than sacrilegious minds shall profane our harmless intentions with wanton conceits, to such I heartily wish, a Procul ite; Let none such look farther than this Epistle, at their own perils: If they do, let them put off their shooes, for this is Holy ground: Foul hands will muddle the clearest waters,

## To the Reader.

Waters, and base minds will corrupt the purest Text:  
If any offence be taken, it is by way of stealth,  
for there is none willingly given. I write to Bees,  
and not to Spiders, they wil' suck pleasing honey  
from such flowers: these may burst with their own  
poysen; but you, whose well season'd hearts are  
not distempered with either of these extremities,  
but have the better relish of a Sacred understand-  
ing; draw near and read.



**I**SING th' illustrious and renowned Story  
Of mighty Sampson; The eternal glory  
Of his Heroick Acts, his Life, his Death:  
Quicken my Muse with thy Diviner breath,  
Great God of Muses, that my prosp'r'ous Rhimes  
May live and last to everlasting times;  
That they unborn may in this sacred Story,  
Admire thy Goodness, and advance thy Glory.



THE

THE  
HISTORY  
O F  
Sampson.

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THE ARGUMENT.

*A holy Angel doth salute  
The Wife of Manoah, and enlarge  
Her barren womb with promis'd fruit  
Of both their loins. The Angel's charge.*

---

SECT. I.

Within the Tents of Zoar dwelt a man  
Of Jacob's seed, and of the Tribe of Dan,  
Known by the name of Manoah, to whom  
Heaven had deny'd the treasure of the womb ;  
His wife was barren ; and her prayers could not  
Remove that great reproach, or cleanse that blot  
Which on her fruitless name appear'd so foul,  
Not to encrease the Tribe of Dan one soul :  
Long had she, doubtless, striven with Heaven by prayrs,  
Made strong with tears and sighs ; hopes and despairs  
No doubt had often tortur'd her desire  
Upon a Rack compos'd of frost and fire :  
But Heaven was pleas'd to turn his deafned ears  
Against those pray'rs, made strong with sighs and tears.

She

She often pray'd, but pray'r could not obtain:  
 Alas, she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vain:  
 She pray'd, no doubt, but pray'r could find no room:  
 They prov'd, alas, as barren as her womb.

Upon a time (when her unanswer'd pray'r  
 Had now given just occasion of despair,  
 Even when her bed-rid faith was grown so frail,  
 That very hope grew heartless to prevail)  
 Appear'd an Angel to her; In his face  
 Terrour and sweetnes labour'd for the place:  
 Sometimes his Son-bright eyes would shine so fierce,  
 As if their pointed Beams would even pierce  
 Her soul, and strike th' amaz'd Beholder dead:  
 Sometimes their glory would disperse, and spread  
 More easie flames; and, like the Star that stood  
 O'r Bethlem, promise and portend some good:  
 Mixt was his bright aspect; as if his breath  
 Had equal errands both of life and death:  
 Glory and Mildness seemed to contend  
 In his fair eyes, so long, till in the end,  
 In glorious mildness, and in milder glory,  
 He thus salutes her with this pleasing Story:

*Woman, Heaven greets thee well: Rise up and fear not,  
 Forbear thy faithless tremblings: I appear not  
 Clad in the Vestments of consuming fire;  
 Cheer up, I have no warrant to enquire  
 Into thy sins; I have no vials here,  
 Nor dreadful Thunderbolts to make thee fear.  
 I have no Plagues t' inflict: nor is my breath  
 Charg'd with destruction; or my hand with death.  
 No, no; cheer up, I come not to destroy;  
 I come to bring thee tidings of great joy,  
 Rouze up thy dull belief; for I appear  
 To exercise thy Faith, and not thy fear;  
 The Guide, and great Creator of all things,  
 Chief Lord of Lords, and Supreme King of Kings.*

To whom an Host of men are but a swarm  
Of murmurring gnats ; whose high prevailing arm  
Can crush ten thousand Worlds, and at one blow  
Can strike the Earth to nothing, and o'rethrew  
The Lofts of Heaven ; he that hath the Keys  
Of Wombs to shut, and ope them when he please ;  
He that can all things, that he will, this day  
Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away :  
Behold thy womb's inlarg'd, and thy desires  
Shall find success : Before long time expires,  
Thou shalt conceive : Ere twice five months be run,  
Be thou the joyful Mother of a Son ;  
But see, thy wary palate do forbear  
The juyc of the bewitching grape ; Beware,  
Lest thy desires tempt thy lips to Wine,  
which must be faithful strangers to the Vine.  
Strong drink thou must not take, and all such meat  
The Law proclaims unclean, refrain to eat :  
And when the fruit of thy restored womb  
Shall see the light, take heed no Razor come  
Upon his fruitful head ; for from his birth,  
Soon as the womb entrusts him on the Earth,  
The child shall be a Nazarite to God ;  
By whose appointment he shall prove a Rod,  
To scourge the proud Philistines, and recal  
Poor suff'ring Israel from their slavish thral.

---

Meditat. I.

**H**O W impudent is Nature to account  
Those acts her own that do so far surmount  
Her easie reach ! How purblind are those eyes  
Of stupid mortals, that have power to rise  
No higher, than her Laws, who takes upon her  
The work, and robs the Author of his honour !

Seest thou the fruitful *Womb* ? how every year  
 It moves the *Cradle* ; to thy slender shear  
 Invites another guest, and makes thee Father  
 To a new son, who now, perchance, had'st rather  
 Bring up the old, esteeming propagation  
 A thankless work of supererogation.

Perchance the formal *Midwife* seems to thee  
 Less welcom now, than she was wont to be :  
 Thou stand'st amaz'd to hear such needful joy,  
 And car'st as little for it, as the boy

That's newly born into the world ; nay worse,  
 Perchance thou gramblest, counting it a curse  
 Unto thy faint estate, which is not able  
 To increase the bounty of thy slender Table ;  
 Poor miserable man what e'r thou be,  
 I suffer for thy crooked thoughts, not thee :  
 Thou tak'st thy children to be gifts of nature ;  
 Their wit, their flouring beauty, comely stature,  
 Their perfect health, their dainty disposition,  
 Their virtues, and their easie acquisition

Of curious Arts, their strengths attain'd perfection,  
 You attribute to that benign complexion,  
 Wherewith your Goddess Nature hath indow'd  
 Their well disposed Organs ; and are proud ;  
 And hear your Goddess leaves you to deplore,  
 That such admir'd perfections should be poor :  
 Advance thine eyes, no less than wilful blind,

And with thine eyes advance thy drooping mind :  
 Correct thy thoughts ; let not thy wond'ring eye  
 Adore the Servant, when the Master's by :

Look on the God of Nature : From him come  
 These underprized blessings of the womb :

He makes thee rich in children ; when his store

Crowns thee with wealth, why mak'st thou thy self poor ?

He opes the womb ; why then should'st thou repine ?

They are his children, mortal, and not thine :

We are but Keepers ; and the more he lends  
To our tuition, he the more commends  
Our faithful trust ; it is not every one  
Deserves that honour, to command his son.  
She counts it as a Fortune, that's allow'd  
To nurse a Prince : (what nurse would not be proud  
Of such a Fortune ?) And shall we repine,  
Great God, to foster any babe of thine !  
But 'tis the charge we fear ; our stock's but small ;  
If Heaven, with children, send us wherewithal  
To stop their craving stomachs, then we care not.  
Great God !  
How hast thou crackt thy credit, that we dare not  
Trust thee for bread ? How is't we dare not venture  
To keep thy babes, unless thou please to enter  
In bond for payment ? Art thou grown so poor,  
To leave thy famish'd Infants at our door ;  
And not allow them food ? Canst thou supply  
Thy empty Ravens, and let thy children dye ?  
Send me that stint thy wisdom shall think fit,  
Thy pleasure is my will ; and I submit :  
Make me deserve that honour thou hast lent  
To my frail trust, and I will rest content.

---

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The wife of Manoah attended  
with fearful hope, and hopeful fear,  
The joyful tydings recommended  
To her amazed husband's ear.*

---

#### SECT. II.

**T**hus, when the great Embassador of Heaven  
Had done that sacred service which was given,

And trusted to his faithful charge, he spread  
 His air-dividing pinions, and fled :  
 But now, th' affrighted woman apprehends  
 The strangeness of the message ; recommends  
 Both it, and him that did it, to her fears ;  
 The news was welcome to her grateful ears,  
 But what the news-man was, did so encrease  
 Her doubts, that her strange hopes could find no peace ;  
 For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,  
 O, then her fears would shake it, and destroy  
 The main foundation ; what her hopes in vain  
 Did raise, her fears would ruinate again :  
 One while she thought, it was an Angel sent ;  
 And then her fears would teach her to repent  
 That frightful thought ; but when she deeply weigh'd  
 The joyful message, then her thoughts obey'd  
 Her first conceit : Distracted with confusion,  
 Sometimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,  
 Suggested in her too believing ears ;  
 Sometimes she doubts it was a dream that bears  
 No weight, but in a slumber, till at last,  
 Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made haste  
 Unto her husband ; in whose ear she brake  
 This mind-perplexing secret, thus, and spake :

Sir,

*As my discursive thoughts did lately muse  
 On those great blessings, wherewith Heaven doth use  
 To crown his children here : among the rest,  
 Methoughts no one could make a wife more blest,  
 And crown her youth, her age with greater measure  
 Of true content, than the unprized treasure  
 Of her chaste womb : but as my thoughts were bent  
 Upon this subject, being in our Tent,  
 And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes  
 A man of God, his habit, and his guise  
 Was such as holy Prophets use to wear,  
 But in his dreadful looks there did appear*

Something that made me tremble ; in his eye  
Mildness was mixt with awful Majestie :  
Strange was his language, and I could not chuse  
But fear the man, although I lik'd his news :  
Woman (said he) Chear up, and do not fear :  
I have no Vyals, nor no judgments here :  
My hand hath no Commission, to enquire  
Into thy sins : nor am I clad in fire :  
I come to bring thee tydings of such things,  
As have their warrant from the King of Kings ;  
Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come ,  
Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy womb :  
Before the space of twice five months be run,  
Thou shalt become the Parent of a son ;  
Till then, take heed, thou neither drink nor eat  
Wines, or strong drink, or Law-forbidden meat,  
For when this promis'd Child shall see the light,  
Thou shalt be mother to a Nazarite.

While thus he spake, I trembled : Horrid fear  
Usurpt my quivering heart ; only mine ear  
Was pleas'd to be the Vessel of such news,  
Which Heaven make good, and give me strength to use  
My better faith : The holy Prophet's name  
I was afraid t' enquire, or whence he came.

---

Meditat. II.

**A**ND dost thou not admire ? Can such things  
Obtain less priviledge, than a tale, that brings  
The audience words, entermixt with pleasure ?  
Is't a small thing, that Angels can find leisure  
To leave their blessed seats, where face to face  
They see their God, and quit that heavenly place ;  
The least conception of whose joy, and mirth,  
Transcends th' united pleasures of the Earth ?

Must Angels leave their Thrones of glory thus,  
To watch our footsteps, and attend on us ?  
How good a God have we ! whose eyes can wink,  
For fear they should discover the base sink  
Of our loath'd sins ; how doth he stop his ear,  
Lest when they call for Justice, he should hear ?  
How often, ah, how often doth he send  
His willing Angels, hourly to attend  
Our steps ; and with his bounty, to supply  
Our helpless wants, at our false-hearted cry ?  
The bounteous Ocean with a liberal hand,  
Transports her laden treasure to the land ;  
Enriches every Port, and makes each Town  
Proud with that wealth, which now she calls her own ;  
And what return they for so great a gain,  
But sinks and noison gutters, back again ?  
Even so (great God) thou send'st thy blessings in,  
And we return thee Dunghils of our sin :  
How are thy Angels hackney'd up and down  
To visit man ? How poorly do we crown  
Their blessed labours ? They with joy dismount  
Laden with blessings, but return th' account  
Of filth and trash ; they bring th' unvalued prize  
Of grace and promis'd glory, while our eyes  
Disdain these heavenly Factors, and refuse  
Their profer'd wares ; affecting more to chuse  
A grain of pleasure, than a gem of glory ;  
We find no treasure, but in transitory  
And earth-bred toyes, while things immortal stand  
Like garments to be sold at second hand :  
Great God, thou know'st we are but flesh and blood ;  
Alas ! we can interpret nothing good,  
But what is evil, deceitful are our joys,  
We are but children, and we whine for toys ;  
Of things unknown there can be no desire ;  
Quicken our hearts with the Celestial fire

Of rhy discerning Spirit, and we shall know  
Both what is good, and good desire too.

Vouchsafe to let thy blessed Angel come,  
And bring the tydings, that the barren womb  
Of our affections is inlarg'd ; O ! when  
That welcom news shall be revealed, then  
Our souls shall soon conceive, and bring thee forth  
The firstlings of a new, and holy birth.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Manoah's wonder turns to zeal ;  
His zeal, to pray'r : his pray'r's obtain :  
The Angel that did late reveal  
The joyful news, returns again.*

---

### SECT. III.

**N**ow when th' amazed woman had commended  
Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended,  
Perplexed *Manoah*, ravish'd at the news,  
Within himself he thus began to muse :  
*Strange is the message ! and as strangely done !*  
Shall *Manoah*'s loins be fruitful ? Shall a son  
Bless his last days ? Or shall an issue come  
From the chill Closet of a barren womb ?  
Shall *Manoah*'s wife give suck ? and now, at last,  
Find pleasure, when her prime of youth is past ?  
Shall her cold womb be now, in age restor'd ?  
And was't a Man of God, that brought the word ?  
Or was't some false delusion, that possest  
The weakness of a lonely woman's breast ?  
Or was't an Angel, sent from Heaven, to show  
What Heaven hath will, as well as pow'r, to do.

Till then thou must refrain to drink, or eat  
 Wines and strong drink, and Law-forbidden meat:  
 Evil Angels rather would instruct to Ryot,  
 They use not to prescribe so strict a Dyet,  
 No, no, I make no further question of it,  
 'Twas some good Angel, or some holy Prophet.  
 Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face  
 Upon the ground; and (prostrate in the place,  
 Where first he heard the welcom tydings) pray'd  
 (His wonder now transform'd to zeal) and said:

Great God, thou hast ingag'd thy self by Vow,  
 When e'r thy little Israel begs, to bow  
 Thy gracious ear, O hearken to the least  
 Of Israel's sons, and grant me my request:  
 By thee I live and breathe: Thou didst become  
 My gracious God, both in, and from the womb;  
 Thy precious favours I have still possest,  
 And have depended on thee from the breast:  
 My simple infancy hath been protected  
 By thee, my childhood taught, my youth corrected,  
 And sweetly chastned with thy gentle Rod;  
 I was no sooner, but thou wert my God:  
 All times declare thee good; this very hour  
 Can testifie the greatness of thy power.  
 And promptness of thy mercy which hast sent  
 This blessed Angel to us, to augment  
 The Catalogue of thy favours, and restore  
 Thy servants womb, whose hopes had even given o're  
 T' expect an issue: What thou hast begun,  
 Prosper, and perfect, till the work be done:  
 Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave  
 A Boon, too great for me to beg, or have:  
 Let that blest Angel, that thou sent'st of late  
 Re-bless us with his presence, and relate  
 Thy will at large, and what must then be done,  
 When time shall bring to light this promis'd son.

About that time, when the declining lamp  
Trebles each shadow : when the evening damp  
Begins to moisten, and refresh the land ;  
The wife of *Manoah* (under whose command  
The weaned lambs did feed) being lowly seated  
Upon a shrub (where often she repeated  
That pleasing news, the subject of her thought)  
Appear'd the Angel : he, that lately brought  
Those blessed tydings to her : Up she rose ;  
Her second fear had warrant to dispose  
Her nimble footsteps to unwonted haste ;  
She runs with speed (she cannot run too fast)  
At length she finds her husband ; in her eyes  
Were joy and fear ; whil'st her lost breath denies  
Her speech to him, her trembling hands make signs ;  
She puffs and pants ; her breathless tongue disjoins  
Her broken words : *Behold, behold* (said she)  
*The man of God (if man of God he be)*  
*Appear'd again : These very eyes behold*  
*The man of God : I left him in our field.*

---

*Meditat. III.*

**H**ead'n is God's Magazin ; wherein he hath  
Stor'd up his Vyals both of love, and wrath.  
Justice and Mercy wait upon his Throne ;  
Favours and Thunderbolts attend upon  
His sacred will and pleasure ; life and Death  
Do both receive their influence from his breath ;  
Judgments attend his left ; at his right hand  
Blessings and everlasting pleasure stand :  
Heav'n is the Magazin ; wherein he puts  
Both good and evil ; Pray'r is the Key, that shuts  
And opens this great treasure ; 'tis a Key,  
Whose wards, are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Wouldst

Would'st thou prevent a judgment due to sin ?  
 Turn but the Key, and thou may'st lock it in :  
 Or would'st thou have a blessing fall upon thee ?  
 Open the door and it will shewr on thee.

Can Heav'n be false ? or can th' Almighty's tongue,  
 That is all very truth, do truth that wrong,  
 Not to perform a vow ? His lips have sworn,  
 Sworn by himself, that if a sinner turn  
 To him by pray'r, his pray'r shall not be lost  
 For want of ear, nor his desire, crost.

How is it then we often ask, and have not ?  
 We ask, and often miss, because we crave not  
 The things we should : His wisdom can foresee  
 Those blessings better, that we want, than we.  
 Hast thou not heard a peevish Infant baul,  
 To gain possession of a Knife ? And shall  
 The indulgent Nurse be counted wisely kind,  
 If she be mov'd to please his childish mind ?

Is it not greater wisdom to deny  
 The sharp-edg'd Knife, and to present his eye  
 With a fine harmles Puppit ? we require  
 Things, oft, unfit ; and our too fond desire  
 Fastens on goods, that are but glorious ills ;  
 Whil'st Heav'n's high wisdom contradicts our wills,  
 With more advantage, for we oft receive  
 Things that are far more fit, for us, to have ;  
 Experience tells, we seek, and cannot find :  
 We seek, and often want, because we bind  
 The giver to our times. He knows we want  
 Patience ; and therefore he suspends his grant,  
 T' encrease our faith, that so we may depend  
 Upon his hand ; he loves to hear us spend  
 Our childish mouths : Things easily obtain'd  
 Are lowly priz'd ; but what our prayers have gain'd  
 By tears and groans, that cannot be exprest,  
 Are far more dear, and sweeter, than possest.

Great God ! whose power hath so oft prevail'd  
Against the strength of Princes, and hast quail'd  
Their prouder stomach ; with thy breath discrown'd  
Their heads, and thrown their Scepters to the ground,  
Striking their swelling hearts with cold despair,  
How art thou conquer'd and o'recome by pray'r !  
Infuse that Spirit, great God, into my heart,  
And I will have a blessing e'r we part.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Manoah desires to know the fashion  
And breeding of his promis'd Son :  
To whom the Angel makes relation  
Of all things needful to be done.*

---

### S E C T. IV.

**W**ITH that her Husband rose, and being guided  
By his perplexed wife, they both divided  
Their heedless paces till they had attain'd  
The field, wherein the *Man of God* remain'd :  
And, drawing nearer to his presence, stay'd  
His weary steps, and with obeysance said :  
*Art thou the man, whose blessed lips foretold  
Those joyful tydings ? Shall my tongue be bold,  
Without the breach of manners, to request  
This boon ? Art thou that Prophet that possest  
This barren woman, with a hope, that she  
Shall bear a son ?* He answered, *I am he :*  
Said *Manoah* then, *Let not a word of thine  
Be lost ; let them continue to divine  
Our future happiness, let them be crown'd  
With truth, and thou with honour, to be found*

*A holy Prophet ; let performance bless  
And speed thy speeches with a fair success :  
But tell me Sir, when this great work is done,  
And time shall bring to light this promis'd son,  
What sacred Ceremonies shall we use ?  
What Rites ? what way of breeding shall we chuse  
T' observe ? what holy course of life shall he  
Be trained in ? what shall his office be ?  
Whereat th' attentive Angel did divide  
The portal of his lips, and thus reply'd :*

*The Child, that from thy fruitful loins shall come,  
Shall be a holy Nazarite from the womb ;  
Take heed, that womb, that shall inclose this child,  
In no case be polluted or defil'd  
With Law-forbidden meats : Let her forbear  
To taste those things that are forbidden there,  
The bunch-backt Camel shall be no repast  
For her ; her palate shall forbear to taste  
The burrow-hunting Coney ; and decline  
The Swift-foot Hare, and Mire-delighting Swine ;  
The striping Goshawk ; and the towring Eagle ;  
The particolour'd Pye must not inveagle  
Her lips to move ; the brood-devouring Kite ;  
The croaking Raven ; th' Owl that hates the light ;  
The steel-digesting bird ; the lazy Snail ;  
The Cuckow, ever telling of one tale ;  
The fish-consuming Osprey, and the Want  
That undermines the greedy Cormorant ;  
Th' indulgent Pelican, the predictious Crow ;  
The chatring Stork, and ravenous Vultur too ;  
The thorn-backt Hedghog, and the prating Jay,  
The Lapwing flying still the other way ;  
The lofty flying Falkon, and the Mouse,  
That finds no pleasure in a poor man's house ;  
The suck-egg Weasel, and the winding Swallow,  
From these she shall abstain, and not unhallow*

Her opned lips with their polluted flesh ;  
Strong drink she must forbear, and to refresh  
Her lingring palate, with lust-breeding Wine ;  
The Grapes or what proceedeth from the Vine  
She must not taste, for fear she be defil'd ;  
And so pollute her womb-enclosed child :  
When time shall make her Mother of a Son,  
Beware no keen edg'd Razor come upon  
His hallowed Crown : the hair upon his head  
Must not be cut : his bounteous locks must spread  
On his broad shoulders : from his first drawn breath  
The child shall be a Nazarite, to his Death.

---

*Meditat. I V.*

What shallow judgment, or what easie brain  
Can choose but laugh at those that strive in vain  
To build a Tower, whose ambitious Spire  
Should reach to Heaven ? what fool would not admire  
To see their greater folly, who would raise  
A Tower, to perpetuate the praise  
And lasting glory of their renowned Name ?  
What have they left, but monuments of shame ?  
How poor and slender are the enterprises  
Of man, that only whispers and advises  
With heedless flesh and blood, and never makes  
His God, of counsel, where he undertakes !  
How is our God, and we of late fain out !  
We rather choose to languish in our doubt,  
Than be resolv'd by him : we rather use  
The help of hell-bred wizards that abuse  
The stile of wise men, than to have recourse  
To him that is the fountain and the source  
Of all good counsels, and from whom procegs  
A living Spring, to water all our needs :

How

How willing are his Angels to descend  
 From off their Throne of glory, and attend  
 Upon our wants ! how oft return they back  
 Mourning to Heaven, as if they griev'd for lack  
 Of our employment ! O how prone are they  
 To be assistant to us, every way !  
 Have we just cause to joy ? they'll come and sing  
 About our beds : Does any judgment bring  
 Just cause of grief ? they'll fall a grieving too ;  
 Do we triumph ? their joyful mouth will blow  
 Their louder Trumpets ; Or do fears affect us ?  
 They'll guard our heads from danger, and protect us :  
 Are we in prison, or in persecution ?  
 They'll fill our hearts with joy, and resolution :  
 Or do we languish in our sickly beds ?  
 They'll come and pitch their tents about our heads ;  
 See they a sinner penitent, and mourn  
 For his bewail'd offences ; and return ?  
 They clap their hands, and joyn their warbling voyces,  
 They sing, and all the Quire of Heaven rejoices.

What is in us poor dust and ashes, Lord,  
 That thou shouldest look upon us, and afford  
 Thy precious favours to us, and impart  
 Thy gracious Counsels ? what is our desert,  
 But death and horror ? what can we more claim  
 Than they, that now are scorching in that flame,  
 That hath not moderation, rest, nor end ?  
 How does thy mercy, above thought extend  
 To them thou lov'st : Teach me (great God) to prize  
 Thy sacred Counsels, open my blind eyes,  
 That I may see to walk the perfect way ;  
 For as I am, Lord, I am apt to stray  
 And wander to the gulf of endless woe :  
 Teach me what must be done, and help to do.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Manoah desires to understand ;  
But is deny'd the Angel's Name.  
He offers by the Angel's hand :  
The Angel vanishes in a flame.

---

### SECT. V.

**S**O said, The son of Israel, eas'ly apt  
To credit, what his soul desir'd, and rapt  
With better hopes which serv'd him as a guide  
To his belief (o'rejoy'd) he thus reply'd ;  
Let not the Man of God, whose heavenly voyce  
Hath blest mine ear, and made my soul rejoice  
Beyond expression, now refuse to come  
Within my Tent, and honour my poor home  
With his desired presence ; there to taste  
His servants slender diet, and repast  
Upon his Rural fare : These hands shall take  
A tender Kid from out the flocks, and make  
(Without long tarriance) some delightful meat  
Which may invite the Man of God to eat :  
Come, come (my Lord) and what defect of food  
Shall be, thy servant's welcom shall make good ;  
Whereto the Angel (who as yet had made  
Himself unknown) re-answer'd thus, and said :  
Excuse me ; though thy hospitable love  
Prevail to make my stay, it cannot move  
My thankful lips to taste thy liberal cheer,  
Let not thy bounty urge in vain ; Forbear  
To strive with, whom thy welcom cannot lead  
To eat thy Kid, or taste thy proser'd bread ;

Convert thy bounty to a better end,  
 And let thy undefiled hands commend  
 A burnt oblation to the King of Kings ;  
 'Tis he that deserves thanks ; his servant brings  
 But that bare message, which his lips enjoin ;  
 His be the glory of the Act, not mine.

Said then the Israelite, If my desire  
 Be not too over-rash, but may conspire  
 With thy good pleasure, let thy servants ear  
 Be honour'd with thy Name, that whensoe'er  
 These blessed tidings (that possess my heart  
 With firm belief) shall in due time impart  
 Their full perfection, and deser'd success  
 To my expecting eye, my soul may bless  
 The tongue that brought the message, and proclaim  
 An equal honour to his honour'd name.

To whom the Angel (whose severer brow  
 Sent forth a frown) made answer ; Do not thou  
 Trouble thy busie thoughts with things that are  
 Above thy reach ; enquire not too far ;  
 My name is cloath'd in mists ; 'tis not my task  
 To make it known to thee ; nor thine, to ask.  
 With that the Damite took a tender Kid,  
 And said, my Lord, The Tribe of Dan's forbid  
 To burn an offering ; only Levites may,  
 And holy Prophets ; if thou please to lay  
 The sacrifice on yonder sacred stone,  
 I'll fetch the fire, for fire there is none :  
 Forbear thy needless pains (the Angel said)  
 Heaven will supply that want ; with that he laid  
 The offering on ; and, from the stone, there came  
 A sudden fire, whose high-ascending flame  
 Burnt and consum'd th' acceptable Sacrifice ;  
 Nor whil'st the amaz'd beholders wondring eyes  
 Were taken Captives with so strange a sight,  
 And whil'st the new-wrought miracle did affright

Their

Their trembling hearts, the Man of God (whose name  
Must not b' inquired) vanish't in the flame,  
And left them both unable to expound  
Each others fears ; both groveling on the ground.

---

*Meditat. V.*

**A** Thankful heart hath earn'd one favour twice,  
But he that is ungrateful, wants no vice :  
The beast, that only lives the life of Sense,  
Prone to his several actions, and propense  
To what he does, without th' advice of will,  
Guided by Nature, (that does nothing ill)  
In practick *Maxims*, proves it a thing hateful,  
T' accept a favour, and to live ungrateful :  
But man, whose more diviner soul hath gain'd  
A higher step to reason ; nay, attain'd  
A higher step than that, the light of grace,  
Comes short of them, and in that point, more base  
Than they, most prompt and versed in that rude,  
Unnatural, and high sin, *Ingratitude* :  
The stall-fed Oxe, that is grown fat, will know  
His careful feeder, and acknowledge too :  
The prouder Stallion will at length espy  
His Masters bounty, in his Keepers eye ;  
The Air-dividing Falkon will requite  
Her Faulkners pains with a well-pleasing flight :  
The generous Spaniel loves his Masters eye ;  
And licks his fingers though no meat be by ;  
But Man, ungrateful Man, that's born and bred  
By Heav'n's immediate pow'r ; maintain'd and fed  
By his providing hand ; observ'd, attended  
By his indulgent grace ; preserv'd, defended  
By his prevailing arm ; this Man, I say,  
Is more ungrateful, more obdure than they ;

By him we live and move, from him we have  
 What blessings he can give, or we can crave :  
 Food for our hunger, Dainties for our pleasure ;  
 Trades, for our business ; Pastimes, for our leisure ;  
 In grief, he is our Joy ; in want, our Wealth ;  
 In bondage, Freedom ; and in sickness, Health ;  
 In peace, our Council ; and in war, our Leader ;  
 At Sea, our Pilot ; and in Suits, our Pleader ;  
 In pain, our Help ; in triumph, our Renown ;  
 In life, our Comfort ; and in death, our Crown ;  
 Yet man, O most ungrateful Man, can ever  
 Enjoy the gift, but never mind the Giver ;  
 And like the Swine, though pamper'd with enough,  
 His eyes are never higher, than the Trough :  
 We still receive ; our hearts we seldom lift  
 To Heaven ; but drown the Giver in the Gift ;  
 We taste the Scallops, and return the Shells :  
 Our sweet Pomegranates want their Silver Bells :  
 We take the Gift : the hand that did present it  
 We oft reward ; forget the Friend that sent it.  
 A blessing given to those, will not disburse  
 Some thanks, is little better than a curse.  
 Great Giver of all blessings, thou that art  
 The Lord of Gifts, give me a grateful heart ;  
 O give me that, or keep thy favors from me !  
 I wish no blessings, with a Vengeance to me.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Affrighted Manoah and his wife,  
 Both prostrate on the naked Earth :  
 Both rise : The man despairs of life ;  
 The woman cheers him : Sampson's birth.*

---

S E C T. II.

W<sup>H</sup>EN time (whose progress mod'rates and out-wears  
Th' extreameſt paſſions of the highest fears)  
By his benignant power, had re-inlarg'd  
Their captive ſenes, and at length diſcharg'd  
Their frightened thoughts, the trembling couple roſe  
From their unquiet, and diſturb'd repoſe :  
Have you beheld a *Tempeſt*, how the waves,  
(Whose unrefiſted tyranny out-braves  
And threats to grapple with the darkned Skies).  
How like to moving Mountains they arife  
From their diſtemp'red *Ocean*, and aſſail  
Heav'n's Battlements ; nay, when the winds do fail  
To breathe another blaſt, with their own motion,  
They ſtill are ſwelling, and diſturb the *Ocean* :  
Even ſo the Danite and his trembling wife,  
Their yet conuſed thoughts are ſtill at ſtrife  
In their perplexed breasts, which entertain'd  
Continued fears too ſtrong to be refrain'd :  
Speechleſſ they stood, till *Manoah* that brake  
The silence first, diſcloſ'd his lips, and ſpake :  
*what ſtrange aſpect was this ; that to our fight*  
*Appear'd ſo terrible, and did affright*  
*Our ſcattering thoughts ? what did our eyes behold ?*  
*I fear our lavish tongues have been too bold :*  
*What ſpeeches paſt between us, Canſt recal*  
*The words we entertain'd the time withal ?*  
*It was no man ; It was no flesh and blood ;*  
*Methought mine ears did tingle, while he stood*  
*And commun'd with me : at each word he ſpake,*  
*Methought my heart recoil'd ; his voyee did ſhake*  
*My very ſoul ; but when as he became*  
*So angry, and ſo dainty of his name,*

*O, how my wonder-smitten heart began  
To fail ! O then I knew it was no man :  
No, no, it was the face of God ; our eyes  
Have seen his face : (who ever saw't, but dies ?)  
we are but dead, death dwells within his eye,  
And we have seen't, and we shall surely die ;  
Whereto the woman (who did either hide,  
Or else had overcome her fears) reply'd ;*

*Despairing Man ! take courage, and forbear  
These false predictions ; there's no cause of fear :  
Would heaven accept our offerings, and receive  
Our holy things ; and, after that, bereave  
His servants of their lives ? Can he be thus  
Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us ?  
Hath he not promis'd that the time shall come,  
Wherein the fruits of my restored womb  
Shall make thee Father to a hopeful son ;  
Can Heaven be false ? Or can these things be done  
When we are dead ? No, no, his holy breath  
Had spent in vain, if they had meant our death :  
Recal thy needless fears ; Heaven cannot lie ;  
Although we saw his face, we shall not die.  
So said, they brake off their discourse, and went,  
He to the field, and she into her Tent.  
Thrice forty days not full compleat, being come  
Within th' enclosure of her quick'ned womb,  
The Babe began to spring ; and with his motion  
Confirm'd the faith, and quick'ned the devotion  
Of his believing parents, whose devout  
And Heaven-ascending Orisons, no doubt  
Were turn'd to thanks, and heart-rejoicing praise,  
To holy Hyinns and heavenly Roundelaies :  
The child grows sturdy, every day gives strength  
Unto his womb-fed limbs ; till at the length  
Th' apparent Mother having past the date  
Of her account, does only now await*

The happy hour, wherein she may obtain  
Her greatest pleasure, with her greatest pain.  
When as the fair directress of the night  
Had thrice three times repair'd her waining light,  
Her womb no longer able to retain  
So great a guest, betraid her to her pain,  
And for the toilsome work, that she had done,  
She found the wages of a new-born Son:  
*Sampson* she call'd his name ; the child encreast,  
And hourly suckt a blessing with the breast,  
Daily his strength did double : he began  
To grow in favour both with God and man :  
His well-attended Infancy was blest  
With sweetness ; In his child-hood he exprest  
True seeds of honour ; and his youth was crown'd  
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd  
His honour'd name ; his courage was supply'd  
With mighty strength : his haughty spirit defi'd  
An hoast of men, his power had the praise  
bove all that were before, or since his dayes :  
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoyn'd  
So strong a body with so stout a mind.

---

*Meditat. V I.*

**H**ow precious were those blessed dayes wherein  
Souls never startled at the name of Sin !  
When as the voyce of death had never yet  
A mouth to open or to claim a debt !  
When bashful nakedness forbare to call  
For needless skin to cover shame withal !  
When as the fruit-encreasing earth obey'd  
The will of man, without the wounding spade,  
Or help of Art ! when he, that now remains  
A cursed Captive to infernal Chains,

State singing Anthems in the Heavenly Quire,  
 Among his fellow Angels ! when the Briar,  
 The fruitless Bramble, the fast growing weed,  
 And downy Thistle had, as yet, no seed !  
 When labour was not known, and man did eat  
 The earths fair fruits, unearned with his sweat !  
 When wombs might have conceiv'd, without the stain  
 Of sin, and brought forth children without pain !  
 When Heaven could speak to man's unfrighted ear  
 Without the sense of Sin-begotten fear !  
 How golden were those dayes ! How happy than  
 Was the condition, and the state of Man !  
 But Man obey'd not : and his proud desire  
 Sing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fire :  
 But man transgrest ; and now his freedom feels  
 A sudden change : Sin follows at his heels :  
 The voice calls *Adam* ; but poor *Adam* flees,  
 And, trembling, hides his face behind the trees ;  
 The voice, while-e'r, that ravisht with delight  
 His joyful ear, does now, alas, affright  
 His wounded Conscience with amaze and wonder :  
 And what of late was musick, now is thunder.  
 How have our sins abus'd us ! and betray'd  
 Our desperate souls ! what strangeness have they made  
 Betwixt the great Creator, and the work  
 Of his own hands ! How closely do they lurk  
 To our distempered souls, and whisper fears  
 And doubts into our frightened hearts and ears !  
 Our eyes cannot behold that glorious face,  
 Which is all life, un-ruin'd in the place :  
 How is our nature chang'd, that every breath  
 Which gave us being, is become our death !  
 Great God ! O, whither shall poor mortals flee  
 For Comfort ? if they see thy face, they die ;  
 And if thy life-restoring count'nce give  
 Thy presence from us, then we cannot live.

How necessary is the ruine than,  
And misery of sin-beguiled Man !  
On what Foundation shall his hopes rely ?  
See we thy face, or see it not, we dye :

O let thy word (great God) instruct the youth,  
And frailty of our faith ; thy word is truth :  
And what our eyes want power to perceive,  
O let our hearts admire, and believe.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Sampson at Timnah falls in love  
And fancies a Philistine Maid :  
He moves his parents : They reprove  
His sinful choice : dislike, dissuade.*

---

### S E C T. VII.

**N**O W when as strong limb'd *Sampson* had dispos'd  
His trifling thoughts to children, and disclos'd  
His bud of child-hood, which being over-grown,  
And blossom of his youth so fully blown,  
That strength of nature now thought good to seek  
Her entertainment on his downy cheek,  
And with her manly bounty did begin  
To uneffeminate his smoother chin,  
He went to *Timnah*, whither did resort  
A great concourse of People, to disport  
Themselves with pastime ; or perchance, to shew  
Some martial Feats (as they were wont to do ; )  
Scaffolds were builded round-about, whereon  
The crown of eye-delighted lookers on  
Where closely pil'd : as *Sampson's* wandring eye  
Was running up and down, he did espy

A comely Virgin beautiful, and young,  
 Where she was seated midst the gazing throng :  
 The more he view'd, the more his eye desir'd  
 To view her face, and as it view'd, admir'd ;  
 His heart, inflam'd ; his thoughts were all on fire,  
 His passions all were turn'd into desire ;  
 Such were his looks, that she might well descry  
 A speaking Lover in his sparkling eye :  
 Sometimes his reason bids his thoughts beware,  
 Lest he be catcht in a Philistine snare ;  
 And then, his thwarting passion would reply,  
 Fear not to be a prisoner to that eye :  
 Reason suggests ; 'tis vain to make a choice,  
 Where Parents have an over-ruling voice :  
 Passion replies, that fear and filial duty  
 Must serve affection, and subscribe to beauty ;  
 Whilst reason faintly mov'd him to neglect,  
 Prevailing Passion urg'd his soul t' affect :  
 Passion concludes ; Let her enjoy thy heart :  
 Reason concludes ; but let thy tongue impart  
 Thy affection to thy Parents, and discover  
 To them thy thoughts : with that the wounded Lover,  
 (Whose quick divided paces had out-run  
 His lingring heart) like an observant Son,  
 Repairs unto his Parents ; fully made  
 Relation of his troubled thoughts, and said :  
*This day, at Timnah to these wretched eyes,*  
*Being taken captive with the novelties*  
*Which entertain'd my pleased thoughts, appear'd*  
*A fairer object ; which hatb so endear'd*  
*My very soul, (with sadness so distrest)*  
*That this poor heart can find no ease, no rest ;*  
*It was a Virgin, in whose heavenly face,*  
*Unpattern'd beauty, and diviner Grace*  
*Were so conjoyn'd, as if they both conspir'd*  
*To make one Angel ; when these eyes enquir'd*

SIR,

Intp

Into the excellency of her rare perfection,  
They could not chuse but like, and my affection  
Is so enflamed with desire, that I  
Am now become close prisoner to her eye :  
Now if my sad petition may but find  
A fair success to ease my tortur'd mind ;  
And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove  
As prone to pity mine, as mine to love,  
Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,  
And be the husband of so fair a wife.

Whereto th' amazed Parents, (in whose eye  
Distaste and wonder percht) made this reply :  
What strange-desire ? What unadvis'd request  
Hath broken loose from thy distracted brest ?  
what ! Are the Daughters of thy brethren grown  
So poor in worth, and beauty ? It there none  
To please that over-curious eye of thine,  
But th' issue of a cursed Philistine ?  
Can thy miswandering eyes chuse none, but her  
That is the child of an Idolater ?

Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soul rejoyce  
In lawful beauty, make a wiser choice.

How well this counsel pleas'd the tyred ears  
Of love-sick Sampson, O, let him that bears  
A crost affection, judge : Let him discover  
The woful case of his afflicted Lover :  
What easie pencil can well represent

His very looks ? How stern his brows were bent :  
His drooping head : his very port and guise :  
His bloodless cheeks, and deadness of his eyes ;  
Till, at the length, his moving tongue betray'd  
His sullen lips to language, thus, and said :

Th' extream affection of my heart does lead  
My tongue (that's quick'ned with my love) to plead ;  
What if her Parents be not circumcis'd ?  
Her Issue shall ; and she perchance advis'd

S I R,

To worship Israels God, and to forget  
 Her Fathers House ; Alas she is as yet  
 But young ; her downy years are green and tender :  
 She's but a twig, and time may eas'ly bend her  
 To imbrace the truth : Our Counsels may controul  
 Her sinful breeding, and so save a soul.  
 Nay, who can tell, but Heaven did recommend  
 Her beauty to these eyes for such an end ?  
 O, lose not that which Heaven is pleas'd to save :  
 Let Sampson then obtain, as well as crave ;  
 You gave me being, then prolong my life,  
 And make me husband to so fair a wife.  
 With that the Parents joyn'd their whisp'ring heads ;  
 Sampson observes, and, in their parley, reads  
 Some Characters of hope ; the Mother smiles ;  
 The Father frowns ; which, Sampson reconciles  
 With hopeful fears ; she smiles, and smiling crowns  
 His hopes ; which he deposes with his frowns :  
 The whispering ended, joynly they display'd  
 A half resolved countenance, and said,  
 Sampson, suspend thy troubled mind a while,  
 Let not thy over-charged thoughts recoil :  
 Take heed of Shipwreck ; Rocks are near the Shore ;  
 We'll see the Virgin, and resolve thee more.

---

*Meditat. VII.*

**L**ove is a noble passion of the heart ,  
 That with its very essence doth impart  
 All needful Circumstances, and effects  
 Unto the chosen party ; it affects  
 In absence, it enjoys ; and with an eye  
 Fill'd with Cœlestial fire, doth espy  
 Objects remote : It joys, and smiles in grief ;  
 It sweetens poverty ; it brings relief ;

It gives the feeble strength ; the coward, spirit ;  
The sick man, health ; the undeserving, merit ;  
It makes the proud man, humble ; and the stout  
It overcomes, and treads him under foot ;  
It makes the mighty man of war to droop ;  
And him to serve, that never, yet, could stoop ;  
It is a fire, whose Bellows are the breath  
Of Heaven above, and kindled here beneath :  
'Tis not the power of a man's election,  
To love, he loves not by his own direction ;  
It is not beauty, not benign aspect,  
That always moves the Lover, to affect ;  
These are but means : heavens pleasure is the cause :  
Love is not bound to reason, and her Laws  
Are not subjected to th' imperious will  
Of man : It lies not in his power to nill :  
How is this Love abus'd ! That's only made  
A snare for wealth, or to set up a trade ;  
T' enrich a great man's table, or to pay  
A desperate debt ; or meerly to allay  
A base and wanton lust ; which done, no doubt,  
The love is ended, and the fire out :  
No ; he that loves for pleasure, or for pelf,  
Loves truly none ; and saifly, but himself :  
The pleasure past, the wealth consum'd and gone,  
Love hath no subject now to work upon :  
The props being fain, that did support the roof,  
Nothing but rubbish, and neglected stuff,  
Like a wild *Chaos* of Confusion, lies  
Pretenting useless ruines to our eyes :  
The Oyl that does maintain Loves sacred fire,  
Is vertue mixt with mutual desire  
Of sweet society, begun and bred  
Ith' soul, nor ended in the Marriage bed :  
This is the dew of *Hermon*, that does fill  
The soul with sweetnes, watering *Sions* hill ;

This is that holy fire, that burns and lasts  
 Till quencht by death; the other are but blasts,  
 That faintly blaze, like Oyl-forsaken snuffs,  
 Which every breath of discontentment puffs,  
 And quite extinguishes ; and leaves us nothing,  
 But an offensive subject of our loathing.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*He goes to Timnah : As he went :*  
*He slew a Lion by the way :*  
*He sues, obtains the Maids consent :*  
*And they appoint the Marriage-day.*

---

## SECT. VIII.

**W**HEN the next day had with his morning light  
 Redeem'd the East from the dark shades of night ;  
 And with his golden rayes, had over-spread  
 The neighb'ring Mountains ; from his loathed bed  
 Sick-thoughted Sampson rose, whose watchful eyes  
 Morphæus that night had, with his leaden keys  
 Not power to close : his thoughts did so incumber  
 His restless Soul, his eyes could never slumber :  
 Whose softer language by degrees did wake  
 His Fathers sleep-bedeafned ears, and spake :

*Sir, Let your early blessings light upon  
 The tender bosom of your proff'r'ous Son,  
 And let the God of Israel repay  
 Those blessings double, on your head, this day ;  
 The long since banisht shadows make me bold  
 To let you know, the morning waxes old ;  
 The Sun-beams are grown strong ; their brighter blaw  
 Have broke the mists, and dry'd the morning dew ;*

The sweetness of the Season does invite  
Your steps to visit Timnah, and acquire  
Your last nights promise.

With that the Danite and his wife arose,  
Scarce yet resolv'd, at last they did dispose  
Their doubtful paces to behold the prize  
Of Sampson's heart, and pleasure of his eyes;  
They went, and when their travel had attain'd  
Those fruitful hills, whose clusters entertain'd  
Their thirsty pallats and their swelling pride,  
The musing Lover being stept aside  
To gain the pleasure of a lonely thought,  
Appear'd a full ag'd Lion, who had sought  
(But could not find) his long desired prey ;  
Soon as his eye had given him hopes to pay  
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault  
His empty stomach found, he made assault  
Upon th' unarmed Lovers breast, whose hand  
Had neither staffe nor weapon to withstand  
His greedy rage ; but he whose mighty strength,  
Or sudden death must now appear, at length  
Stretcht forth his brawny arm, (his arm supply'd  
With power from Heaven) did with ease divide  
His body limb from limb, and did betray  
His flesh to Fowls, that lately sought his prey :  
This done, his quick redoubled paces make  
His stay amends, his nimble steps o'retake  
His leading Parents, who by this, discover  
The smoke of Timnah : now the greedy Lover  
Thinks every step a mile ; and every pace  
A measur'd league, until he see that face,  
And find the treasure of his heart that lies  
In the fair Casket of his Mistress eyes :  
But all this while close Sampson made not known  
Unto his Parents, what his hands had done :  
By this the gate of Timnah entertains

The welcom travellers : The parents pains  
 Are now rewarded with their Son's best pleasure :  
 The Virgin comes ; his eyes can find no leisure,  
 To own another object : O, the greeting  
 Th' impatient Lovers had at their first meeting !  
 The lover speaks ; she answers ; he replies ;  
 She blushes ; he demandeth ; she denies ;  
 He pleads affection ; she doubts ; he sues  
 For nuptial loves ; she questions ; he renewes  
 His earnest suit : importunes ; she relents ;  
 He must have no denial ; she consents ;  
 They pass their mutual loves : their joyned hands  
 Are equal earnest of the nuptial bands :  
 The Parents are agreed ; all parties pleas'd ;  
 The day's set down ; the Lovers hearts are eas'd ;  
 Nothing displeases now, but the long stay  
 Betwixt th' appointment, and the Marriage day.

---

*Meditat. VIII.*

**T**'IS too severe a censure : If the Son  
 Take him a wife ; the marriage fairly done,  
 Without consent of Parents (who perchance  
 Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t' advance  
 His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)  
 He lives a Fornicator ; she, a Whore :  
 Too hard a censure ! And it seems to me,  
 The Parent's most delinquent of the three :  
 What if the better minded Son do aim  
 At worth ? what if rare vertues do inflame  
 His rapt affection ? what if the condition  
 Of an admir'd, and dainty disposition  
 Hath won his soul ? whereas his covetous Father  
 Finds her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,  
 T' an old worn widow, whose more weighty purse  
 Is fill'd with Gold, and with the Orphans curse ;

The sweet exuberance of whose ful-mouth'd portion  
Is but the cursed issue of extortion ;  
Whose worth, perchance, lies only in her weight  
Or in the bosom of her great estate ;  
What if the son (that dares not care to buy  
Abundance at so dear a rate) deny  
The soul-detesting proffer of his Father,  
And in his better judgment chooses, rather  
To match with meaner Fortunes, and desert ?  
I think that *Mary* chose the better part.

What noble Families (that have out-grown  
The best Records) have quite been overthrown  
By wilful parents, that will either force  
Their Sons to match, or haunt them with a curse,  
That can adapt their humours, to rejoice,  
And fancy all things, but their childrens choice !  
Which makes them, often, timorous to reveal  
The close desires of their hearts, and steal  
Such matches, as, perchance, their fair advice  
Might, in the bud, have hindered in a trice ;  
Which done, and past, O, then their hasty spirit  
Can think of nothing, under *Dis-inherit* ;  
He must be quite discarded, and exil'd ;  
The furious Father must renounce his Child :  
Nor Pray'r, nor Blessing must he have; bereaven  
Of all ; nor must he live, nor die forgiven.  
When as the Father's rashness, oftentimes,  
Was the first causer of the Childrens crimes.

Parents, be not too cruel: Children do  
Things, oft, too deep for us t' enquire into :  
What Father would not storm, if his wild Son  
Should do the deed that *Sampson* here had done ?  
Nor do I make it an exemplar aſt,  
Only, let Parents not be too exact  
To curse their Children, or to dispossess  
Them of their blessings, Heaven may chance to bleſs :

Be not too strict : Fair language may recure  
 A fault of youth, whilst rougher words obdure.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

Sampson goes down to celebrate  
*His Marriage and his Nuptial Feast :*  
*The Lion, which he slew of late*  
*Hath bony in his putrid breast.*

---

### SECT. IX.

W<sup>E</sup>n as the long expected time was come,  
 Wherin these lingring Lovers would consumme  
 The promis'd marriage, and observe the rites  
 Pertaining to those festival delights ;  
 Sampson went down to Timnah ; there t' enjoy  
 The sweet possession of his dearest joy :  
 But as he past those fruitful Vineyards, where  
 His hands of late acquit him of that fear,  
 (Wherewith the fierce assaulting Lion quail'd  
 His yet unpractis'd courage) and prevail'd  
 Upon his life, as by that place he past,  
 He turn'd aside, and borrow'd of his hastle  
 A little time, wherein his eyes might view  
 The Carkase of the Lion which he slew ;  
 But when his wandring footsteps had drawn near  
 The unlamented Herse, his wondring ear  
 Perceiv'd a murmur'ring noise, discerning not  
 From whence that strange confusio[n] was, or what ;  
 He stays his steps, and hearkens ; still the voice  
 Presents his ear with a continued noise ;  
 At length, his gently moving feet apply  
 Their paces to the Carkase, where his eye

Discerns a swarm of Bees, whose laden thighs  
Repos'd the burthens, and the painful prize  
Of their sweet labour, in the hollow Chest  
Of the dead Lion, whose unbowl'd brest  
Became their plenteous store-house, where they laid  
The best increase of their laborious trade ;  
The fleshy Hive was fill'd with curious Combes,  
Within whose dainty wax-divided rooms  
Were shops of honey, whose delicious taste  
Did sweetly recompence th' adjourned haste  
Of lingring *Sampson*, who does now repay  
The time he borrowed from his better way,  
And with renewed speed and pleasure flies,  
Where all his soul-delighting treasure lies ;  
He goes to *Timnah*, where his heart doth find  
A greater sweetness, than he left behind ;  
His hasty hands invite her gladder eyes  
To see, and lips to taste that obvious prize,  
His interrupted stay had lately took,  
And as she tasted, his fixt eyes would look  
Upon her varnisht lips, and there discover  
A sweeter sweetness to content a Lover :  
And now the busie Virgins are preparing  
Their costly Jewels, for the next dayes wearing ;  
Each lap is fill'd with flowers to compose  
The nuptial Garland, for the Brides fair brows :  
The cost-neglecting Cooks have now encreast  
Their pastry dainties to adorn the feast ;  
Each willing hand is lab'ring to provide  
The needful ornaments to deck the Bride.

But now, the crafty *Philistines* for fear  
Lest *Sampson's* strength (which startled every ear  
With dread and wonder) under that pretence,  
Should gain the means to offer violence,  
And through the shew of nuptial devotion,  
Should take advantages to breed commotion ;

Or left his Popular power by coaction  
 Or fair entreats, may gather to his faction  
 Some loose and discontented men of theirs,  
 And so betray them to suspected fears ;  
 They therefore to prevent ensuing harms,  
 Gave strict command, that thirty men of arms,  
 Under the mask of Bridemen, should attend  
 Until the nuptial Ceremonies end.

---

*Meditat. I X.*

**H**OW high, unutterable, how profound,  
 ( Whose depth the lines of knowledge cannot  
 Are the Decrees of the Eternal God ! [sound])  
 How secret are his ways, and how untrod  
 By man's conceit, so deeply charg'd with doubt !  
 How are his counsels past our finding out !  
 O how unscrutable are his designs !  
 How deep, and how unsearchable are the Mines  
 Of his abundant wisdom ! how obscure  
 Are his eternal judgments ! and how sure !  
 Lists he to strike ? the very stones shall flie  
 From their unmov'd foundations, and destroy.  
 Lists he to punish ? Things that have no sense  
 Shall vindicate his quarrel, on th' offence :  
 Lists he to send a plague ? the winters heat,  
 And summers damp, shall make his will compleat :  
 Lists he to send the sword ? Occasion brings  
 New jealousies betwixt the hearts of Kings :  
 Wills he a famine ? Heaven shall turn to brass,  
 And Earth to Iron, till it come to pass :  
 Both stocks, and stones, and plants, and beasts fulfil  
 The secret counsel of his sacred will.  
 Man, only wretched man, is disagreeing  
 To do that thing, for which he had his being :

Sampson must down to *Tinnah* ; in the way  
Must meet a Lyon, whom his hands must slay ;  
The Lyons putrid Carkass must inclose  
A swarm of Bees ; and from the Bees, arose  
A Riddle ; and that Riddle must be read,  
And by the reading, Choler must be bred,  
And that must bring to pass God's just designs  
Upon the death of the false *Philistines* :  
Behold the progress, and the Royal Gests  
Of Heavens high vengeance ; how it never rests,  
Till, by appointed courses, it fulfill  
The secret pleasure of his sacred Will.

Great Saviour of the world ; thou Lamb of *Sion*  
That hides our sins ; that art the wounded Lyon :  
O, in thy dying body, we have found  
A world of honey ; whence we may propound  
Such sacred Riddles, as shall underneath  
Our feet, subdue the power of Hell and Death :  
Such mysteries, as none but he that plough'd  
With thy sweet Heifer's able to uncloud ;  
Such sacred mysteries, whose eternal praise  
Shall make both Angels, and Archangels raise  
Their louder voices, and in triumph sing  
All glory and honour to our highest King,  
And to the Lamb that sits upon the Throne ;  
Worthy of power, and praise is he alone.  
Whose glory hath advanc'd our Key of mirth,  
Glory to God on high, and peace on Earth.

---

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The bridegroom at his nuptial Feast*  
*To the Philistines doth propound*  
*A Riddle : which they all address*  
*Themselves in council, to expound.*

## SECT. X.

**N**O W when the glory of the next dayes light  
 Had chas'd the shadows of the tedious night,  
 When coupling *Hymen* with his nuptial bands,  
 And golden fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands,  
 When jolly welcom had to every guest,  
 Expos'd the bounty of the marriage feast ;  
 Their now appeased stomachs did enlarge  
 Their captive tongues, with power to discharge  
 And quit their table-duty, and disburse  
 Their store of interchangeable discourse.  
 Th' ingenious Bridegroom turn'd his rolling eyes  
 Upon his guard of Bridemen, and applies  
 His speech to them : And whil'st that every man  
 Lent his attentive ear, he thus began ;

*My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound ;  
 I have a doubtful Riddle to propound ;  
 Which if your joyned wisdoms can discover,  
 Before our seven days feasting be past over,  
 Then thirty sheets, and thirty new supplies  
 Of Raiment shall be your deserved prize :  
 But if the seven days feast shall be dissolv'd,  
 Before my darkned Riddle be resolv'd,  
 Ye shall be all ingaged to resign  
 This like to me, the vict'ry being mine :  
 So said : the Bridemen, whose enchanged eyes  
 Found secret hopes of conquest, thus replies :*

*Propound thy Riddle : Let thy tongue dispatch  
 Her cloudy errand : we accept the match.  
 With that the hopeful Challenger convay'd  
 His Riddle to their hearkning ears, and said ;*

The Riddle.

*Our food, in plenty, doth proceed  
From him that us'd to eat;  
And he, whose custome was to feed,  
Does now afford us meat :  
A thing, that I did lately meet,  
As I did pass along,  
Afforded me a dainty sweet,  
Yet was both sharp and strong.*

The doubtful *Riddle* being thus propounded,  
They muse ; the more they mus'd, the more confounded :  
One rounds his whisp'ring neighbour in the ear,  
Whose lab'ring lips deny him leave to hear :  
Another trusting rather to his own  
Conceit, fits musing, by himself, alone :  
Here two are closely whisp'ring, till a third  
Comes in, nor to the purpose speaks a word :  
There sit two more, and they cannot agree  
How rich the cloaths, how fine the sheets must be :  
Yonder stands one, that musing, smiles ; no doubt  
But he is near it, if not found it out ;  
To whom another rudely rushes in,  
And puts him quite besides his thought again :  
Here three are whisp'ring, and a fourths intrusion  
Spoils all, and puts them all into confusion :  
There sits another in a chair so deep  
In thought, that he is nodding fast asleep,  
The more their busie fancies do endeavour,  
The more they erre ; now farther off than ever :  
Thus when their wits, spurr'd on with sharp desire,  
Had lost their breath, and now began to tire,  
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her strength,  
And weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length

Present a new exploit: Craft must supply  
 Defects of wit; their hopes must now rely  
 Upon the frailty of the tender Bride;  
 She must be mov'd, persuasions may attain;  
 If not, then rougher language must constrain:  
 She must disclose the Riddle, and discover  
 The bosom secrets of her faithful Lover.

---

*Meditat. X.*

**T**HERE is a time, to laugh; a time, to turn  
 Our smiles to tears: there is a time to mourn:  
 There is a time for joy, and a time for grief;  
 A time to want, and a time to find relief;  
 A time to bind, and there's a time to break;  
 A time for silence, and a time to speak;  
 A time to labour, and a time to rest;  
 A time to fast in, and a time to feast:  
 Things, that are lawful, have their time, and use;  
 Created good, and, only by abuse,  
 Made bad: Our sinful usage does unfashion  
 What Heaven hath made, and makes a new creation:  
 Joy is a blessing, and too great excess  
 Makes joy a madness, but does quite unblesse  
 So sweet a gift; And, what by moderate use,  
 Crowns our desires, banes them in th' abuse:  
 Wealth is a blessing, but too eager thirst  
 Of having more, makes that we have, accurst:  
 Rest is a blessing; but when Rest withstands  
 The healthful labour of our helpful hands,  
 It prov'ès a curse, and stains our guilt with crime,  
 Betrays our irrecoverable time:  
 To feast, and to refresh our hearts with pleasure,  
 And fill our souls with th' overflowing measure  
 Of Heavens blest bounty, cannot but commend  
 The precious favours of so sweet a friend;

But

But when th' abundance of a liberal diet,  
Meant for a blessing, is abus'd by Riot,  
Th' abused blessing leaves the gift, nay, worse,  
It is transform'd, and turn'd into a curse :  
Things that afford most pleasure in the use,  
Are ever found most harmful in th' abuse :  
Use them like Masters, and their tyrannous hand  
Subjects thee, like a slave, to their command :  
Use them as servants, and they will obey thee ;  
Take heed, they'l either bleis thee, or betray thee.

Could our fore-Fathers but revive, and see  
Their Childrens feasts as now adays they be :  
Their studied dishes, their restoring stufte,  
To make their wanton bodies sin enough ;  
Their stomach-whetting Sallats to invite  
Their wasteful palate to an appetite ;  
Their thirst-procuring dainties, to refine  
Their wanton tastes, and make them strong for wine ;  
Their costly viands, charg'd with rich perfume ;  
Their Viper-wines, to make old age presume  
To feel new lust, and youthful flames agin,  
And serve another prentiship to sin :  
Their time-betraying musick ; their base noise  
Of odious Fidlers ; wth their smooth-fac'd boys,  
Whose tongues are perfect, if they can proclaim  
The quintessence of basenels, without shame ;  
Their deep-mouth'd curses, new-invented oaths,  
Their execrable blasphemy, that loaths,  
A mind to think on ; their obscener words,  
Their drunken quarrels, their unsheathed swords :  
O how they'd bless themselves, and blush for shame,  
In our behalfs, and haste from whence they came,  
To kiss their graves, that hid them from the crimes  
Of these accursed and prodigious times !

Great God ! O, can thy patient eye behold  
This height of sin, and can thy vengeance hold ?

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The Philistines cannot unsolve  
The Riddle ; They corrupt the Bride :  
She woes her Bridegroom to resolve  
Her doabt ; but goes away deny'd.*

## SECT. XI.

**N**ow when three dayes had run their hours out,  
And left no end for wit-forsaken doubt  
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers  
Conjoyn'd their whisp'ring heads (being all partakers,  
And joint-advisers in their new laid plot)  
The time's concluded : have ye not forgot  
How the old Tempter, when he first began  
To work th' unhappy overthrow of Man,  
Accosts the simple woman , and reflects  
Upon the frailty of her weaker Sex ;  
Even so these curs'd *Philistians* (being taught  
And tutor'd by the self-same spirit) wrought  
The self-same way ; their speedy steps are bent  
To the fair Bride ; their haste could give no vent  
To their coarcted thoughts ; their language made  
A little respite ; and at length they said :

*Fairest of Creatures : Let thy gentle heart  
Receive the Crown due to so fair desert :  
We have a suit, that must attend the leisure  
Of thy best thoughts, and joy restoring pleasure ;  
Our names and credit linger at the stake  
Of deep dishonour ; if thou undertake,  
With pleasing language, to prevent the loss,  
They must sustain, and draw them from the dross*

Of their own ruins, they shall meerly owe  
Themselves unto thy goodness, and shall know  
No other Patron, and acknowledge none  
As their Redeemer, but thy love alone :  
We cannot read the Riddle, whereunto  
We have engag'd our goods, and credits too ;  
Entice thy jolly Bridegroom to unfold  
The hidden mystery (what can be withhold  
From the rare beauty of so rare a brow ?)  
And when thou know'st it, let thy servants know :  
What ? dost thou frown ? and must our easie tryal,  
At first, read Hieroglyphicks of denial ?  
And art thou silent too ? Nay, we'll give o'r  
To tempt thy Bridal fondness any more :  
Betray your lovely husband's secrets ? No,  
You'll first betray us, and our Land : But know,  
Proud Sampson's wife, our furies shall make good  
Our loss of wealth and honour in thy blood :  
Where fair intreaties spend themselves in vain,  
There fire shall consume, or else constrain.  
Know then, false-hearted Bride, if our request  
Can find no place within thy full'rn brest,  
Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,  
And burn thy Father's house, and thee, with fire.  
Thus having lodg'd her errand in her ears,  
They left the room ; and her unto her fears :  
Who thus bethought ; Hard is the case, that I  
Must or betray my husband's trust, or die ;  
I have a Wolf by th' ears : I dare be bold,  
Neither with safety to let go, nor hold :  
What shall I do ? Their minds if I fulfil not,  
'Tis death, and to betray his trust I will not,  
Nay, should my lips demand, perchance his breath  
Will not resolve me ; then no way but death :  
The wager is not great ; rather the strife  
Were ended in his loss, than in my life ;

His life consists in mine, if ought amiss  
 Befal my life, it may endanger his :  
 Wagers must yield to life ; I hold it best,  
 Of necessary evils to choose the least :  
 Why doubt I then ? when reason bids me do,  
 I'll know the *Riddle*, and betray it too.  
 With that she quits her chamber with her cares,  
 And in her closet locks up all her fears :  
 And with a speed untainted with delay,  
 She found that breast, wherein her own heart lay :  
 Where, resting for a while, at length did take  
 A fair occasion to look up, and spake :

*Life of my soul, and loves perpetual treasure,*  
*If my desires be suiting to thy pleasure,*  
*My lips would move a suit ; my doubtful brest*  
*Would fain prefer an undeny'd request :*  
*Speak then (my joy) Let thy fair lips expound*  
*That dainty *Riddle*, whose dark pleasure crown'd*  
*Our first days feast ; Enlighten my dull brain,*  
*That ever since hath mus'd, and mus'd in vain :*  
*Who, often smiling on his lovely Bride,*  
*That longs to go away resolv'd, reply'd :*

*Joy of my heart, let not thy troubled brest*  
*Take the denial of thy small request,*  
*As a defect of love ; excuse my tongue*  
*That must not grant thy suit, without a wrong*  
*To resolution, daring not discover*  
*The hidden myst'ry, till the time be over ;*  
*Cease to importune then, what cannot be ;*  
*My Parents know it not, as well as thee :*  
*In ought but this, thy suit shall overcome me ;*  
*Excuse me then, and go not angry from me.*

*Meditat. XI.*

**H**O W apprehensive is the heart of man  
Of all, and only those poor things that can  
Lend him a minutes pleasure, and appay  
His sweat but with the happiness of a day !  
How can he toil for trifles, and take pain  
For fading goods, that only entertain  
His pleased thoughts with poor and painted shewes ;  
Whose joy hath no more truth, than what it owes  
To change ! how are the objects of his musing  
Worthleſſ, and vain, that perish in the using ?  
How reasonable are his poor desires,  
The height of whose ambition but aspires  
To flitting shadows, which can only crown  
His labour, with that nothing of their own !  
We feed on husks, that might as well attain  
The fatted Calf, by coming home again :  
And, like to *Esau*, while we are suppressing  
Our present wants, neglect and lose the blesſing ;  
How wise we are for things, whose pleasure cools  
Like breath ; for everlasting joys, what fools !  
How witty, how ingeniously wise  
To save our credits, or to win a prize ?  
We plot ; our brows are studious : first we try  
One way ; if that succeed not, we apply  
Our doubtful minds to attempt another course :  
We take advice ; consult, our tongues discourse  
Of better ways, and what our failing brains  
Cannot effect with fair and fruitleſſ pains ,  
There crooked fraud must help ; and lie deceit  
Must lend a hand, which by the potent sleight  
Of right forsaking bri'bry, must betray  
The prize into our hands, and win the day :

Which

Which if it fail (it does but seldom fail)  
 Then open force and fury must prevail :  
 When strength of wit, and secret power of fraud  
 Grow dull, constraint must conquer, and applaud  
 With ill-got vict'ry ; which at length obtain'd,  
 Alas how poor a trifle have we gain'd !

How are our souls distempered, to engross  
 Such fading pleasures ! To o'rprise the dross,  
 And under-rate pure gold ! For painted joyes,  
 To sell the true, and Heaven it self for toyes !

Lord, clarifie mine eyes, that I may know  
 Things that are good, from what is good in show ;  
 And give me wisdom, that my heart may learn  
 The diff'rence of thy favours, and discern  
 What's truely good, from what is good in part ;  
 With *Martha's* trouble give me *Maries* heart.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Bride she begs, and begs in vain :*  
*But like to a prevailing wooer,*  
*She sues, and sues, and sues again ;*  
*At last he reads the Riddle to her.*

### SECT. XII.

**W**hen the next morning had renew'd the day,  
 And th' early twilight now had chas'd away  
 The pride of night, and made her lay aside  
 Her spangled Robes, the discontented Bride,  
 (Whose troubled thoughts were tyred with the night,  
 And broken slumbers long had wifht for light)  
 With a deep sigh her sorrow did awake  
 Her drowsie Bridegroom, whom she thus bespake ;

O, if thy love could share an equal part  
In the sad griefs of my afflicted heart,  
Thy closed eyes had never in this sort,  
Been pleas'd with rest, and made thy night so short :  
Perchance, if my dull eyes had slumbered too,  
My dreams had done, what thou deny'd to do :  
Perchance, my fancy would have been so kind  
To unsolve the doubts of my perplexed mind,  
'Twas a small suit that thy unlucky Bride  
Must light upon : Too small to be denied :  
Can love so soon — ? But ere her lips could spend  
The following words, he said, Suspend, suspend,  
Thy rash attempt, and let thy tongue dispense  
With forc'd denial : Let thy lips commence  
Some greater suit, and Sampson shall make good  
Thy fair desires with his dearest blood :  
Speak then, my love, thou shalt not wish, and want ;  
Thou canst not beg, what Sampson cannot grant :  
Only in this excuse me, and refrain  
To beg, what thou, perforce, must beg in vain.

Inexorable Sampson : Can the tears  
From those fair eyes, not move thy deafned ears ?  
O can those drops, that trickle from those eyes  
Upon thy naked bosom, not surprize  
Thy neighb'ring heart, and force it to obey ?  
O can thy heart not melt, as well as they ?  
Thou little think'st thy poor afflicted wife  
Importunes thee, and woes thee for her life :  
Her suit's as great a Riddle to thine ears,  
As thine to hers : O, these distilling tears  
Are silent pleaders, and her moistned breath  
Would fain redeem her from the gates of death :  
May not her tears prevail ? alas, thy strife  
Is but for wagers ; Hers, poor soul, for life.

Now when this day had yielded up his right  
 To the succeeding Empress of the night,  
 Whose soon-deposed reign did re-convey  
 Her Crown and Scepter to the new-born day,  
 The restless Bride (fears cannot brook denial)  
 Renews her suit, and attempts a further tryal ;  
 Entreats, conjures, she leaves no way untry'd ;  
 She will not ; no, she must not be deny'd :  
 But he (the portal of whose marble heart  
 Was lockt and barr'd against the powerful art,  
 Of oft repeated tears) stood deaf and dumb ;  
 He must not ; no, he will not be o'rcome.

*Poor Bride ; How is thy glory overcast !*  
*How is the pleasure of thy Nutpials past*  
*when scarce begun ! Alas, how poor a breath*  
*Of Joy, must puff thee to untimely death !*  
*The day's at hand, whereon thou must untye*  
*The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must dye.*

Now, when that day was come, wherein the feast  
 Was to expire ; the Bride (whose pensive breast  
 Grew sad to death) did once more undertake  
 Her too resolved Bridegroom thus, and spake :

*Upon these knees, that prostrate on the floor,*  
*Are lowly bended, and shall ne'r give o'r*  
*To move thy goodness, that shall never rise,*  
*Until my suit find favour in thine eyes ;*  
*Upon these naked knees, I here present*  
*My sad request : O let thy heart relent ;*  
*A Sutor sues, that never su'd before ;*  
*And she begs now, that never will beg more.*  
*Hast thou vow'd silence ? O remember, how*  
*Thou art ingaged by a former Vow.*  
*Thy heart is mine ; the secrets of thy heart*  
*Art mine ; why art thou dainty to impart*

*Mine own to me ? Then give me leave to sue  
For what my right may challengc as her due ;  
Unfold thy Riddle then, that I may know,  
Thy love is more, than only love in show.*

The Bridegroom thus enchanted by his Bride,  
Unseal'd his long kept silence, and reply'd ;  
*Thou sole and great Commandress of my heart,  
Thou hast prevail'd ; my bosom shall impart  
The sum of thy desires, and discharge  
The faithful secrets of my soul, at large ;*

Know then (my joy) upon that very day  
I first made known my affection, on the way  
I met, and grappled with a sturdy Lion,  
Having no staff nor weapon to relie on,  
I was inforc'd to prove my naked strength ;  
Unequal was the match, but at the length  
This brawny arm receiving strength from him  
That gave it life, I tore him lim from lim,  
And left him dead : now when the time was come,  
Wherein our promis'd Nuptials were to sum,  
And perfect all my joys, as I was coming  
That very way, a strange confused humming,  
Not distant far, possest my wondring ear,  
Where, guided by the noise, there did appear  
A swarm of Bees, whose busie labours fill'd  
The carkas of that Lion which I kill'd,  
With combs of honey, wherewithal I fed  
My lips and thine : And now my Riddle's read.

---

*Meditat. XI.*

**T**HE soul of man, before the taint of Nature,  
Bore the fair Image of his great Creator ;  
His understanding had no cloud : His will  
No cross : That, knew no error ; This, no ill :

But

But man transgreſt ; and by his woful fall ;  
 Lost that fair Image, and that little All  
 Was left, was all corrupt ; his understanding  
 Exchang'd her Object ; Reason left commanding ;  
 His memory was depraved, and his will  
 Can find no other ſubject now, but ill :  
 It grew diſtemper'd, left the righteous rein  
 Of better Reason, and did entertain  
 The rule of paſſion, under whose command  
 It ſuffereth Shipwrack, upon every Sand :  
 Where it ſhould march, it evermore retires ;  
 And what is moſt forbiſt, it moſt deſires :  
*Love* makes it ſee too muſh, and often, blind ;  
*Doubt* makes it light, and waver, like the wind :  
*Hate* makes it fierce, and ſtudious ; *Anger* mad :  
*Joy* makes it careleſs ; *Sorrow* dull and ſad :  
*Hope* makes it nimble, for a needless trial ;  
*Fear* makes it too impatiēt of denial.  
 Great Lord of humane ſouls ; O thou that art  
 The only true refiner of the heart ;  
 Whose hands created all things perfect good,  
 What canſt thou now expeſt of flesh and blood ?  
 How are our leprouous ſouls put out of fashion !  
 How are our wiſs ſubjeſted to our paſſion !  
 How is thy glorious image foil'd, defac'd,  
 And ſtain'd with ſin ! How are our thoughts diſplaſed !  
 How wav'ring are our hopes, turn'd here and there  
 With every blaſt ! how carnal is our fear !  
 Where needs no fear, we ſtart at every shade ;  
 But fear not, where we ought to be afraid.  
 Great God ! if thou wiſt please but to refine  
 Our hearts, and re-conform our wiſs to thine,  
 Thou'lt take a pleaſure in us, and poor we  
 Should find as infinite delight in thee ;  
 Our doubts would ceaſe, our fears would all remove,  
 And all our paſſions would turn joy, and love ;

Till

Till thou expect for nothing that is good :  
Remember, Lord, we are but Flesh and Blood.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Philistines, by her advice,  
Expond the Riddle : Sampson kill'd  
Thirty Philistines, in a trice ;  
Forsakes his Bride : His Bed's defil'd.*

---

### SECT. XIII.

**N**O sooner were the Brides attentive ears  
Resolv'd and pleas'd, but her impetuous fears  
Call in the Bridemen ; and to them betray'd  
The secret of the Riddle thus, and said :  
*You Sons of Thunder, 'twas not the louder noise  
Of your provoking threats, nor the soft voice  
Of my prevailing fears, that thus address'd  
My yielding heart to grant your forc'd request :  
Your language needed not have been so rough  
To speak too much, when less had been enough :  
Your speech at first was honey in mine ear,  
At length it prov'd a Lion, and did tear  
My wounded Soul : It sought to force me to  
What your entreaties were more apt to do :  
Know then, (to keep your lingring ears no longer  
From what ye long to hear) There's nothing stronger  
Than a fierce Lion : Nothing can more greet  
Your pleased palates with a greater sweet  
Than honey : But more fully to expound,  
In a dead Lion there was Honey found.*

*Now when the Sun was welking in the West,  
(Whose fall determines both the Day and Feast)*

The hopeless Bridegroom (he whose smiling brow  
 Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)  
 Ev'n thirsting for victorious triumph, brake  
 The crafty silence of his lips, and spake,  
*The time is come, whose latest hour ends*  
*Our Nuptial Feast, and fairly recommends*  
*The wreath of Conquest to the Victor's Brow :*  
*Say, is the Riddle read? Expound it now;*  
*And for your pains, these hands shall soon resign*  
*Your conquer'd prize: If not, the prize is mine.*  
 With that they join'd their whispering heads, and made  
 A Speaker, who in louder language, said:  
*Of all the sweets that e'er were known,*  
*there's none so pleasing be,*  
*As those rare dainties which do crown*  
*the labour of the Bee :*  
*Of all the Creatures in the field,*  
*that ever man set eye on,*  
*There's none whose power doth not yield*  
*unto the stronger Lion.*  
 Whereto th' offended Challenger, whose eye  
 Proclaim'd a quick revenge, made this Reply;  
*No honey's sweeter, than a womans tongue;*  
*And, when she lists, Lions are not so strong:*  
*How thrice accurs'd are they, that do fulfil*  
*The lewd desires of a Womans will!*  
*How more accurs'd is he, that doth impart*  
*His bosome-secrets to a Womans heart!*  
*They plead like Angels; and, like Crocodiles,*  
*Kill with their tears; they murber with their smiles;*  
*How weak a thing is woman! Nay, how weak*  
*Is sensles man, that will be urg'd to break*  
*His counsels in her ear, that hath no power*  
*To make secure a secret for an hour!*  
*No, Victors, no: Had not a Womans mind*  
*Been faithles, and inconstant, as the wind,*

My Riddle had till now a Riddle been ;  
You might have mus'd and miss'd, and mus'd again.  
When the next day had heav'd his golden head  
From the soft pillow of his Sea-green bed,  
And, with his rising glory, had possest  
The spacious Borders of th' enlightned East,  
Sampson arose, and in a rage went down  
(By Heaven directed) to a neighb'ring Town :  
His choler was inflam'd, and from his eye  
The sudden flashes of his wrath did fliè,  
Paleness was in his cheeks, and from his breath  
There flew the fierce Ambassadours of Death,  
He heav'd his hand, and where it fell, it slew ;  
He spent, and still his Forces would renew :  
His quick redoubled blows fell thick, as thunder ;  
And, whom he took alive, he tore in sunder :  
His arm ne'r mist ; and often at a blow  
He made a Widow, and an Orphan too :  
Here it divides the Father from the Child,  
The Husband from his Wife : there, it despoil'd  
The friend of's friend, the Sister of her Brother :  
And oft with one man he would thrash another.  
Where never was, he made a little flood,  
And where there was no Kin, he joyn'd in blood,  
Wherein his ruthless hands he did imbrue :  
Thrice ten, before he scarce could breathe, he flew ;  
Their upper Garments, which he took away,  
Were all the spoils the Victor had that day :  
Wherewith he quit the wagers that he lost,  
Paying Philistians with Philistians cost :  
And thus, at length, with blood he did asswage,  
But yet not quench the fire of his rage.  
For now the thoughts of his disloyal wife,  
In his sad soul renew'd a second strife,  
From whom, for fear his fury should recoil,  
He thought most fit t' absent himself a while ;

Unto his Fathers Tent he now return'd ;  
 Where his divided passion rag'd, and mourn'd :  
 In part he mourned, and he rag'd in part  
 To see so fair a face , so false a heart :  
 But mark the mischief that this absence brings ;  
 His Bed's defiled, and the nuptial strings  
 Are stretcht and crackt : A second love doth smother  
 Their first ; and she is wedded to another.

---

*Meditat. XIII.*

**W**AS this that womb the Angel did enlarge  
 From barrenness ? and gave so strict a charge ?  
 Was this that womb that must not be defil'd  
 With unclean meats, lest it pollute the Child,  
 Is this the Nazarite ? May a Nazarite then  
 Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men ?  
 Or may their vows be so dispense'd withal,  
 That they, who scarce may see a Funeral,  
 Whose holy steps must beware to tread  
 Upon, or touch the Carcase of the dead ?  
 May these revenge their wrongs by blood ? may these  
 Have power to kill, and murther where they please ?

'Tis true, a holy Nazarite is forbid  
 To do such things as this our Nazarite did :  
 He may not touch the Bodies of the dead,  
 Without pollution : much less may he shed  
 The blood of Man, or touch it being spilt,  
 Without the danger of a double guilt :  
 But who art thou that art an undertaker,  
 To question with, or plead against thy Maker ?  
 May not that God, that gave thee thy Creation,  
 Turn thee to nothing, by his dispensation ?  
 He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands  
*If shall be kept with unpolluted hands ;*

Yet

Yet if he please to countermand again,  
Man may securely labour and not sin :  
A Nazarite is not allow'd to shed  
The blood of man, or once to touch the dead ;  
But if the God of Nazarites bids kill,  
He may, and be a holy Nazarite still :  
But stay, is God like Man ? Or can he border  
Upon confusion, that's the God of order ?  
The Persian Laws no time may contradict,  
And are the Laws of God less firm and strict ?

An earthly Father wills his Child to stand  
And wait ; within a while he gives command,  
(Finding the weakness of his Son opprest  
With weariness) that he sit down and rest ;  
Is God unconstant then, because he pleases  
To alter, what he will'd us, for our eases ?  
Know likewise, O ungrateful flesh and blood,  
God limits his own Glory for our good :  
He is the God of mercy, and he prizes  
Thine Asses life above his Sacrifices :  
His Sabbath is his glory, and thy rest :  
He'll lose some honour, e're thou lose a Beast.  
Great God of mercy, O how apt are we  
To rob thee of thy due, that art so free  
To give unaskt ! teach me, O God, to know  
What portion I deserve, and tremble too.

---

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*Sampson comes down to re-enjoy  
His Wife ; her Father does withstand :  
For which he threatens to destroy  
And ruine him, and all the land.*

---

## SECT. XIV.

**B**UT Sampson (yet not knowing what was past,  
For wronged Husbands ever are the last  
That hear the news) thus with himself bethought;

It cannot be excus'd ; It was a fault,  
And was a foul one too : and, at first sight,  
Too great for love or pardon to acquit :  
*O*, had it been a stranger, that betray'd  
Reposed Secrets, I had only laid  
The blame upon my unadvised tongue ;  
Or had a common friend but done this wrong  
To bosom trust, my patience might out-worn it ;  
I could endur'd, I could have easily born it ;  
But thus to be betrayed by a Wife,  
The partner of my heart ; to whom my life,  
My very soul was not esteem'd dear,  
Is more than flesh, is more than blood can bear !  
But yet alas, She was but green and young,  
And had not gain'd the Conquest of her tongue ;  
Unseason'd Vessels oft will find a leak  
At first, but after hold : She is but weak ;  
Nay, cannot yet write woman ; which, at best,  
Is a frail thing ; Alas, young things will quest  
At every turn ; indeed, to say the truth,  
Her years could make it but a fault of youth.  
Sampson, return, and let that fault be set  
Upon the score of youth : forgive, forget :  
She is my Wife ; Her love hath power to hide  
A souler error ; why should I divide  
My presence from her ? There's no greater wrong  
To love, than to be silent over-long :  
*Alas*, poor Soul ! no doubt her tender eye  
Hath wept enough ; perchance she knows not why,

I'm turn'd so great a stranger to her bed,  
And board : No doubt her empty eyes have shed  
A world of tears ; perchance, her guiltless thought  
Conceives my absence, as a greater fault,  
Than that of late her barmless error did ;  
I'll go and draw a reconciling Kid  
From the fair Flock, my feet shall never rest,  
Till I repose me in my Brides fair Brest.

He went, but e'er his speedy lips obtain'd  
The merits of his haste, darkness had stain'd  
The crystal brow of day ; and gloomy night  
Had spoil'd and rifled Heaven of all his light :  
He approach'd the Gates ; but being enter'd in,  
His careless welcome seem'd so cold and thin,  
As if that silence meant, it should appear,  
He was no other than a stranger there ;  
In every servants look he did espy  
An easie Copy of their Masters eye ;  
He call'd his wife, but she was gone to rest :  
Unto her wonted Chamber he address'd  
His doubtful steps ; till by her Father staid,  
Who taking him aside a little, said :      Son,

It was the late espousals that do move  
My tongue to use that title ; not thy love :  
'Tis true, there was a marriage lately past  
Between my child and you ; The knot was fast  
And firmly tied, not subject to the force  
Of any power, but death or else divorce :  
For ought I saw, a mutual desire  
Kindled your likings, and an equal fire  
Of strong affection, joyned both your hands  
With the perpetual knot of nuptial bands :  
Mutual delight, and equal joys attended  
Your pleased hearts until the feast was ended :  
But then, I know no ground, (you know it best)  
As if your loves were measur'd by the Feast,

The building fell before the house did shake,  
 Loves fire was quencht, e're it began to flame ;  
 All on a sudden were your joys dispeas'd ;  
 Forsook your Bride, and went away displeas'd ;  
 You left my Child to the opprobrious tongues  
 Of open censure, whose malicious wrongs  
 (Maligning her fair merits) did defame  
 Her wounded honour, and unblemisht name ;  
 I thought thy love, which was so strong of late,  
 Had on a sudden, turn'd to perfect hate :  
 At length, when as your longer absence did  
 Confirm my thoughts, and time had quite forbid  
 Our hopes t' expect a re-access of love,  
 Thinking some new affection did remove  
 Your heart ; and that some second choice might smother  
 The first ; I matcht your Bride unto another !  
 If we have done amiss, the fault must be  
 Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me :  
 But if your easie losi may be redeem'd  
 With her fair Sister, (who, you know's esteem'd  
 More beautiful than She, and younger too.)  
 She shall be firmly joyn'd by nuptial vow,  
 And, by a present Contract shall become  
 Thy faithful Spouse, in her lost Sisters room.  
 With that poor Sampson, like a man entranc'd,  
 And newly wakened, thus his voice adyanc'd ;

Presumptuous Philistine ! that dost proceed  
 From the base loins of that accursed seed,  
 Branded for slaughter, and markt out for death  
 And utter ruine, this my threatening breath  
 Shall blast thy Nation ; this revenging hand  
 Shall crush thy Carcase, and thy cursed Land ;  
 I'll give thy flesh to Ravens ; and ravenous Swine  
 Shall take that rank, and tainted blood of thine  
 For wash and swill, to quench their eager thirst,  
 Which they shall suck and guzzle till they burst ;

I'll burn your standing corn with flames of fire  
That none shall quench ; I'll drag ye in the mire  
Of your own bloods, which shall overflow the Land,  
And make your pasture barren as the Sand ;  
This ruthless arm shall smite, and never stay  
Until your land be turn'd a Golgotha ;  
And if my actions prove my words untrue,  
Let Sampson dye, and be accurs'd as you.

---

## Meditat. XIV.

**G**OD is the God of Peace ; and if my Brother  
Strike me on one cheek, must I turn the other ?  
God is the God of mercy ; and his Child  
Must be, as he is, merciful and mild :  
God is the God of Love ; but Sinner know,  
His love abus'd, he's God of vengeance too.  
Is God the God of vengeance ? And may none  
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone ?  
What means this frantick Nazarite to take  
Gods office from his hand, and thus to make  
His wrongs amends ? Who warranted his breath  
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death ?

Curious Inquisitor, when God shall strike  
By thy stout arm, thy arm may do the like :  
His Parent gives him power to create  
A Deputy ; to whom he doth collate  
Assistant power, in sufficient measure,  
To exercise the office of his pleasure ;  
A lawful Prince is Gods Lieutenant here :  
As great a Majesty as flesh can bear,  
He is indued withal ; in his bright eye  
(Cloath'd in the flames of Majesty) doth lie  
Both life and death ; into his royal heart  
Heaven doth inspire, and secretly impart

The treasure of his Laws : Into his hand  
 He throws his Sword of Justice and Command ;  
 He is God's Champion ; where his voice bids kill,  
 He must not fear t' imbrue his hands and spill  
 Abundant blood ; Who gives him power to do,  
 Will find him guiltless, and assist him too.  
 O, but let flesh and blood take heed, that none  
 Pretend God's Quarrel, to revenge his own ;  
 Malice and base revenge must step aside,  
 When Heavens uprighter Battels must be try'd.  
 Where carnal glory, or ambitious thirst  
 Of simple conquest, or revenge, does burst  
 Upon a neighbouring Kingdom ; there to thrust  
 Into another's Crown, the War's not just ;  
 'Tis but a private Quarrel, and bereft  
 Of lawful Grounds ; 'tis but a Princely theft :  
 But where the ground's Religion, to defend  
 Abused Faith, let Princes there contend  
 With dauntless courage : may their acts be glorious :  
 Let them go prosperous, and return victorious.  
 What if the grounds be mixt ? Fear not to go ;  
 Were not the grounds of Sampson's Combate so ?  
 Go then with double courage and renown,  
 VVhen God shall mix thy Quarrels with his own ;  
 'Tis a brave conflict, and a glorious Fray,  
 VVhere God and Princes shall divide the Prey.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*He burns their standing corn ; makes void  
 their land : the Philistines enquire  
 The cause of all their evil ; destroy'd  
 the Timnite and his house with fire.*

---

SECT. XV.

**A**S raging Sampson's threatening language ceas'd,  
His resolution of revenge increas'd ;  
Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his desire  
Wanted no fuel to maintain her fire ;  
Passion grew hot and furious, whose delay  
Of execution, was but taking day  
For greater payment : his revengeful heart  
Boil'd in his breast, whilst Fury did impart  
Her ready Counsels, whose imperious breath  
Could whisper nothing under blood and death :  
Revenge was studious, quickned his conceit,  
And screw'd her engines to the very height :  
At length when time had ripen'd his desires,  
And puffing rage had blown his secret fires  
To open flame now ready for confusion,  
He thus began to tempt his first conclusion.

The patient Angler first provides his bait,  
Before his eyes can teach him to await  
Th' enjoyment of his long-expected prey ;  
Revengeful Sampson, e're he can appay  
His wrong with timely vengeance, must intend  
To gain the instruments to work his end ;  
He plants the Engines, hides his snares about,  
Pitches his toils, finds new devices out,  
To tangle wily Foxes : in few days  
(That land had store) his studious hand betrays  
A leash of hundreds, which he thus employs  
As Agents in his rashful enterprize ;  
With tough, and force-enduring thongs of Lether  
He joins and couples tail and tail together,  
And every thong bound in a Brand of fire,  
So made by Art, that motion would inspire

Continual flames, and as the motion ceast,  
 The thrifty blaze would then retire and rest  
 In the close brand, until a second strife  
 Gave it new motion, and that motion, life:  
 Soon as these coupled Messengers receiv'd  
 Their fiery Errand, though they were bereav'd  
 Of power to make great haste, they make good speed ;  
 Their thoughts were differing, though their tails agreed ;  
 T' one drags and draws to th' East, the other West ;  
 One fit they run, another while they rest :  
 T' one sculks and snarls, th' other tugs and hales ;  
 At length both flee with fire-brands in their tails :  
 And in the top and height of all their speed,  
 T' one stops, before the other be agreed,  
 The other pulls and drags his Fellow back,  
 Whilst both their tails were tortur'd on the rack ;  
 At last, both weary of their warm Embassage,  
 Their better ease descry'd a fairer passage ;  
 And time hath taught their wiser thoughts to join  
 More close, and travel in a straighter line :  
 Into the open Champian they divide  
 Their straggling paces (where the plow-mans pride  
 Found a fair object in his ripen'd Corn ;  
 Whereof some part was reapt, some stood unshorn)  
 Sometimes the fiery Travellers would seek  
 Protection beneath a swelling Reek ;  
 But soon that Harbour grew too hot for stay  
 Affording only light to run away ;  
 Sometimes the full ear'd standing-wheat must cover  
 And hide their flames ; and there the flame would hover  
 About their ears, and send them to enquire  
 A cooler place ; but there the flaming fire  
 Would scorch their hides, and send them sing'd away ;  
 Thus doubtful where to go, or where to stay,  
 They range about ; flee forward, then retire ;  
 Now here, now there, where e'r they come they fire ;

Nothing

Nothing was left, that was not lost and burn'd ;  
And now that fruitful Land of Jewry's turn'd  
A heap of Ashes ; that fair Land while ere  
Which fill'd all hearts with joy, and every ear  
With news of plenty, and of blest increase,  
(The joyful issue of a happy peace)

See how it lies in her own ruines, void  
Of all her happiness, disguis'd, destroy'd.  
With that the Philistines, whose sad relief,  
And comforts deeply buried in their grief,  
Began to question (they did all partake  
In th'irrecoverable los) and spake ;

*What cursed brand of Hell ? What more than Devil ?  
What envious miscreant hath done this evil ?  
Whereto, one sadly standing by, repli'd :*

*It was that cursed Sampson (whose fair Bride  
Was lately ravish't from his absent breast  
By her false father) who before the Feast  
Of Nuptial was a month expir'd, and done,  
By second marriage, own'd another Son :  
For which this Sampson, heav'd from off the hinge  
Of his lost reason, studi'd this revenge :  
That Timnites falsehood wrought this desolation ;  
Sampson the Actor was, but he th' occasion.  
With that they all consulted to proceed  
In height of Justice to revenge this deed :  
Sampson, whose hand was the immediate cause  
Of this foul act, is stronger than their Laws ;  
Him they refer to time, for his proud hand  
May bring a second ruine to their Land :  
The cursed Timnite, he that did divide  
The lawful Bridegroom from his lawful Bride,  
And mov'd the patience of so strong a Foe,  
To bring these evils, and work their overthrow,  
To him they haste ; and with resolv'd desire  
Of blood, they burn his house, and him with fire.*

*Meditat. XV.*

**D**ost thou not tremble? Does thy troubled ear  
 Not tingle? not thy spirits faint to hear  
 The voice of those, whose dying shrieks proclaim  
 Their tortures, that are broiling in the flame?  
 She, whose illustrious beauty did not know  
 Where to be matcht but one poor hour ago:  
 She, whose fair eyes were apt to make man err  
 From his known Faith, and turn Idolater;  
 She, whose fair cheeks inricht with true complexion,  
 Seem'd Beauties store-house of her just perfection;  
 See, how she lies, see, how this Beauty lies,  
 A foul offence unto thy loathing eyes:  
 A fleshly Cinder, lying on the floor,  
 Stark naked, had it not been covered o'r  
 With bashful ruines, which were fallen down  
 From the consumed roof, and rudely thrown  
 On this half roasted earth, O canst thou read  
 Her double story, and thy heart not bleed?  
 What art thou more, than She? Tell me wherein  
 Art thou more priviledg'd? Or can thy sin  
 Plead more t' excuse it? Art thou fair and young?  
 Why, so was she; Were thy temptations strong?  
 Why, so were hers: What canst thou plead, but she  
 Had power to plead the same, as well as thee?  
 Nor was't her death alone could satisfie  
 Revenge; her Father, and his house must die:  
 Unpunisht crimes do often bring them in,  
 That were no less, than strangers to the sin:  
 Eli must dye, because his fair reproof  
 Of too foul sin, was not austere enough.  
 Was vengeance now appeas'd? Hath not the crime  
 Paid a sufficient int'rest for the time?

Remove thine eye to the Philistian fields,  
See what encrease their fruitful Harvest yields ;  
There's nothing there, but a confused heap  
Of ruinous Ashes : There's no Corn to reap.  
Behold the poyson of unpunisht sin,  
For which the very earth's accus'd agin :  
Famine must act her part ; her griping hand  
For one man's sin must punish all the Land ;  
Is vengeance now appeas'd ? Hath sin given o'r  
To cry for Plagues ? Must vengeance yet have more ?  
O, now th' impartial Sword must come, and spill  
The blood of such as Famine could not kill.  
The language of unpunisht sin cries loud,  
It roars for Justice, and it must have blood :  
Famine must follow, where the fire begun ;  
The Sword must end what both have left undone.

Just God ! our sins do dare thee to thy face ;  
Our score is great, our *Ephah* fills apace ;  
The leaden Cover threatens every minute,  
To close the *Ephah* and our sins within it.  
Turn back thine eye : Let not thine eye behold  
Such vile pollutions, let thy vengeance hold :  
Look on thy dying Son, there shalt thou spie  
An object that's more fitter for thine eye ;  
His sufferings (Lord) are far above our sins,  
O, look thou there ; e're Justice arm begins  
T' unsheathe her Sword : O, let one precious drop  
Fall from that pierced side, and that will stop  
The ears of vengeance, from that clamorous voice  
Of our loud sins, which make so great a noise :  
O send that drop, before revenge begins,  
And that will cry far louder, than our sins.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*He makes a slaughter; doth remove  
To Etan's Rock, where, to re-pay him  
The wrongs that he had done, they move  
The men of Judah to betray him.*

## SECT. XVI.

**T**HUS when th' accurs'd Philistines had appaid  
The Timnites sin, with ruine, and betray'd  
Th' unjust Offenders to their fierce desire,  
And burn'd their cursed Family with fire:  
Sampson, the greatness of whose debt deny'd  
So short a payment, and whose wrongs yet cry'd  
For further vengeance, to be further laid  
Upon the sin-conniving Nation, said:

*Unjust Philistines, you that could behold  
So capital a crime, and yet with-hold  
This well-deserved punishment so long,  
Which made you partners in their sin, my wrong;  
Had ye at first, when as the fault was young,  
Before that Time had lent her clamorous tongue  
So great a strength to call for so much blood;  
O, had your early Justice but thought good  
To strike in time! Nay, had you then devis'd  
Some easier punishment, it had suffic'd:  
But now it comes too late, the sin has cried,  
Till Heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied:  
Nay, had the sin but spar'd to roar so loud,  
A drop had serv'd, when now a tide of blood  
Will hardly stop her mouth:  
Had ye done this betimes! But now, this hand  
Must plague your persons, and afflict your Land.*

Have ye beheld a youth-instructing Tutor,  
(Whose wisdom's seldom seen but in the future)  
When well-deserved punishment shall call  
For the delinquent Boy ; how first of all,  
He preaches fairly ; then proceeds austerer  
To the foul crime, whil'st the suspicious hearer  
Trembles at every word, until at length,  
His language being ceas'd, th' unwelcom strength  
Of his rude arm, that often proves too rash,  
Strikes home, and fetches blood at every lash :  
Even so stout *Sampson*, whose more gentle tongue  
In easie terms doth first declare the wrong  
Injustice did, then tells the evil effects  
That man's connivence, and unjust neglects  
Does often bring upon th' afflicted Land ;  
But, at the last, upheaves his ruthles hand ;  
He hews, he hacks, and fury being guide,  
His unresisted power doth divide  
From top to toe ; his furious weapon cleft,  
Where-e'r it struck : It flew, and never left  
Until his flesh-destroying arm, at length,  
Could find no subject where t' imploy his strength ;  
Here stands a head-strong Steed, whose fainting guider  
Drops down ; another drags his wounded Rider :  
Now here, now there, his frantick arm would thunder,  
And at one stroke cleaves man and horse in funder,  
In whose mixt blood his hands would oft imbrue,  
And wheresoe'r they did but touch, they flew :  
Here's no employment for the Surgeons trade,  
All wounds were mortal that his weapon made ;  
There's none was left, but dying, or else dead,  
And only they that scap'd his fury, fled ;  
The slaughter ended, the proud Victor past  
Through the afflicted Land, until at last,  
He comes to *Judah*, where he pitcht his Tent,  
At the Rock *Ezrin* ; there some time he spent ;

He spent not much, till the Philistine band  
 That found small comfort in their wasted Land,  
 Came up to *Judah*, and there pitcht not far  
 From Sampson's Tent, their hands were arm'd twar :  
 With that the Men of *Judah*, struck with fear,  
 To see so great an Army ; straight drew near  
 To the said Camp ; who, after they had made  
 Some signs of a continued peace, they said :

*What new designs have brought your Royal Band  
 Upon the Borders of our peaceful Land ?  
 What strange adventures, what disast'rous weather  
 Drove you this way ? what busines brought you hither ?  
 Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive  
 An evil against your Servants : what we have,  
 Is yours ; the peaceful plenty of the Land,  
 And we are yours, and at your own command :  
 Why ? to what purpose are you pleas'd to shew us  
 Your strength ? Why bring you thus an Army to us ?  
 Are not your yearly Tributes justly paid ?  
 Have we not kept our vows ? have we delai'd  
 Our faithful Service or deny'd to do it,  
 When you have pleas'd to call your servants to it ?  
 Have we at any time, upon your tryal,  
 Shrunk from our plighted faith, or prou'd disloyal ?  
 If that proud Sampson have abus'd your Land ;  
 'Tis not our faults : Alas we had no hand  
 In his designs ; we lent him no relief ;  
 No aid ; no, we were partners in your grief.  
 Whereto the Philistines, whose hopes rely'd  
 Upon their fair assistance, thus reply'd.*

*Fear not, ye men of *Judah*, Our intentions  
 Are not to wrong your Peace : Your apprehensions  
 Are too too timorous ; our desires are bent  
 Against the common Foe, whose hands have spent  
 Our lavish blood, and robb'd our wasted Land  
 Of all her joys : 'Tis he our armed Band*

Expects, and follows : He is cloystred here,  
Within your Quarters : Let your faiths appear  
Now in your loyal actions, and convey  
That skulking Rebel to us, that we may  
Revenge our blood, which he hath wasted thus,  
And do to him, as he hath done to us.

---

## Meditat. XV I.

I T was a sharp revenge ; but was it just ?  
Shall one man suffer for another ? Must  
The Childrens teeth be set on edge, because  
Their Fathers eat the Grapes ? Are heavens Laws  
So strict ? whose lips did, with a promise, tell,  
That no such Law should pass in *Israe*l :  
Because the injurious *Timnites* treacherous hand  
Commits the fault, must *Sampson* scourge the Land ?  
Sin is a furious plague, and it infects  
The next inhabitant, if he neglects  
The means t' avoid it : 'Tis not because he sins  
That thou art punisht : No, it then begins  
T infect thy soul, when thou a stander by,  
Reprov'it not : or when thy careless eye  
Slights it as nothing : If a sin of mine  
Grieve not thy wounded soul, it becomes thine.  
Think ye that God commits the Sword of power  
Into the hands of Magistrates, to scower  
And keep it bright ? Or only to advance  
His yet unknown Authority ; Perchance.  
The glorious Hilt and Scabbard make a show  
To serve his turn ; have it a blade, or no,  
He neither knows, nor cares : Is this mad fit  
T obtain so great an honour, as to sit  
As God's Lieutenant, and to punish sin ?  
Know leaden Magistrates, and know again,

Your Sword was given to draw, and to be dy'd  
 In guilty blood, not to be laid aside  
 At the request of Friends, or for base fear,  
 Lest when your honour's ended with the year,  
 Ye may be baffled : 'tis not enough that you  
 Find bread by weight, or that the weights be true :  
 'Tis not enough, that every foul disorder  
 Must be referr'd to your more wise Recorder :  
 The charge is given to you, you must return  
 A fair account, or else the Land must mourn ;  
 You keep your swords too long a season in,  
 And God strikes us, because you strike not sin :  
 Y' are too remiss, and want a resolution :  
 Good laws lie dead, for lack of execution ;  
 An oath is grown so bold, that it will laugh  
 The easie act to scorn ; Nay, we can quaff  
 And reel with privilege : and we can trample  
 Upon your shame-shrunk cloaks, by your example :  
 You are too dull : too great offences pass  
 Untoucht ; God loves no service from the Ass ;  
 Rouze up, O use the spur, and spare the bridle,  
 God strikes, because your swords and you are idle :  
 Grant Lord that every one may mend a fault ;  
 And then our Magistrates may stand for nought.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The faithless men of Judah went  
 To make him subject to their Band :  
 They bound him by his own consent,  
 And brought him pris'ner to their hand.*

---

S E C T. X V I I.

**S**O said, the men of *Judah* (whose base fear  
Taught them to open an obedient ear  
To their revengeful and unjust request )  
Accept the treacherous motion, and addrest  
Their slavish thoughts to put in execution  
The subject of their servile resolution :  
With that, three thousand of their ablest men  
Are soon employ'd ; to the fierce Lyons den  
They come, (yet daring not approach too near)  
And send this louder language to his ear ;

*Victorious Sampson, whose renowned facts  
Have made the world a Register of thy acts ;  
Great Army of men, the wonder of whose power  
Gives thee the title of a walking Tower,  
Why hast thou thus betray'd us to the hand  
Of the cars'd Philistines ? Thou knew'st our Land  
Does owe it self to thee, there's none can claim  
So great an interest in our hearts : thy name,  
Thy highly honour'd name for ever bears  
A welcom Accent in our joyful ears ;  
But now the times are dangerous, and a Band  
Of proud Philistians quarter in our Land,  
And for thy sake the tyranny of their tongues  
Hath newly threatned to revenge their wrongs  
Upon our peaceful lives : Their lips have vow'd  
And sworn to salve their injuries with blood ;  
Their jealous fury hollows in our ears,  
They'l plague our Land, as thou hast plagued theirs :  
If we refuse to do their fierce command,  
And bring not Sampson prisoner to their hand ;  
Alas, thou know'st our servile necks must bow  
To their impious Yoke ; Alas, our vow*

\*

Of loyalty is past : If they bid, Do,  
we must ; or lose our lands and our lives too :  
Were but our lives in hazard, or if none  
Should feel the smart of death, but we alone,  
We'd turn thy Martyrs, rather than obey'm.  
We'd die with Sampson, sooner than betray'm ;  
But we have Wives and Children, that must be  
The subjects of their rage, as well as we :  
Wherefore submit thy person, and fulfill  
What we desire so much against our will :  
Alas, our griefs in equal poise lie ;  
Yield, and thou diest ; yield not, and we must die.  
Whereto sad Sampson, whose fair thoughts did guide  
His lips to fairer language, thus reply'd :

Ye Man of Judah, what distrustful thought  
Of single Sampson's violence hath brought  
So great a strength, as if you meant t' o'rtrow  
Some mighty Monarch, or surprize a Foe !  
Your easie errand might as well been done  
By two or three, or by the lips of one ;  
The meanest child of holy Israel's seed  
Might conquer Sampson with a bruised reed :  
Alas ! the boldness of your welcom words  
Need no protection of these slaves and swords :  
Brethren, the intention of my coming hither  
Was not to wrong you, or deprive you either  
Of lives or goods, or of your pooreſt due ;  
My ſelf is cheaper to my ſelf, than you ;  
My coming is on a more fair design,  
I come to crush your tyrannous foes, and mine,  
I come to free your countrey, and recall  
Your ſervile ſhoulders from the ſlavish thrall  
Of the proud Philis̄tines ; and with this hand  
To make you freemen in your promis'd Land ;  
But you are come to bind me, and betray  
Your faithful Champion to thofe hands, that lay

Perpetual burthens on, which daily vex  
Your galled shoulders, and your servile necks :  
The wrongs these cursed Philistines have done  
My simple innocence, have quite out-run  
My easie patience : if my arm may right  
My too much injur'd sufferance, and requite  
What they have done to me, it would appease  
My raging thoughts, and give my tortures ease ;  
But ye are come to bind me ; I submit ;  
I yield ; and if my bondage will acquit  
Your new-born fears, 'tis well : But they that do  
Attempt to ruine me, will ransack you :  
First, you shall firmly engage your plighted troth,  
By the acceptance of a sacred oath,  
That when I shall be pris'ner to your Bands,  
I may not suffer violence by your hands.  
With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid  
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and said :  
Then let the God of Jacob cease to bless  
The tribe of Judah with a fair success,  
In ought they put their cursed hand unto,  
And raze their seed, if we attempt to do  
Bound Sampson violence : And if this curse  
Be not sufficient, Heaven contrive a worse.  
With that the willing pris'ner joyn'd his hands,  
To be subjected to their stronger Bands :  
With treble twisted cords, that never tried  
The twitch of strength, their busie fingers tied  
His sinewy wrists which being often wound  
About his beating pulse, they brought him bound  
To the forefront of the Philistine Band,  
And left him captive in thir cursed hand.

*Meditat. XVII.*

**O** What a pearl is hidden in this field,  
 Whose orient lustre, and perfections yield  
 So great a treasure, that the Eastern Kings,  
 With all the wealth, their colder Climate brings,  
 Ne'r saw the like! It is a pearl, whose glory  
 Is the diviner subject of a story,  
 Penn'd by an Angels quill; not understood  
 By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood!  
 Unkind *Judeans*, what have you presented  
 Before your eyes? O, what have you attented!  
 He that was born on purpose to release  
 His life for yours, to bring your Nation peace;  
 To turn your mournings into joyful Songs;  
 To fight your battels, to revenge your wrongs:  
 Even him, alas, your cursed hands have made  
 This day your pris'ner; Him have you betray'd  
 To death; O, he whose sinewy arm had power  
 To crush you all to nothing, and to shower  
 Down strokes like Thunder-bolts, whose blasting breath  
 Might in a moment putt you all to death,  
 And made ye fall before his frowning brow,  
 See how he goes away, betray'd by you!

Thou great Redeemer of the world! whose Blood  
 Hath power to save more worlds, than *Noah's* Flood  
 Destroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art  
 The *Sampson* of our souls! How can the heart  
 Of man give thanks enough, that does not know  
 How much his death-redeemed soul does owe  
 To thy dear merits? We can apprehend  
 No more than flesh and blood does recommend  
 To our confined thoughts: Alas, we can  
 Conceive thy love, but as the love of man:

We cannot tell the horrour of that pain  
Thou boughtst us from ; nor can our hearts attain  
Those joys that thou hast purchas'd in our name,  
Nor yet the price thou paidst ; our thoughts are lame  
And craz'd ; Alas, things mortal have no might,  
No means to comprehend an Infinite :  
We can behold thee cradled in a Manger,  
In a poor Stable : we can see the danger  
The Tetrarch's fury made thee subject to ;  
We can conceive thy poverty ; we know  
Thy blessed hands that might been freed were bound ;  
We know, alas, thy bleeding brows were crown'd  
With pricking thorns ; thy body torn with whips ;  
Thy palms impiere'd with ragged nails ; thy lips  
Saluted with a Traytor's kiss ; thy Brows  
Sweating forth blood ; thy oft-repeated blows ;  
Thy fastening to the Cross ; thy shameful death ;  
These outward tortures all come underneath  
Our dull conceits : but what thy blessed Soul  
( That bore the burthen of our guilt, and Scroul  
Of all our sins, the horrid pains of Hell )  
O, what that soul endur'd, what soul can tell ?

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*He breaks their Bands ; and with a Bone  
A thousand Philistines he slew :  
He thirsted ; fainted ; made his moan  
To Heaven : He drinks ; his spirits renew.*

---

SECT. XVIII.

**T**HUS, when the glad Philistines had obtain'd  
The sum of all their hopes, they entertain'd

The

The welcom Pris'ner with a greater noise  
 Of triumph, than the greatness of their joys  
 Required : Some with sudden death would greet  
 The new-come Guest ; whil'st others, more discreet,  
 With lingring pains, and tortures more exact,  
 Would force him to discover, in the Fact,  
 Who his Abettors were : others gainsaid  
 That course, for fear a rescue may be made :  
 Some cry, 'Tis fittest that th' Offender bleed  
 There, where his cursed hands had done the deed ;  
 Others cried No, where fortune hath consign'd him,  
 We'll kill him : Best to kill him where we find him :  
 Thus variously they spent their doubtful breath,  
 At last they all agreed on sudden death ;  
 There's no contention now, but only who  
 Shall strike the first, or give the speeding blow.  
 Have ye beheld a single thred of flax,  
 Touch'd by the fire, how the fire cracks  
 With ease, and parts the tender twine in funder :  
 Even so, as the first arm began to thunder  
 Upon the Pris'ners life, he burst the Bands,  
 From his strong wrists, and freed his loo'sned hands ;  
 He stoop'd, from off the blood-expecting grass  
 He snatcht the crooked Jaw-bone of an Ass ;  
 Wherewith his fury dealt such down-right blows  
 So oft redoubled, that it overthrows  
 Man after man ; and being ring'd about  
 With the distracted, and amazed Rout  
 Of rude Philistians, turn'd his body round :  
 And in a circle dings them to the ground :  
 Each blow had proof; for where the Jaw-bone mist,  
 The furious Champion wounded with his fist :  
 Betwixt them both his Fury did uncase  
 A thousand souls, which in that fatal place  
 Had left their ruin'd carkasses, to feast  
 The flesh-devouring fowl, and rav'nois beast :

With that the Conqueror, that now had fed  
And surfeited his eye upon the dead  
His hand had slain, sat down ; and having flung  
His purple weapon by, triumph'd and sung :

**S**ampson rejoice : Be fill'd with mirth ;  
Let all Judea know,  
And tell the Princes of the Earth  
How strong an arm hast thou :  
How has thy dead enrich'd the Land,  
And purpled o'er the grass,  
That hadst no weapon in thy hand,  
But the Jaw-bone of an Ass !  
How does thy strength, and high renown,  
The glory of men surpass !  
Thine arm hath struck a thousand down  
With the Jaw-bone of an Ass :  
Let Sampson's glorious name endure,  
Till time shall render One,  
Whose greater glory shall obscure  
The glory thou hast won.

His Song being ended, rising from the place  
Whereon he lay, he turn'd his ruthless face  
Upon those heaps his direful hands had made,  
And op'ning of his thirsty lips he said :

Great God of conquest, thou, by whose command  
The heart received courage, and this hand  
Strength to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfil  
The secret motion of thy sacred will ;  
What shall thy Champion perish now with thirst ?  
Thou know'st I have done nothing, but what first  
Was warranted by thy command : 'Twas thou  
That gave my spirit boldness, and my brow  
A resolution ; this mine arm did do  
No more, than what thou didst enjoin me to :

And

And shall I die for thirst ? O thou that sav'd  
 Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd  
 Upon my life : by whom I have subdu'd  
 Thy cursed enemiss, and have imbru'd  
 My heaven-commanded hands, in a spring-tide  
 Of guilty blood ! Lord, shall I be den'd  
 A draught of cooling water to allay  
 The tyranny of my thirst ? I, that this day  
 Have labour'd in thy Vineyard, rooted out  
 So many weeds, whose lofty crests did sprout  
 Above thy trodden vines ; What, shall I die  
 For want of Water, thou the Fountain by ?  
 I know that thou wert bere, for had'st thou not  
 Suppli'd my arm with strength, I ne'r had got  
 So strange a vict'ry : Hath thy servant taken  
 Thy work in hand, and is he not forsaken ?  
 Hast thou not promis'd that my strengthned hand  
 Shall scourge thy Foe-men, and secure thy Land  
 From slavish bondage ? will that arm of thine  
 Make me their slave, whom thou hast promis'd mine ?  
 Bow down thy ear, and hear my needful cry ;  
 O quench my thirst, great God, or else I die.  
 With that the Jaw, wherewith his arm had laid  
 So many sleeping in the dust, obey'd  
 The voice of God, and cast a tooth, from whence  
 A sudden spring arose, whose confluence  
 Of crystal waters ; plenteously disburst  
 Their precious streams, and so allay'd his thirst.

## Meditat. XVIII.

**T**H E Jaw-bone of an Ass ! how poor a thing  
 God makes his pow'rful Instrument, to bring  
 Some honour to his Name, and to advance  
 His greater glory ? Came this Bone by chance

To Sampson's hand ? Or could the Army go  
No further ? but must needs expect a Foe  
Just where his weapon of destruction lay ?  
Was there no fitter place for them to stay  
But even just there ? how small a thing't had bin  
( If they had been so provident ) to win  
The day with ease ? Had they but taken thence  
That cursed bone, what colour of defence  
Had Sampson found ? Or how could he withstood  
The necessary danger of his blood ?

Where Heav'n doth please to ruine, humane wit  
Must fail, and deeper policy must submit :  
There wisdom must be fool'd, and strength of brain  
Must work against it self, or work in vain :  
The track that seems most likely, often leads  
To death ; and where security most pleads,  
There dangers in their fairest shapes appear,  
And give us not so great a help, as fear :  
The things we least suspect, are often they,  
That most effect our ruine, and betray :  
Who would have thought, the silly Asses Bone,  
Not worth the spurning, should have overthrown  
So stout a Band ? Heav'n oftentimes thinks best  
To overcome the greatest with the least :  
He gains most glory in things that are most slight,  
And wins in honour, what they want in might :  
Who would have thought that Sampson's deadly thirst  
Should have been quencht with waters, that did burst  
And flow from that dry Bone ? who would not think  
The thirsty Conqueror, for want of drink,  
Should have first died ? what mad-man could presume  
So dry a tooth should yield so great a Rhume ?  
God does not work like man ; nor is he tide  
To outward means : His pleasure is his guide,  
Not Reason : He that is the God of nature,  
Can work against it : He that is Creator

Of all things, can dispose them, to attend  
 His will, forgetting their created end :  
 He, whose Almighty power did supply  
 This Bone with water, made the Red Sea dry.

Great God of Nature, 'tis as great an ease,  
 For thee to alter nature, if thou please,  
 As to create it ; Let that hand of thine  
 Shew forth thy power, and please to alter mine :  
 My fins are open, but my sorrow's hid ;  
 I cannot drench my Couch, as *David* did ;  
 My brains are marble, and my heart is stone :  
 O strike mine eyes, as thou didst strike that Bone.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*He lodgeth with a Harlot ; Wait*  
*Is laid, and Guards are pitcht about :*  
*He bears away the City Gate*  
*Upon his shoulders, and goes out.*

## S E C T. XIX.

**T**HUS when victorious *Sampson* had unliv'd  
 This Hoast of armed men ; and had reviv'd  
 His fainting spirits ; and refresh't his tongue  
 With those sweet crystal streams, that lately sprung  
 From his neglected weapon, he arose  
 (Secured from the tyranny of his Foes  
 By his Heaven-borrowed strength) and boldly came  
 To a Philistian City, known by th' name  
 Of *Azza* ; where, as he was passing by,  
 The careless Champion cast his wandring eye  
 Upon a face, whose beauty did invite  
 His wanton heart to wonder and delight :

Her

Her curious hair was crisp'd : Her naked brest  
Was white as Ivory, and fairly drest  
With costly Jewels ; in her glorious face  
Nature was hidden, and dissembled grace.  
Damaskt her rosie cheeks : her eyes did spark  
At every glance, like Diamonds in the dark :  
Bold was her brow ; whose frown was but a foil  
To glorifie her better-pleasing smile ;  
Her pace was careless, seeming to discover  
The passions of a discontented Lover :  
Sometimes her op'ned Casement gives her eye  
A twinkling passage to the passer by ;  
And when her fickle fancy had given o'r  
That place, she comes and wantons at the door ;  
There Sampson view'd her, and his steps could find  
No further ground ; but (guided by his mind)  
Cast Anchor there. Have thy observing eyes  
E'r mark'd the Spiders garb, how close she lies  
Within her curious webb ; and by and by  
How quick she hastes to her entangled Fly ;  
And whisp'ring poison in her murmur'ring ears,  
At last she tugs her silent guest, and bears  
His hamper'd body to the inner room  
Of her obscure, and solitary Home :  
Even so this snaring beauty entertains  
Our eye-lid Sampson, hamper'd with the chains  
Of her imperious eyes ; and he, that no man  
Could conquer, now lies conquer'd by a woman :  
Fair was his welcom, and as fairly exprest  
By his delicious language, which profest  
No less affection, than so sweet a Friend  
Could, with her best expressions, recommend ;  
Into her glorious chamber she directs  
Her welcom guest, and with her fair respects  
She entertains him ; with a bounteous kiss,  
She gives him earnest of a greater bliss ;

And

And with a brazen countenance, she brake  
The way to her unchast desires, and spake :

*Mirror of mankind, thou selected flower  
Of love's fair knot, welcom to Flora's Bower ;  
Chear up my love ; and look upon these eyes,  
Wherein my beauty, and thy picture lies ;  
Come, take me pris'ner in thy folded arms ;  
And boldly strike up sprightly loves alarms ;  
Upon these ruby lips, and let us try  
The sweets of love ; Here's none but thee, and I ;  
My beds are softest Down, and purest Lawn  
My Sheets ; my Vallents and my Curtains drawn  
In Gold and Silks of curious Die : Behold,  
My Coverings are of Tap'stry, enricht with Gold ;  
Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleasure ;  
My husband's absence lends me dainty leisure  
To give thee welcom ; come, let's spend the night  
In sweet injoyment of unknown delight.*

Her words prevail'd : And being both undrest,  
Together went to their defiled rest.

By this, the news of Sampson's being there  
Possest the City, and fill'd every ear :  
His death is plotted ; And advantage lends  
New hopes of speed : An armed Guard attends  
At every Gate, that when the breaking day  
Shall send him forth, expecting forces may  
Betray him to his sudden death ; and so  
Revengé their Kingdoms ruins at a blow :  
But lustful Sampson (whose distrustful ears  
Kept open house) was now possest with fears :  
He hears a whisp'ring, and the trampling feet  
Of People passing in the silent Street ;  
He, whom undaunted courage lately made  
A glorious Conqueror, is now afraid ;  
His conscious heart is smitten with his sin ;  
He cannot chuse but fear, and fear again :

He fears ; and now the terrible alarms  
Of sin do call him from th' unlawful arms  
And lips of his luxurious Concubine ;  
Bids him arise from dalliance, and resign  
The usurpation of his lukewarm place  
To some new sinner, whose less dangerous ease  
May lend more leisure to so foul a deed :  
*Sampson* with greater and unwonted speed  
Leaps from his wonted bed ; his fears do press  
More haste to cloath, than lust did to undress ;  
He makes no tarriance, but with winged haste,  
Bestrides the street, and to the gates he past,  
And through the armed troops he made his way,  
Bears gates, and bars, and pillars all away ;  
So scap'd the rage of the *Philistine* band,  
That still must owe his ruine to their land.

---

*Meditat. XI X.*

**H**OW weak, at strongest, is poor flesh and blood !  
*Sampson*, the greatness of whose power withstood  
A little world of arned men, with death,  
Must now be foyled with a womans breath :  
The Mother sometimes lets her Infant fall,  
To make it hold the surer by the wall :  
God lets his servant often go amiss,  
That he may turn and see how weak he is,  
*David* that found an overflowing measure  
Of Heavens high favours, and as great a treasure  
Of saving grace, and portion of the Spirit,  
As flesh and blood was able to inherit,  
Must have a fall to exercise his fears,  
And make him drown his restless couch with tears :  
Wise *Solomon*, within whose heart was planted  
A fruitful stock of heavenly wisdom wanted

Not that, whereby her weakness understood  
 The perfect vanity of flesh and blood :  
 Whose hand seem'd prodigal of his *Isaac's* life,  
 He durst not trust God's Providence with his wife ;  
 The righteous *Lot* had slidings : holy *Paul*  
 He had his prick ; and *Peter* had his fall :  
 The sacred Bride, in whose fair face remains  
 The greatest earthly beauty, hath her stains :  
 If man were perfect and intirely good,  
 He were not man, he were not flesh and blood :  
 Or should he never fall, he would at length,  
 Not see his weakness, and presume in strength :  
 Ere children know the sharpness of the edge,  
 They think their fingers have a priviledge  
 Against a wound ; but having felt the knife,  
 A bleeding finger sometimes saves a life.

Lord, we are children, and our sharp-edg'd knives,  
 Together with our blood, let out our lives ;  
 Alas, if we but draw them from the sheath,  
 They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.

Thou great Chirurgeon of a bleeding soul,  
 Whose sovereign balm, is able to make whole  
 The deepest wound, thy sacred salve is sure :  
 We cannot bleed so fast as thou canst cure :  
 Heal thou our wounds, that having salv'd the sore,  
 Our hearts may fear, and learn to sin no more ;  
 And let our hands be strangers to those knives,  
 That wound not fingers only, but our lives.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*He falls in league with Delila :  
 The Nobles bribe her to discover  
 Her Sampson's strength, and learn the way  
 To bind her arm-prevailing Lover.*

S E C T. XX.

**N**O far from *Arza*, in a fruitful Valley  
Close by a brook, whose silver streams did dally  
With the sweet bosom of the wanton sands,  
Whose winding current parts the neighb'ring Lands,  
And often washes the beloved sides  
Of her delightful banks, with gentle tides :  
There dwelt a *Beauty*, in whose Sun-bright eye  
Love late inthron'd, and full of Majesty,  
Sent forth such glorious eye-surprizing rays,  
That she was thought the wonder of her days :  
Her name was called *Delila*, the fair ;  
Thither did amorous *Sampson* oft repair,  
And with the piercing flame of her bright eye,  
He toy'd so long ; that like a wanton Flie  
He burnt his lustful wings, and so became  
The slavish pris'ner to that conquering flame :  
She askt and had : There's nothing was too hight  
For her to beg, or *Sampson* to deny :  
Who now but *Delila* ? what name can raise  
And crown his drooping thoughts, but *Delila's* ?  
All time's mispent, each hour is cast away,  
That's not employ'd upon his *Delila* :  
Gifts must be given to *Delila* : No cost,  
If sweetest *Delila* but smile, is lost :  
No joy can please, no happiness can crown  
His best desires, if *Delila* but frown :  
No good can bless his amorous heart, but this,  
He's *Delila's*, and *Delila* is his.  
Now when the louder breath of fame had blown  
Her news-proclaiming Trumpet, and made known  
This lovers passion to the joyful ears  
Of the cow'd *Philistines* ; their nimble fears

Advis'd their better hopes, not to neglect  
 So fair advantage, which may bring t' effect  
 Their best desires, and right their wasted land  
 Of all her wrongs, by a securer hand :  
 With that some few of the *Philistian* Lords  
 Repair to *Delila*, with baited words  
 They tempt the frailty of the simple Maid,  
 And having sworn her to their Council, said :

*Fair Delila, thou canst not choose but know  
 The miseries of our Land : whose ruines show  
 The danger, whereinto not we, but all,  
 If thou deny thy helpful hand, must fall :  
 Those fruitful fields, that offer'd, but of late,  
 Their plenteous favours to our prosperous State ;  
 See how they lie a ruinous heap, and void  
 Of all their plenty, wasted, and destroy'd :  
 Our common foe hath sported with our lives,  
 Hath slain our children, and destroy'd our wives :  
 Alas, our poor distressed Land doth groan  
 Under that mischief that his hands have done ;  
 Widows implore thee, and poor Orphans tongues  
 Call to fair Delila, to right their wrongs :  
 It lies in thee to help ; thy helpful hand  
 May have the glory to revenge thy Land ;  
 For which our thank ful Nation shall allow  
 Not only honour, but reward ; and thou,  
 From every hand that's present here, shalt gain  
 Above a thousand Sicles for thy pain.*

To whom fair *Delila*, whom reward had ty'd  
 To satisfie her own desires, repli'd ;

*My humble service I acknowledge due,  
 First to my native Country, next to you :  
 If Heaven and fortune have inricht my hand  
 With so much power to relieve our Land,  
 when ere your Honors please to call me to it,  
 Believe it, Delila shall dye, or do it :*

[*My Lords,*

*Say*

Say then (my Lord's) wherein my power may do  
This willing service to my land, or you.  
Thou know'st (say they) no forces can withstand  
The mighty strength of cursed Sampson's band ;  
He ruines Armies, and does overthrow  
Our greatest bands, nay, Kingdoms at a blow ;  
The limits of his, more than manly, powers  
Are not confin'd, nor is his arm like ours :  
His strength is more than man, his conquering arm  
Hath, sure, th' assistance of some potent charm ;  
Which nothing but the glory of thine eyes  
(Wherein a far more strong enchantment lies)  
Can overthrow : he's pris'ner to thine eye,  
Nor canst thou ask, what Sampson can deny :  
The sweetness of thy language hath the Art  
To dive into the secrets of his heart ;  
Move Sampson then : unbar his bolted brest,  
And let his deafned ears attain no rest,  
Until his eye-enchanted tongue replies,  
And tells thee where his hidden power lies :  
Urge him to whisper in thy private ear,  
And to repose his magick myst'ry there ;  
How, by what means, his strength may be betray'd  
To bonds, and how his power may be allay'd ;  
That we may right these wrongs, which his proud band  
Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous land :  
In this thou shalt obtain the reputation  
To be the sole Redeemer of thy Nation,  
Whose wealth shall crown thy loyalty with a meed  
Due to the merits of so fair a deed.

Whereto fair Delila (whose heart was tyed  
To Sampson's love for her own ends) replied :

My honourable Lords : If my success  
In these your inst emploiments prove no less  
Than my desires, I should think my pains  
Rewarded in the afflion : If the reins

Of Sampson's headstrong power were in my hands,  
 These lips should vow performance, your commands  
 Should work obedience, in the loyal brest  
 Of your true servant, who would never rest,  
 Till she had done the deed ; But, know my Lords,  
 If the poor frailty of a womans words  
 May shake so great a power, and prevail,  
 My best advis'd endeavours shall non fail  
 To be employ'd, I'll make a sudden tryal,  
 And quickly speed, or find a foul denial.

---

## Meditat. XX.

**I**nsatiate Sampson ! Could not *Azza* smother  
 Thy flaming lust, but must thou find another ?  
 Is th' old grown stale ? and seek'st thou for a new ?  
 Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few ;  
 Man's soul is infinite, and never tires  
 In the extension of her own desires :  
 The sprightly nature of his active mind  
 Aims still at further ; will not be confin'd  
 To th' poor dimensions of flesh and blood ;  
 Something it still desires : Covets good ;  
 Would fain be happy, in the sweet enjoyment  
 Of what it prosecutes, with the employment  
 Of best endeavours ; but it cannot find  
 So great a good, but something's still behind :  
 It first propounds, applauds, desires, endeavours ;  
 At last enjoys ; but (like to men in favours,  
 Who fancy alway those things that are worst)  
 The more it drinks, the more it is a thirst :  
 The fruitful Earth (whole nature is the worse  
 For sin ; with man partaker in the curse)  
 Aims at perfection ; and would fain bring forth  
 (As first it did) things of the greatest worth ;

Her colder womb endeavours (as of old)  
To ripen all her Metals unto Gold ;  
O, but that sin-procured curse hath chill'd  
The heat of pregnant nature, and hath fill'd  
Her barren seed with coldness, which does lurk  
In her faint womb, that her more perfect work  
Is hindred ; and, for want of heat brings forth  
Imperfect metals of a baser worth :  
Even so the soul of man in her first state,  
Receiv'd a power and a will to that  
Which was most pure, and good ; but, since the loss  
Of that fair freedom, only trades in dross.  
Aims she at wealth ? Alas, her proud desire  
Strives for the best ; but failing to mount higher  
Than Earth, her error grapples, and takes hold  
On that, which Earth can only give her, Gold.  
Aims she at glory ? her ambition flies  
As high a pitch as her dull wings can rise ;  
But, failing in her strength, she leaves to strive,  
And takes such honour, as base Earth can give.  
Aims she at pleasure ? her desires extend  
To lasting joys, whose pleasures have no end ;  
But wanting wings, she grovels on the dust,  
And there she lights upon a carnal lust :  
Yet ne'rtheless, th' aspiring soul desires  
A perfect good ; but, wanting those sweet fires,  
Whose heat should perfect her unripened will,  
Cleaves to th' apparent good, which good is ill ;  
Whose sweet enjoyment being far unable  
To give a satisfaction answerable  
To her unbounded wishes, leaves a thirst  
Of re-enjoyment, greater than the first.  
Lord, when our fruitless fallows are grown cold,  
And out of heart, we can enrich the mould  
With a new heat ; we can restore again  
Her weakned soil, and make it apt for grain ;

And wilt thou suffer our faint souls, to lie  
 Thus unmanur'd, that is thy husbandry ?  
 They bear no other bulk but idle weeds,  
 Alas, they have no heart, no heat ; thy seeds  
 Are cast away, until thou please t' inspire  
 New strength, and quench them with thy sacred fire.  
 Stir thou my fallows, and enrich my mould,  
 And they shall bring thee encrease a hundred-fold.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*False Delila accoſts her Lover :*  
*Her lips endeavour to entice*  
*His gentle nature to discover*  
*His strength : Sampſon deceives her thrice.*

---

## S E C T. XXI.

**S**OOON as occasion lent our Champions ear  
 To *Delila*, which could not choose but hear,  
 If *Delila* but whisper'd ; she, whose wiles  
 Were neatly baited with her simple smiles,  
 Accoſted *Sampſon*, her alluring hand  
 Sometimes would stroke his temples, sometime ſpand  
 His brawny arm ; sometimes would gently gripe  
 His finewy wrist ; another while would wipe  
 His sweating brows ; her wanton fingers plaid,  
 Sometimes, with his fair locks ; sometimes would braid  
 His long dishevell'd hair ; her eyes one while  
 Wou'd steal a glance upon his eyes, and ſmile ;  
 And then her crafty lips would ſpeak ; then ſmother  
 Her broken ſpeech ; and then begin another :  
 At laſt, as if a ſudden thought had brake  
 From the fair prison of her lips, ſhe ſpake ;

How poor a Grisly is this arm of mine !  
Methinks 'tis nothing in respect of thine ;  
I'd rather feel the power of thy love,  
Than of thy hand, in that my heart would prove  
The stouter Champion, and would make thee yield,  
And leave thee captive in the conquer'd field.  
The strength of my affection paffes thine,  
As much as thy victorious arm does mine ;  
The greatest conquest then is due to me :  
Thou conquer'st others, but I conquer thee :  
But say my love, is it some hidden charm,  
Or does thy stock of youth enrich thy arm  
With so great power that can overthrow,  
And conquer mighty Kingdoms at a blow ?  
What cause have I to joy ! I need not fear  
The greatest danger, now my Sampson's here :  
I fear no Rebels now ; methinks thy power  
Makes me a Princess, and my house a Tower :  
But say, my love, if Delila should find thee  
Lost in a sleep, could not her fingers bind thee ?  
Methinks they should : But I would scorn to make  
So poor a conquest : when th' art broad awake,  
Teach me the trick : Or if thou wilt deny me ;  
Know, that my own invention shall supply me,  
Without thy help : I'll use a womans charms,  
And bind thee fast within these circled arms :  
To whom the Champion smiling, thus replied :

Take the green Osiers that were never dryed,  
And bind thy Sampson's wrists together, then  
He shall be fast, and weak as other men :  
With that the Philistines that lay in wait  
Within an ears command, commanded straight  
That Osiers should be brought ; wherewith she tyed  
Victorius Sampson's joyned hands, and cryed ;  
Sampson, make haste, and let thy strength appear :  
Sampson take heed, the Philistines are here :

He starts, and as the flaming fire cracks  
 The slender substance of th' untwisted flax,  
 He twitcht in sunder his divided bands,  
 And in a moment freed his fastned hands ;  
 With that offended *Delila* bewraide  
 A frown, half sweetned with a smile, and said,  
 Think'st thou, thy *Delila* does go about  
 To intrap thy life ? Or can my Sampson doubt  
 To lodge a secret in the loyal brest  
 Of faithful *Delila*, that finds no rest,  
 No happiness, but in thy heart, alone,  
 Whose joy I prize far dearer than my own ?  
 Why then shouldst thou deceiveme, and impart  
 So foul a falsehood to so true a heart ?  
 Come, grant my suit, and let that faithless tongue  
 Make love amends, which hath done love this wrong :  
 To whom dissembling Sampson thus replied ;  
 Take twisted ropes, whose strength was never tryed,  
 And tye these closed bands together, then  
 I shall be fast, and weak as other men :  
 With that she bound him close ; and having made  
 The knot more sure, than her love's, she said ;  
 Sampson arise, and take thy strength upon thee,  
 Sampson make hastle, the Philistines are on thee :  
 He straight arose, and as a striving hand  
 Would break a finged thred, he cracks the band  
 That bound his arms, he crackt the bands in sunder ;  
 But frowning *Delila*, whose heart did wonder  
 No less, than vex, being fill'd with discontent,  
 She said, False Lover, If thy heart had meant  
 What thy fair tongue had formerly profest,  
 Thou ne'r hadst kept thy secrets from my brest :  
 Wherein hath *Delila* been found unjust,  
 Not to deserve the honour of thy trust ?  
 Wherein have I been faithless or disloyal ?  
 Or what request of thine e'r found denial ?

Had I but been so wise, as to deny,  
Sampson might beg'd, and mist, as well as I :  
But 'tis my fortune, still to be most free  
To those, that are the most reserv'd to me :  
Be not ingrateful, Sampson ; If my brest  
Were but as false, as thine is hard, I'd rest  
To tempt thy silence, or to move my suit :  
Speak then, but speak the truth, or else be mute.  
To whom fond Sampson : If thy hands would tye  
These locks to yonder beam, they will descry  
My native weakness ; and thy Sampson then  
Would be, as poor in strength, as other men.  
So said ; her busie fingers soon obey'd,  
His locks being platted to the Beam, she said :  
Sampson bestir thee ; and let thy power appear,  
Sampson take heed, the Philistines are here :  
With that he quits the place (whereon he lay  
Fall fast asleep) and bore the Beam away.

---

Meditat. X X I.

**S**EE how the crafty Serpent twists and winds  
Into the breast of man ! what paths he finds,  
And crooked by-ways ! with how sweet a bait  
He hides the hook of his inveterate hate !  
What sugar'd words, and ear-delighting Art  
He uses, to supplant the yielding heart  
Of poor deceived man, who stands and trusts  
Upon the broken staff of his false lusts ?  
He tempts, allures, suggests, and in conclusion,  
Makes man the Pander to his own confusion :  
The fruit was fair and pleasing to the eyes,  
Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wise ;  
Must they not taste so fair a fruit, nor touch ?  
Yes, do : 'Twill make you gods, and know as much

As he that made it : Think you, you can fall  
 Into death's hands ? Ye shall not dye at all.  
 Thus fell poor man : his knowledge proved such,  
 Better 't had been he had not known so much :  
 Thus this old Serpent takes advantage still  
 On our desires, and distemper'd will ;  
 Art thou grown covetous ? Wouldst thou fain be rich ?  
 He comes and strikes thy heart with the dry itch  
 Of having : Wealth will rouze thy heartless Friends ;  
 Make thee a potent Master of thy ends ;  
 'Twill bring thee honour, make thy suits at Law  
 Prosper at will, and keep thy foes in awe.  
 Art thou ambitious ? he will kindle fire  
 In thy proud thoughts, and make thy thoughts aspire ;  
 He'll come and teach thy Honour how to scorn  
 Thy old acquaintance, whom than hast outworn :  
 He'll teach thee how to Lord it, and advance  
 Thy servants fortunes with thy countenance.  
 Wouldst thou enjoy the pleasures of the flesh ?  
 He'll bring thee wanton Ladies to refresh  
 Thy drooping soul : he'll teach thine eyes to wander ;  
 Instruct thee how to woo ; he'll be thy Pander :  
 He'll fill thy amorous soul with the sweet passion  
 Of powerful Love ; he'll give thee dispensation  
 To sin at pleasure ; he will make thee slave  
 To thy own thoughts ; he'll make thee beg and crave  
 To be a drudge ; he'll make thy treacherous breath  
 Destroy thee, and betray thee to thy death.

Lord, if our Father *Adam* could not stay  
 In his upright perfection, one poor day ;  
 How can it be expected, we have power  
 To hold our Siege, one scruple of an hour ?  
 Our arms are bound with too unequal bands ;  
 We cannot strive ; we cannot loose our hands.

Great *Nazirite*, awake, and look upon us :  
 Make haste to help, the *Philistines* are on us.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

*She sues again : Sampson replies  
The very truth : Her lips betray him :  
They bind him ; they put out his eyes,  
And to the prison they convey him.*

---

## SECT. XXII.

With that, the wanton, whose distrustful eye  
Was fixt upon reward, made this reply ;  
Had the denial of my poor request  
Proceeded from th' inexorable breast  
Of one, whose open hatred sought t' indanger  
My haunted life ; or had it been a stranger,  
That wanted so much nature, to deny  
The doing of a common courtesy ;  
Nay, had it been a friend that had deceiv'd me,  
An ordinary friend, it ne'r had griev'd me :  
But thou, even thou, my bosom-friend, that art  
The only joy of my deceived heart ;  
Nay thou, whose honey-dropping lips so often  
Did plead thy undissembled love, and soften  
My dear affection, which could never yield  
To easier terms, by thee to be beguil'd ?  
How often hast thou mockt my slender suit  
With forged falsehood ? hadst thou but been mute,  
I ne'r had hop'd ! but being fairly led  
Towards my prompt desires, which were fed  
With my false hopes, and thy false hearted tongue,  
And then beguil'd ? I hold it as a wrong :  
How canst thou say thou lov'st me ? How can I  
Think but thou hat'st me, when thy lips deny

So poor a suit ? Alas, my fond desire  
 Had flak'd, had not denial blown the fire :  
 Grant then at last, and let thy open brest  
 Sbew that thou lov'st me, grant my fair request :  
 Speak, or speak not, thy Delila shall give o'r  
 To urge ; her lips shall never urge thee more :  
 To whom the yielding Lover thus betray'd  
 His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and said ;

My Dear, my Delila ; I cannot stand  
 Against so sweet a pleader, in thy hand  
 I here intrust, and to thy brest impart  
 Thy Sampson's life, and secrets of his heart ;  
 Know then my Delila, that I was born  
 A Nazarite ; these locks were never shorn ;  
 No Razor yet came e'r upon my crown ;  
 There lies my strength, with them my strength is gone :  
 Were they but shaven, my Delila ; O, then  
 Thy Sampson should be weak, as other men ;

No sooner had he spoken, but he spread  
 His body on the floor, his drowzy head  
 He pillow'd on her lap, until, at last  
 He fell into a sleep ; and being fast,  
 She clipt his locks from off his careless head,  
 And beckning the Philistians in, she said ;  
 Sampson awake ; take strength and courage on thee ;  
 Sampson arise, the Philistines are on thee :  
 Even as a Dove, whose wings are clipt for flying,  
 Flutters her idle stumps, and still's relying  
 Upon her wonted refuge, strives in vain,  
 To quit her life from danger, and attain  
 The freedom of her air-dividing plumes ;  
 She struggles often, and she oft presumes  
 To take the Sanctuary of the open fields ;  
 But, finding that her hopes are vain, she yields :  
 Even so poor Sampson (frighted at the sound,  
 That rouz'd him from his rest) forsook the ground ;

Perceiving the *Philistians* there at hand  
To take him pris'ner, he began to stand  
Upon his wonted guard ; his threatening breath  
Brings forth the Prologue to their following death :  
He rouz'd himself, and like a Lion, shook  
His drowsy limbs, and with a cloudy look,  
(Foretelling boistrous and tempestuous weather)  
Defi'd each one, defi'd them all together.  
Now when he came to grapple, he upheav'd  
His mighty hand, but now (alas bereav'd  
Of wonted power) that confounding arm  
(That could no less than murther) did no harm ;  
Blow was exchang'd for blow, and wound for wound ;  
He that of late disdained to give ground,  
Flies back apace, who lately stain'd the field  
With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yield ;  
He that of late brake twisted Ropes in twain  
Is bound with packthread : he that did disdain  
To fear the power of an armed Band,  
Can now walk pris'ner in a single hand :  
Thus have the treacherous *Philistines* betray'd  
Poor captive *Sampson* : *Sampson* now obey'd :  
Those glowing eyes, that whirled death about,  
Where e'er they view'd, their cursed hands put out.  
They let him pris'ner, and convey'd him down  
To strong wall'd *Azza* (that *Philistine* Town,  
Whose gates his shoulders lately bore away)  
There, in the common prison, did they lay  
Distressed *Sampson*, who obtain'd no meat,  
But what he purchas'd with his painful sweat :  
For every day they urg'd him to fulfil  
His twelve-hours task, at the laborious Mill :  
And when his wasted strength began to tire,  
They quicken his bare sides with whips of wire.  
Fill'd was the Town with joy and triumph : All,  
From the high Prince to th' Cobler on the stall,

Kept holy-day whilst every voice became  
 Hoarse as the Trump of news-divulging fame ;  
 All tongues were fill'd with shouts ; and every ear  
 Was grown impatient of the whisperer :  
 So general was their triumph, their applause,  
 That children shouted e'r they knew a cause :  
 The better sort betook them to their knees,  
 Dagon must worship'd be ; Dagon that frees  
 Both Sea and Land ; Dagon, that did subdue  
 Our common foe : Dagon must have his due :  
 Dagon must have his praise ; must have his prize :  
 Dagon must have his holy Sacrifice :  
 Dagon has brought to our victorious band  
 Proud Sampson : Dagon has redeem'd our Land :  
 We call to Dagon, and our Dagon hears ;  
 Our groans are come to holy Dagon's ears ;  
 To Dagon all renown and glory be ;  
 Where is there such another god as be ?

---

## Meditat. XXII.

**H**O W is our story chang'd ? O more than strange  
 Effects of so small time ! O sudden change !  
 Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom  
 Heaven shew'd a miracle on the barren womb ?  
 Is this that holy thing, against whose birth  
 Angels must quit their Thrones, and visit Earth ?  
 Is this that blessed Infant, that began  
 To grow in favour so with God and man ?  
 What, is this he, who strengthen'd by Heavens hand  
 Was born a Champion to redeem the land ?  
 Is this that man, whose courage did contest  
 With a fierce Lion, grappling brest to brest ;  
 And in a twinkling tore him quite in funder ?  
 Is this the Conqueror whose arm did thunder

Upon

Upon the men of *Askelon*, the power  
Of whose bent Fist flew thirty in an hour ?  
Is this the daring Conqueror, whose hand  
Thrash't the proud Philistines in their wasted Land ?  
And was this He, that with the help of none,  
Destroy'd a thousand with a silly Bone ?  
Or He, whose wrists, being bound together, did  
Break Cords like Flax, and double Ropes like Thrid ?  
Is this the Man, whose hands unhing'd those Gates,  
And bare them thence, with Pillars, Bars, and Grates ?  
And is he turn'd a Mill-Horse now ? and blind ?  
Must this great Conqueror be forc'd to grind  
For Bread and Water ? Must this Hero spend  
His later times in drudgery ? Must he end  
His weary days in darkness ? Must his hire  
Be knotted Cords, and torturing Whips of Wire ?  
Where Heav'n withdraws, the Creatures power shakes :  
What misery's wanting there, where God forsakes ?  
Had *Sampson* not abus'd his borrow'd power,  
*Sampson* had still remain'd a Conquerour :  
The Philistines did act his part ; No doubt  
His eyes offended, and they pluckt them out :  
Heaven will be just : He punishes a sin  
Oft in the member that he finds it in.  
When faithless *Zacharias* did become  
Too curious, his lips were stricken dumb :  
*Sampson*, whose lustful view did over-prize  
Unlawful Beauty, 's punish't in his eyes ;  
Those flaming eyes seduc'd his wanton mind  
To act a sin ; those eyes are stricken blind ;  
The Beauty he invaded, did invade him,  
And that fair tongue, that blest him so, betray'd him :  
That strength, intemperate lust employ'd so ill,  
Is now a driving the laborious Mill ;  
Those naked sides, so pleas'd with lusts desire,  
Are now as naked, lash'd with Whips of Wire.

Lord, should'st thou punish every part in me  
 That does offend, what member would be free ?  
 Each member acts his part: they never lin  
 Until they joyh, and make a Body of sin :  
 Make sin my burthen ; Let it never please me ;  
 And thou hast promis'd, when I come, to ease me.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

*They make a Feast : And then to crown  
 Their mirth, blind Sampson is brought thither :  
 He pulls the mighty Pillars down :  
 The Building falls : All slain together.*

---

### SECT. XXIII.

**T**HUS when the vulgar Triumph (which does last  
 But seldome longer than the news) was past ;  
 And Dagon's holy Altars had surceast  
 To breathe their idle fumes ; they call'd a Feast,  
 A common Feast ; whose bounty did bewray  
 A common joy to gratulate the day ;  
 Whereto the Princes, under whose command  
 Each Province was, in their divided Land ;  
 Whereto the Lords Lieutenants, and all those,  
 To whom the Supreme Rulers did repose  
 An under-trust ; whereto the better sort  
 Of Gentry, and of Commons did resort,  
 With mirth, and jolly triumph, to allay  
 Their sorrows, and to solemnize the day ;  
 Into the common Hall they come : the Hall  
 Was large and fair ; Her arched Roof was all  
 Builded with massie stone, and over-laid  
 With ponderous Lead : Two sturdy Pillars stay'd

Her

Her mighty Rafters up ; whereon rely'd  
The mighty burthen of her lusty pride.  
When lusty Diet, and the frolick Cup  
Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned spirits up,  
And brave triumphing Bacchus had displai'd  
His conquering colours in their Cheeks, they said :

Call Sampson forth ; he must not work to day ;  
'Tis a boon Feast ; we'll give him leave to play ;  
Does he grinde bravely ? Does our Mill-horse sweat ?  
Let him lack nothing ; what he wants in meat,  
Supply in Lashes ; He is strong and stout,  
And with his breath can drive the Mill about :  
He works too hard, we fear : Go down, and free him ;  
Say that his Mistress Delila would see him :  
The sight of him will make our hours short :  
Go fetch him then to make our Honours sport.  
Bid him provide some Riddles ; let him bring  
Some Song of Triumph ; he that's blind, may sing  
With better boldness. Bid him never doubt  
To please : what matter though his eyes be out ?  
'Tis no dishonour that he cannot see ;  
Tell him the God of Love's as blind as he.  
With that they brought poor Sampson to the Hall :  
And as he past, he gropes to find the wall ;  
His pace was slow ; his feet were lifted high ;  
Each tongue would taunt him ; every scorneful eye  
Was fill'd with laughter ; some would cry aloud,  
He walks in State ; his Lordship is grown proud :  
Some bids his Honour, Hale, whilst others cast  
Reproachful terms upon him, as he past :  
Some would salute him fairly, and embrace  
His wounded sides, then spit upon his Face :  
Others would cry, For shame forbear t' abuse  
The high and great Redeemer of the Jews :  
Some gibe and flout him with their taunts and quips,  
Whilst others flurt him on the starting lips :

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 That does offend, what member would be free?  
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Some would salute him fairly, and embrace  
His wounded sides, then spit upon his Face :  
Others would cry, For shame forbear t' abuse  
The high and great Redeemer of the Jews :  
Some gibe and flout him with their taunts and quips,  
Whilst others flout him on the starting lips :

With that poor Sampson, whose abundant grief,  
Not finding hopes of comfort or relief,  
Resolv'd for patience : Turning round, he made  
Some shift to feel his Keeper out, and said,

*Good Sir, my painful labour in the Mill  
Hath made me bold (although against my will)  
To crave some little rest ; If you will please  
To let the Pillar but afford some ease  
To my worn limbs, your mercy shall relieve  
A Soul that has no more but thanks to give.*

The Keeper yielded : (Now the Hall was fill'd  
With Princes, and their People that beheld  
Abuted Sampson ; whilst the Roof retain'd  
A leash of thousands more, whose eyes were chain'd  
To this sad Object, with a dull delight,  
To see this flesh-and-blood-relenting sight)  
With that the Pris'ner turn'd himself, and pray'd  
So soft, that none but Heaven could hear, and said,

*My God, my God : Although my sins do cry  
For greater vengeance, yet thy gracious eye  
Is full of mercy ; O, remember now  
The gentle Promise, and that sacred Vow  
Thou mad'st to faithful Abraham, and his Seed ;  
O hear my wounded Soul, that has less need  
Of life, than mercy ; Let thy tender ear  
Make good thy plenteous promise now, and bear ;  
See, how thy cursed enemies prevail  
Above my strength : Behold, how poor and frail  
My native power is, and, wanting thee,  
What is there, Oh, what is there (Lord) in me !  
Nor is it I that suffer : My desert  
May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert  
Extreme to punish : Lord, the wrong is thine ;  
The punishment is just, and only mine.  
I am thy Champion, Lord ; It is not me  
They strike at ; through my sides they thrust at thee ;*

*Against*

Against thy Glory 'tis their malice lies ;  
They aim'd at that, when they put out these eyes ;  
Alas, their blood-bedabld hands would fly  
On thee, wert thou but cloath'd in flesh, as I :  
Revenge thy wrongs, Great God ; O let thy hand  
Redeem thy suff'ring honour, and this Land :  
Lend me thy power ; renew my wasted strength,  
That I may fight thy Battels, and at length,  
Rescue thy Glory : that my hands may do  
That faithful service they were born unto :  
Lend me thy power, that I may restore  
Thy loss, and I will never urge thee more.

Thus having ended, both his arms he laid  
Upon the Pillars of the Hall, and said ;  
Thus with the Philistines I resign my breath ;  
And let my God find Glory in my death.  
And having spoke, his yielding Body strain'd  
Upon those Marble Pillars, that sustain'd  
The pond'rous Roof ; they crackt, and, with their fall,  
Down fell the Battlements, and Roof, and all ;  
And with their ruines slaughter'd at a blow  
The whole Assembly ; they that were below  
Receiv'd their sudden deaths from those that fell  
From off the top ; whilst none was left to tell  
The horrid shrieks that fill'd the spacious Hall,  
Whose ruines were impartial, and slew all :  
They fell, and with an unexpected blow,  
Gave every one his Death, and Burial too.

Thus dy'd our Sampson, whose brave death has won  
More honour, than his honour'd life had done :  
Thus dy'd our Conqueror, whose latest breath  
Was crown'd with Conquest ; triumph'd over death :  
Thus dy'd our Sampson, whose last drop of blood  
Redeem'd Heav'n's Glory, and his Kingdoms Good :  
Thus dy'd Heav'n's Champion, and the earths bright glory,  
The heavenly Subject of this sacred Story :

And thus th' impartial hand of death, that gathers  
 All to the Grave, repos'd him with his Fathers ;  
 Whose name shall flourish, and be still in prime,  
 In spight of ruine, or the teeth of Time ;  
 Whose fame shall last, till Heaven shall please to free  
 This Earth from sin, and time shall cease to be.

---

*Meditat. XXIII.*

**W**ages of sin is death : The day is come,  
 Wherein the equal hand of death must summe  
 The several Items of man's fading Glory,  
 Into the easie total of one Story :  
 The brows that sweat for Kingdoms, and renown,  
 To glorie their Temples with a Crown ;  
 At length grow cold, and leave their honour'd name  
 To flourish in th' uncertain blast of Fame :  
 This is the height that glorious Mortals can  
 Attain ; this is the highest pitch of Man :  
 The quilted Quarters of the Earths great Ball,  
 Whose unconfined limits were too small  
 For his extreme Ambition to deserve,  
 Six Foot of length, and three of breadth must serve :  
 This is the highest pitch that Man can flye ;  
 And after all his Triumph, he must dye.

Lives he in wealth ? Does well deserved store  
 Limit his wish, that he can wish no more ?  
 And does the fairest bounty of encrease  
 Crown him with plenty, and his Days with peace ?  
 It is a right-hand Blessing ; But supply  
 Of wealth cannot secure him ; He must dye.

Lives he in Pleasure ? Does perpetual mirth  
 Lend him a little Heaven upon this Earth ?  
 Meets he no sullen care, no sudden losse  
 To cool his joys ? Breathes he without a crois ?

Wants he no pleasure that his wanton eye  
Can crave or hope from Fortune ? He must dye.

Lives he in Honour ? Hath his fair desert  
Obtain'd the freedom of his Princes heart ?  
Or may his more familiar hands disburse  
His liberal favours from the Royal Purse ?  
Alas, his Honour cannot soar too high  
For pale-fac'd Death to follow : He must die.

Lives he a Conquerour ? And doth Heaven bless  
His heart with spirit ; that spirit with success ;  
Success, with Glory ; Glory, with a Name,  
To live with the Eternity of Fame ?  
The progress of his lasting Fame may vie  
With time ; But yet the Conqueror must die.

Great, and good God : Thou Lord of life and death ;  
In whom the Creature hath his being, breath ;  
Teach me to under-prize this life, and I  
Shall find my loss the easier when I dye ;  
So raise my feeble thoughts, and dull desire,  
That when these vain and weary days expire,  
I may discard my flesh with joy, and quit  
My better part of this false Earth ; and it  
Of some more sin ; and for this transitory  
And tedious life, enjoy a life of Glory.

*The End.*

S I O N S  
S O N E T S :  
S U N G B Y  
S O L O M O N  
T H E  
K I N G.  
A N D  
P E R I P H R A S ' D

---

By *FRANCIS QUARLES.*

---

Resist the Devill, etc. James  
For if ye live after the flesh  
ye shall die: Rom: 8.13.



For their worm shall not die  
neither shall their fire be quenched.  
ed. Isa 63:4



The Holy Jerusalem had  
no need of the Sun etc: for  
the glory of God did lighten it:  
Rev: 21:23



And he shall send his Angels  
with a great sound of a Trumpet  
Mat: 24.31.



I will deliver my flock  
Ezek: 34.19.

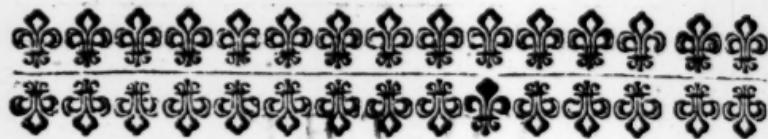
before Sions Sonnets



# TO THE READERS.

**R**eaders, now you have them, may the end of my pains be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse me for soaring so high, else give me lieue to excuse my self; Indeed I flew with Eagles Feathers, otherwise I had not flown, or faldn. It is the Song of Songs, I here present you with: The Author, King **SOLOMON**, the wisest of Kings; The matter, mystical, the divinest of subjects; The Speakers; **CHRIST**, the Bride-Groom; the **CHURCH**, the Bride; The end, to invite you all to the Wedding.

Farewel.



AN  
EPITHALME  
TO THE  
BRIDE-GROOM.

**H**Osanna to the Highest, Joy betide  
The Heavenly Bride-Groom, and his Holy Bride;  
Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,  
Let Earth triumph below;  
For ever silent be those tongues,  
That can be silent now.  
You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to break  
Your flinty silence, if men cease to speak:  
You that profess the sacred Art,  
Or now, or never shew it,  
Plead not your Muse is out of heart,  
Here's that creates a Poet.  
Be ravish't Earth to see this Contract driven,  
'Twixt sinful Man, and reconciled Heaven.  
Dismount you Quire of Angels; come,  
With Men, your joys divide;  
Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groom,  
Nor Earth so fair a Bride.

# SIONS SONETS.

B R I D E.

## SONET I.

[ 1. ]

**O** That the bounty of those lips Divine  
Would seal their favours on these lips of mine,  
That by those welcome \* kisses, I might see  
The mutual love betwixt my Love and me!  
For truer bliss no worldly joy allows,  
Than sacred Kisses from so sweet a Spouse,  
With which no earthly pleasure may compare,  
Rich Wines are not so delicate as they're.

\* *Sensible Graces.*

[ 2 ]

**N**OR Myrrh, nor Cassia, nor the choise perfumes  
Of unctious Nard, or Aromatick Fumes  
Of hot *Arabia*, do enrich the Air  
With more delicious sweetness, than the fair  
Reports, that crown the merits of thy Name  
With heavenly Lawrels of eternal Fame ;  
Which makes the \* Virgins fix their eyes upon thee,  
And all that view thee, are enamoured on thee.

\* *Pure in heart.*

[ 2 ]

**O** Let the beauty of thy Sun-like Face  
Inflame my Soul, and let thy Glory chase  
Disloyal

Disloyal thoughts : let not the World allure  
 My chaste desires from a Spouse so pure :  
 But when as time shall place me on thy \* Throne,  
 My fears shall cease, and interrupt by none,  
 I shall transcede the stile of Transitory,  
 And full of Glory, still be fill'd with Glory.

\* The Kingdom of Heaven.

[ 4. ]

BUT you, my curious (and too nice) allies,  
 That view my fortunes with too narrow eyes,  
 You say my face is \* black and foul ; 'tis true ;  
 I'm beauteous to my Love, though black to you ;  
 My censure stands not upon your esteem,  
 He sees me, as I † am ; you, as I seem ;  
 You see the Clouds, but he discerns the Sky ;  
 Know 'tis my || flesh that looks so black, not I.

\* Through apparent infirmities. † Glorious in him. || weakness of the Flesh.

[ 5. ]

WHAT if Afflictions do dis-imbefish  
 My natural Glory, and deny the relish  
 Of my adjourned Beauty, yet disdain not  
 Her, by whose necessary loss, you gain not ;  
 I was inforc'd to \* swelter in the Sun,  
 And † keep a Strangers Vine, left mine alone :  
 I left mine own, and kept a Strangers Vine ;  
 The fault was || mine, but was \* not only mine.

\* Afflictions. † Forced to Idolatrous superstitions. || By reason of my weakness. \* Bring seduced by false Prophets.

[ 6. ]

THOU, whose love I prize above my life,  
 More worthy far t'enjoy a fairer wife,  
 Tell me, to what cool shade dost thou resort ?  
 Where graze thy Sheep, where do thy Lambs disport  
 Free

Free from the scorching of this \* soultry weather ?  
 O tell thy Love and let thy Love come thither :  
 Say (gentle Shepherd) fits it thee to cherish  
 Thy private Flocks, and let thy true Love † perish ?

\* *Persecutions.* † *By Idolatry.*

## B R I D E - G R O O M.

## S O N E T I I.

I llustrious *Bride* ; more radiant and more \* bright,  
 Than th'eye of Noon, thrice fairer than the light ;  
 Thou dearest off-spring of my dying blood,  
 And treasure of my soul, why hast thou stood  
 Parching so long in those ambitious Beams ?  
 Come, come, and cool thee in these silver † streams ,  
 Unshade thy face, cast back those golden Locks ,  
 And I will make thee || *Mistress of my Flocks.*

\* *Through my merits, and thy Sanctification.* † *The Doctrine of the true Prophets.* || *Teacher of my Congregations.*

[ 2. ]

O Thou the Center of my choice desires ,  
 In whom I rest, in whom my Soul respires ;  
 Thou art the flower of Beauty, and I prize thee  
 Above the World, howe'r the World despise thee :  
 The blind imagine all things black by kind ,  
 Thou art as beautiful, as they are blind :  
 And as the fairest Troops of *Pharaoh's* Steeds  
 Exceed the rest, so Thou the rest exceeds .

[ 3. ]

T HY \* Cheeks (the garden where fresh Beauty plants  
 Her choicest flowers) no adorning wants ;  
 There wants no relish of † *Diviner Grace*,  
 To summe compleatness in so sweet a face ;  
 Thy neck is without blemish, without blot ,  
 Than Pearls more orient, clear from stain or spot ;

\* *Thy most visible parts.* † *Sanctification.*

Thy

Thy Gems and Jewels full of curious Art  
Imply the sacred treasures of thy heart.

[ 4. ]

**T**HE Sun-bright Glory of thy resounding Fame  
Adds Glory to the Glory of thy Name.  
The more's thy honour Love, the more thou striv'st  
To honour me ; thou gainest what thou giv'st :  
My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)  
Will give thee large endowments of \* Divine,  
And everlasting Treasure ; Thus by me  
Thou shalt be rich, that am thus rich in thee.

\* *The riches of his holy Spirit.*

B R I D E.

S O N E T III.

[ 1. ]

**O**H, how my Soul is ravish'd with the joys *(voice !)*  
That spring like Fountains from my true-Loves  
How cordial are his Lips ! how sweet his Tongue !  
Each word he breathes, is like a melodious Song ;  
He absent (ah !) how is my glory dim !  
I have no beauty not deriv'd from Him ;  
Whate'er I have, from him alone I have,  
And he takes pleasure in those Gifts he gave.

[ 2. ]

**A**S fragrant Myrrh, within the bosom hid,  
Scents more delicious than (before) it did,  
And yet receives no sweetness from that brest,  
That proves the sweeter for so sweet a Guest :  
Even so the favour of my dearest spouse,  
Thus priz'd and placed in my heart, endows  
My ardent Soul with sweetness, and inspires  
With heavenly ravishment, my rapt desires.

[ 3. ]

WHO ever smelt the breath of morning flowers,  
 New sweetned with the dash of twilight showers,  
 Of pounded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,  
 Of purple Violets in their proudest prime,  
 Or swelling Clusters from the Cypres Tree ?  
 So sweet's my Love ; I, far more sweet is he.  
 So fair, so sweet, that Heavens bright eye is dim,  
 And Flowers have no scent compar'd with him.

## B R I D E - G R O O M.

## S O N E T I V.

Thou the joys of my sufficed heart,  
 The more thou think'st me fair, the more thou art ;  
 Look in the Crystal mirrours of mine eyes,  
 And view thy beauty, there thy beauty lies ;  
 See there th'unmated Glory of thy Face,  
 Well mixt with spirit and Divinest Grace ;  
 The eyes of Doves are not so fair, \* as thine ;  
 O how those eyes inflame these eyes of mine !

\* The holy Prophets.

## B R I D E.

## S O N E T V.

Most radiant and resulgent Lamp of Light,  
 Whose mid-day Beauty yet ne'r found a night,  
 'Tis thou, 'tis only thou art fair ; from Thee  
 Reflect those \* Rays that have enlightned me,  
 And as bright Cynthia's borrow'd Beams do shine  
 From Titan's Glory, so do I from thine ;  
 So daily flourishes our fresh delight,  
 In daily giving † and receiving light.

\* Thy holy Spirit. † In giving grace and receiving glory.  
 Nor

[ 2. ]

**N**OR does thy Glory shine to me alone :  
 What place wherein thy Glory hath not shone ?  
 But O, how fragrant, with rich odour, smells  
 That \* sacred house, where thou my true love dwells !  
 Nor is it strange : How can those places be  
 But fill'd with sweetnes, if possest with thee !  
 My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in that heart ;  
 Thy presence makes a Heaven, where-e'r thou art.  
 \* The Congregation of Saints.

## B R I D E - G R O O M.

## S O N E T V I.

**T**HOU Sovereign Lady of my select desires,  
 I, I am he, whom thy chaste Soul admires :  
 The Rose for smell, the Lilly to the eye,  
 Is not so sweet, is not so fair as I :  
 My veiled Beauty's not the glorious prize  
 Of \* common sight : † within, my beauty lies :  
 Yet ne'rtheless my Glory were but small,  
 If I should want to honour thee withall.

\* Not in outward glory. † Inward Graces.

[ 2. ]

**N**OR do I boast my excellency alone, (none  
 But thine (dear Spouse) as whom the world hath  
 So true to faith, so pure in love, as whom  
 Lives not a Bride, so fits so chaste a Groom :  
 And as the fairest Lilly doth exceed  
 The fruitless Bramble, or the foulest Weed,  
 So far (my Love) dost thou exceed the rest,  
 In perfect Beauty of a loyal Brest.

## B R I D E.

## S O N E T V I I.

**L**ook how the fruitful Tree (whose laden boughs  
 With swelling pride, crown Autumns smiling brows)  
 Surpasses

Surpasses idle shrubs, even so in worth  
 My love transcends the Worthies of the Earth :  
 He was my shore in shipwrack ; and my shelter,  
 In storms ; my shade, when I began to swelter :  
 If hungry, he was food ; and if opprest  
 With wrongs, my Advocate ; with toyl, my rest.

[ 2 ]

I Thirsted ; and full charged to the brink,  
 He gave me \* Bowls of Nectar for my Drink :  
 And in his side he broacht me (for a sign  
 Of dearest love) a Sacramental Wine ;  
 He freely gave ; I freely drank my fill ;  
 The more I drank, the more remained still.  
 Did ever Souldier to his Colours prove  
 More chaste than I, to so entire a Love ?

\* *The holy Scriptures.*

[ 3. ]

O How his Beauty sets my Soul on fire !  
 My spirits languish with extream desire :  
 Desires exceeding limits, are too lavish,  
 And wanting means to be affected, ravish ;  
 Then let thy \* breath like flaggons of strong wine,  
 Relieve and comfort this poor heart of mine ;  
 For I am sick, till time (that doth delay  
 Our Marriage) bring our joyful Marriage Day.

\* *Thy sweet promises.*

[ 4. ]

T ill then, O let my dearest Lord, by whom  
 These pleasing plaints of my sweet sorrows come,  
 Perform his Vows, and with his due resort,  
 Bleſs me ; to make the fullen time seem short :  
 In his sweet Presence may I still be bleſt,  
 Debarr'd from whom my Soul can find no rest.

B b

O

O let all times be prosp'rous, aad all places  
Be witness to our undefil'd Embraces.

[ 5. ]

**A** LL you, whose seeming favours have posest  
The true affection of a loyal brest,  
I charge you all by the true love you bear  
To friendship, or what else you count most dear ;  
\* Disturb ye not my Love ; O do not 'rieve  
Him of his joys, that is so apt to grieve ;  
Dare not to break his quiet flumbers, lest  
You rouze a raging Lion from his rest.

\* *Vex not his Spirit with your sins.*

[ 6. ]

**H** Ark, hark, I hear that thrice celestial voice,  
Wherein my Spirits, rapt with joys rejoice ;  
A voice that tells me, my Beloved's nigh ;  
I know the Musick by the Majesty.  
Behold, he comes ; 'Tis not my \* blemisht face  
Can slack the swiftness of his winged pace ;  
Behold, he comes ; His Trumpet doth proclaim,  
He comes with speed ; A truer Love ne'r came.

\* *The imperfections of my present estate.*

[ 7. ]

**B** hold the swiftness of his nimble feet :  
The Ro-buck and the Hart were ne'r so fleet ;  
The word I spake flew not so speedy from me,  
As he, the treasure of my soul, comes to me :  
He stands behind my wall, as if in doubt  
Of welcome ; Ah, this \* wall debarrs him out,  
O how injurious is the wall of sin,  
That barres my Lover out, and bolts me in !

\* *The weakness of my flesh.*

*The BRIDE in the person of the BRIDE-GROOM.*

S O N E T V I I I .

**H** Ark, hark, methinks I hear my true Love say,  
Break down that envious Bar, and come away ;

Arise

Arise (my dearest Spouse) and dispossess  
 Thy soul of doubtful fears, nor over-press  
 Thy tender spirits, with the dull despair  
 Of thy demerits ; (Love) thou art as fair,  
 As earth will suffer : Time will make thee clearer ;  
 Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

[ 2. ]

**C**ome forth (my Joy,) what bold affront of fear  
 Can fright thy Soul, and I, thy Champion here ?  
 'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegroom calls thee :  
 Betide it me, what ever evil befalls thee :  
 The winter of thy sharp affliction's gone :  
 Why fear'st thou cold, and art so near the Sun ?  
 I am thy Sun, if thou be cold, draw nearer !  
 Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

[ 3. ]

**C**ome forth (my Dear) the spring of joys invite thee,  
 The \* flowers contend for beauty to delight thee ;  
 Their sweet ambition's only, which might be  
 Most Sweet, most Fair, because most like to thee :  
 The † Birds (sweet Heralds of so sweet a Spring)  
 Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans* sing :  
 All sing with joy, t' enjoy so sweet a Hearer :  
 Come forth (my Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

\* *The Elect.* † *Angels.*

[ 4. ]

**T**HE prosperous \* Vine, which this dear hand did  
 Tenders due service to so sweet a Saint : (plant  
 Her hidden Clusters swell with sacred pride,  
 To † kiss the lips of so, so fair a Bride ;  
 Masqu'd in their leaves, they lurk, fearing to be  
 Descry'd by any, till first seen by thee :  
 The Clouds are past, the Heaven cannot be clearer ;  
 Come forth (dear Love) than whom my life's not dearer.

\* *The Congregation of the Faithful.* † *To offer up the  
 fruits of obedience.*

[ 5. ]

**M**Y Dove whom daily \* dangers teach new shifts,  
That like a Dove, dost haunt the secret clifts  
Of solitary Rocks: Howe'r thou be  
Reserv'd from others, be not strange to me.  
Call me to rescue, and his brawny Arm  
Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy soul from harm;  
Speak, Love: Thy voice is sweet; what if thy face  
Be drencht with tears? each tear's a several grace.

\* *Persecutions.*

[ 6. ]

**A**LL you that wish prosperity and peace,  
To crown our Contract with a long increase  
Of future joys, O shield my simple Love  
From those that seek her ruine, and remove  
The base Opposers of her best designs;  
Destroy the Foxes, that destroy her Vines.  
Her Vines are fruitful, but her tender Grapes  
Are spoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane shapes.

*The BRIDE in her own Person.*

## SONET IX.

**W**HAT greater joy can bless my soul, than this,  
That my Beloved's mine, and I am his!  
Our souls are knit, the world cannot untwine  
The joyful union of his heart, and mine;  
In him I live; in him my soul's possest  
With heavenly solace, and eternal rest:  
Heaven only knows the bliss my soul enjoys,  
Fond earth's too dull to apprehend such joys.

[ 2. ]

**T**HOU sweet perfection of my full delights,  
Till that bright \* Day, devoted to the Rites  
Of our solemniz'd Nuptials, shall come,  
Come live with me, and make this heart thy home.

\* *The Day of Judgment.*

Disdain me not: Although my face appear  
Deform'd and bloody, yet my heart is \* clear:  
Make haste: Let not the swift-foot Ro-buck flee  
The following Hound so fast, as thou to me.

\* By *sanctification*.

[ 3. ]

I Thought my Love had taken up his rest  
Within the \* secret Cabin of my Brest,  
I thought the closed Curtains did immure  
His gentle flumbers, but was too secure:  
For (driven with love to the false Bed) I † slept,  
To view his flumbring beauty, as he slept,  
But he was gone, yet plainly there was seen  
The curious dint, where he had lately been.

\* *In my Soul.* † *By strict examination.*

[ 4. ]

I Mpatient of his absence, thus bereaven  
Of him, than whom I had no other Heaven,  
I rav'd a while; not able to digest  
So great a loss, to lose so fair a Guest:  
I left no path untrac'd, no \* place unsought;  
No secret Cell unsearcht; no way unthought;  
I ask'd the shade, but shadows could not hide him.  
I ask'd the world, but all the world deny'd him.

\* *Amongst the wifeli Worldlings.*

[ 5. ]

M Y zealous Love, distemper'd with distraction,  
Made fierce with fear, unapt for satisfaction,  
Applies fresh fuel to my flaming fires,  
With Eagles wings supplies my quick desires:  
Up to the walls I trampled, where I spy'd  
The \* City Watch, to whom with tears I cry'd,  
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft descry  
What's dark to us, did not my Love pass by?

\* *The Ministers of the Word.*

B b 3

[ 6. ]

[ 6. ]

**A**T length when dull despair had gain'd the ground  
Of tired hopes, my Faith fell in a swound ;  
But he whose sympathizing heart did find  
The tyrant passion of my troubled mind,  
Forthwith appear'd : What Angels tongue can let  
The world conceive our pleasures, when we met ?  
And till the joys of our espoused hearts  
Be made \* complete, the world ne'r more shall part's.

\* At the Resurrection.

B R I D E - G R O O M.

S O N E T . X.

**N**OW rests my Love : till now, her tender brest  
Wanting her joy, could find no peace, no rest ;  
I charge you all by the true love you bear  
To friendship, or what else you count most dear,  
Disturb her not, but let her sleep her fill,  
I charge you all, upon your lives, be still :  
O may that labouring Soul, that lives opprest  
For me ; in me, receive eternal rest.

[ 2. ]

**W**HAT curious face is this ? what mortal birth  
Can shew a beauty, thus \* unstain'd with earth ?  
What glorious Angel wanders thus, alone,  
From Earth's foul Dungeon, to my Father's Throne ?  
It is my Love ; my Love that hath deny'd  
The world for me ; It is my fairest Bride :  
How fragrant is her breath ! How heavenly fair  
Her Angel face ! each glorifying the Air.

\* Through sanctification by merits.

B R I D E.

S O N E T . XI.

**O** How I'm ravish'd with \* eternal bliss !  
Who e'r thought Heaven a joy compar'd to this ?  
How do the pleasures of this glorious Face  
Adde glory to the glory of this place !

See

See how Kings Courts surmount poor Shepherds Cells,  
So this, the pride of *Solomon* excells;  
Rich wreaths of glory crown his Royal Head,  
And Troops of Angels wait upon his Bed.

\* *By Heavenly Contemplation.*

[ 2. ]

**T**HE Court of Princely *Solomon* was guarded  
With able men at Arms ; their faith rewarded  
With fading honours, subject to the Fate  
Of Fortune, and the jealous frowns of State:  
But here th' harmonious Quire of heaven attend,  
Whose prize is Glory, Glory without end,  
Unmixt with doubtings, or degenerous fear ;  
A greater Prince, than *Solomon*, is here !

[ 3. ]

**T**HE Bridal Bed of Princely *Solomon*,  
(Whose beauty amaz'd the greedy lookers on,)  
Which all the world admired to behold,  
Was but of Cedar, and her sted of Gold ;  
Her Pillars Silver, and her Canopy  
Of silks, but richly stain'd with purple dye :  
Her Curtains wrought in works, works rarely led  
By th' Needles art, such was the Bridal Bed.

[ 4. ]

**S**UCH was the Bridal Bed, which Time, or Age  
Durft never warrant from th' opprobrious rage  
Of envious Fate ; Earth's measure's but a minute ;  
Earth fades ; all fades upon it ; all within it.  
O, but the Glory of this Diviner Place  
No Age can injure, nor yet Time deface :  
Too weak an object, for weak eyes to 'bide,  
Or tongues t' express : who ever saw't, but dy'd ?

[ 5. ]

**W**HO e'r beheld the Royal Crown set on  
The Nuptial Brows of Princely *Solomon* ?

His glorious pomp, whose honour did display  
 The noised triumphs of his Marriage day?  
 A greater Prince than *Solomon* is here,  
 The beauty of whose Nuptials shall appear  
 More glorious, far transcending his, as far  
 As Heavens bright lamp outhines th' obscurest Star.

B R I D E-G R O O M.

S O N E T XII.

**H**OW orient is thy \* Beauty! How Divine!  
 How dark's the glory of the earth, to thine!  
 Thy veiled † eyes outshine the Heavens great light,  
 Unconquer'd by the shady Clouds of Night;  
 Thy curious || Tresses dangle, all unbound,  
 With unaffected order to the ground :  
 How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine!  
 How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

\* *Through the gifts of my Spirit.* † *The modesty and purity of thy Judgments.* || *Ornaments of necessary Ceremonies.*

[ 2. ]

**T**HY Ivory \* Teeth in whiteness do outgo  
 The Down of Swans, or winters driving Snow ;  
 Whose even proportions lively represent  
 Th' harmonious Musick of unite consent ;  
 Whose perfect whiteness Time could never plot ;  
 Nor Age (the Cancer of destruction) rot.  
 How orient is thy Beauty! How Divine !  
 How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

\* *Sincere Ministers.*

[ 3. ]

**T**HE ruby portals of thy ballanc'd \* words  
 Send forth a welcome relish, which affords  
 A Heaven of bliss, and makes the earth rejoice,  
 To hear the Accent of thy heavenly voice ;  
 The † maiden-blushes of thy Cheeks proclaim  
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame.

How

How orient is thy Beauty ! How Divine !  
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

\* *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.* † *Modest graces of the Spirit.*

[4.]

THE Neck (unbeautifi'd with borrowed Grace)  
Is whiter than the Lillies of thy face,  
If whiter may ; for beauty and for power,  
'Tis like the Glory of David's Princeley Tower :  
What Vail Spirit could despair or faint,  
Finding protection from so sure a Saint ?  
How orient is thy beauty ! How Divine !  
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

\* *Magistrates.*

[5.]

THE dear-bought Fruit of that forbidden Tree  
Was not so dainty as the Apples be,  
These curious Apples of thy snowy \* Brests,  
Wherein a Paradise of pleasure rests ;  
They breathe such life into the ravish't † Eye,  
That the inflam'd Beholder cannot || dye.  
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Divine !  
How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

\* *The Old and New Testament.* † *The sanctified and zealous Reader.* || *The second death.*

[6.]

MY dearest Spouse, I'll \* hye me to my home,  
And till that long expected † Day shall come,  
The light whereof shall chase the night that shrouds  
Thy veiled beauty in these envious || Clouds ;  
Till then, I go, and in my Throne, provide  
A glorious welcome for my fairest Bride ;  
Chaplets of conqu'ring Palm, and Lawrel Boughs  
Shall crown thy Temples, and adorn thy Brows.

\* *I will withdraw my bodily presence.* † *The Day of Judg-  
ment.* || *Infirmities of the flesh.*

[7.]

[ 7. ]

**W**ould beauty fain be flatter'd with a grace  
She never had ? May she behold thy face :  
Envy would burst, had she no other task  
Than to behold this face without a mask ;  
No spot, no venial blemish could she find,  
To feed the Famine of her rancorous mind ;  
Thou art the flower of Beauties Crown, and they're  
Much worse than foul, that think thee less than fair.

[ 8. ]

**F**ear not (my Love) for when those sacred bands  
Of wedlock shall conjoyn our promis'd hands,  
I'll come and quit thee from this tedious \* place,  
Where thou art forc'd to sojourn for a space ;  
No foreign angle of the utmost Lands,  
No Seas Abyss shall hide thee from my hands,  
No night shall shade thee from my curious eye,  
I'll rouze the Graves, although grim Death stand by.

\* *This vale of misery.*

[ 2. ]

**I**llustrious Beams shot from thy flaming \* eye,  
Made fierce with zeal, and sovereign Majesty  
Have scorcht my soul, and like a fiery Dart  
Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart ;  
The Virgin sweetnes of thy heavenly grace  
Had made mine eyes glad Pris'ners to thy face ;  
The beauty of thine eye-balls hath bereft  
Me of my heart : O sweet, O sacred theft !

\* *The eye of faith.*

[ 10. ]

**O** Thou the dear Inflamer of mine eyes,  
Life of my soul, and hearts eternal prize.  
How delectable is thy Love ! How pure !  
How apt to ravish, able to allure  
A frozen Soul ; and with thy secret fire,  
T' afflict dull spirits with extream desire !

How

How do thy joys (though in their greatest dearth)  
Transcend the proudest pleasures of the Earth!

[ 11. ]

THY lips (my dearest Spouse) are the full treasures  
Of \* sacred Poesie, whose heavenly measures  
Ravish with joy the willing heart that hears,  
But strikes a deafness in rebellious ears :  
Thy words, like milk and honey, do requite  
The season'd Soul with profit and delight :  
Heavens higher Palace, and these lower places  
Of dungeon-earth are sweetned with thy Graces.

\* *Divine Harmony.*

[ 12. ]

MY Love is like a Garden, full of flowers,  
Whose Sunny Banks, and choice of shady bowers  
Give change of pleasures, pleasures wall'd about  
With armed Angels, to keep ruine out ;  
And from her \* Brests († enclosed from the ill  
Of looser eyes) pure || Crystal Drops distill :  
The fruitful sweetness of whose gentle showers  
Inrich her flowers with beauty ; Banks with flowers.

\* *The two Testaments.* † *Riddles to prophane Readers.*  
|| *Celestial Comforts.*

[ 13. ]

MY Love is like a Paradise beset  
With rarest gifts, whose fruits (but tender yet)  
The world ne'r tasted ; dainties far more rare  
Than Edens tempting Apple, and more fair ;  
Myrrh, Aloes, Incense, and the Cypress Tree  
Can boast no sweetness, but is breath'd from thee :  
Dainties for taste, and flowers for the smell  
Spring all from thee, whose sweets all sweets excell.

## B R I D E.

## S O N E T X I I I .

**O** Thou (my Dear) whose sweets all sweets excell,  
From whom my fruits receive their taste, their smell.  
How can my thriving \* plants refuse to grow  
Thus quickned with so sweet a † Sun as thou?  
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nourish  
With show'rs of living water, chuse but flourish?  
O, thou the spring, from whence these waters burst,  
Did ever any taste thy streams, and thirst?

\* The faithful. † The Sun of Righteousness.

[ 2. ]

**A** M I a Garden? May my flowers be  
So highly honour'd to be smelt by thee?  
Inspire them with thy sacred breath, and then  
Receive from them thy borrow'd breath, agen.  
Frequent thy Gardens, whose rare fruit invites  
Thy welcome presence, to his choice delights;  
Taste where thou list, and take thy full repast,  
Here's that will please thy smell, thine eye, thy taste.

## B R I D E - G R O O M .

## S O N E T X I V .

**T**Hou sacred Center of my soul, in whom  
I rest, behold thy wisht for Love is come  
Refresh'd with thy delights, I have repasted  
Upon thy \* pleasures; my full soul hath tasted  
Thy † rip'ned dainties, and hath freely been  
Pleas'd with those || fruits, that are (as yet) but green;  
All you that love the honour of my Bride,  
Come taste her Vineyards, and be Deifi'd.

\* Obedience. † Strong works of faith. || The new fruits  
of the Spirit.

B R I D E .

B R I D E.

## S O N E T X V.

IT was a \* night, a night as dark, as foul  
 As that black Errour that entranc'd my soul,  
 When as my best Beloved came and knockt  
 At my dull † Gates, too too securely lockt:  
 Unbolt (said he) these || churlish doors (my Dove)  
 Let not falte flumbers bribe thee from thy Love ;  
 Hear him, that for thy gentle sake came hither,  
 Long injur'd by this \* nights ungentle weather.

\* Too much severity. † My heart. || The pleasures of the  
 flesh. \* Thy hard-hearted unkindness.

[ 2. ]

I Heard the voice, but the perfidious pleasure  
 Of my sweet flumbers could not find the leasure  
 To ope my drowzy doors ; my spirit could speak  
 Words fair enough ; but ah, my flesh was weak,  
 And fond excuses taught me to betray  
 My sacred Vows to a secure delay.  
 Perfidious flumbers, how have you the might  
 To blind true pleasures with a false delight !

[ 3. ]

WHEN as my Love, with oft repeated knocks  
 Could not avail, shaking his dewy locks,  
 Highly displeas'd, he could no longer 'bide  
 My slight neglect, but went away deni'd ;  
 No sooner gone, but my dull soul discern'd  
 Her drowzy error ; my griev'd spirit \* yearn'd  
 To find him out ; these seiled eyes that slept  
 So soundly fast, awak'd, much faster wept.

\* Repented.

[ 4. ]

TUS rais'd and rouz'd from my deceitful rest  
 I op'd my Doors, where my departed Guest

Had been ; I thrust the churlish Portals from me,  
That so deny'd my dearest Bridegroom to me ;  
But when I smelt of my returned hand,  
My Soul was rapt, my powers all did stand  
Amazed at the \* sweetness they did find,  
Which my neglected Love had left behind.

\* The sweetness of his Grace.

[5.]

**I** Op'd my Door, my Myrrh-distilling Door,  
But ah ! my Guest was gone, had given me o'r :  
What curious Pen, what Artist can define  
A mateless sorrow ? Such, ah, such was mine !  
Doubts, and despair had of my life depriv'd me ;  
Had not strong hope of his return reviv'd me ;  
I sought, but he refused to appear ;  
I call'd, but he would not be heard, nor hear.

[6.]

**T**Hus with the tyranny of grief distraught,  
I rang'd around, no place I left unsought,  
No ear unask'd ; \* the Watchmen of the City  
† Wounded my Soul, without remorse or pity  
To Virgin tears : They taught my feet to stray,  
Whose steps were apt enough to lose their way ;  
With taunts and scorns they checkt me, and derided  
And call'd me Whore, because I walkt unguided.

\* False Teachers. † with their false Doctrines.

[7.]

**Y**OU hallowed Virgins, you, whose tender hearts  
E'r felt th' Impression of \* Loves secret Darts,  
I charge you all by the dear Faith you owe  
To Virgin purenes, and your Vestal vow ;  
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you meet him,  
O tell him that his love-sick Spouse doth greet him :  
O let him know, I languish with desire  
T' enjoy that heart, that sets this heart on fire.

\* Divine Love.

## VIRGINS.

## SONET XVI.

O Thou the fairest flower of mortal birth,  
If such a beauty may be born of Earth,  
Angel or Virgin, which? or both in one,  
Angel by beauty, Virgin by thy mone,  
Say, who is He that may deserve these tears,  
These precious drops? who is't can stop his ears  
At these fair lips? Speak, Lady, speak at large,  
Who is't? for whom giv'st thou so strict a charge?

## BRIDE.

## SONET XVII.

MY Love is the perfection of delight,  
Roses, and Doves are not so red, so white;  
Unpattern'd beauty summon'd every Grace  
To the composure of so sweet a face;  
His Body is a Heaven, for in his brest  
The perfect Essence of a God doth rest;  
The brighter eye of Heaven did never shine  
Upon another Glory, so Divine.

[2]

HIS \* head is far more glorious to behold,  
Than fruitful Ophirs oft refined Gold,  
'Tis the rich Magazine of secret treasure,  
Whence Graces spring in unconfined measure;  
His curl'd and dangling † Tresses do proclaim  
A Nazarite, on whom ne'r Razor came.  
Whose Raven-black colour gives a curious relish  
To that which beauty did so much imbelish.

\* His Deity. † His Humanity.

[3.]

Like to the eyes of Doves are his fair † eyes,  
Wherein stern Justice, mixt with mercy, lies;

His

His eyes are simple, yet Majestical,  
 In motion nimble, and yet chaste withal,  
 Flaming like fire, and yet burn they not,  
 Unblemish'd, undistained with a spot,  
 Blazing with precious beams, and to behold,  
 Like to rich Diamonds in a frame of Gold.

\* His Judgments and care of his Church.

[4.]

**H**IS Cheeks are like to fruitful Beds o'r-grown  
 With Aromatick Flowers newly blown,  
 Whose odours, beauty, please the smell, the sight,  
 And doubling pleasures double the delight :  
 His \* Lips are like a Crystal Spring, from whence  
 Flow sweetned streams of sacred Eloquence,  
 Whose † Drops into the ear distil'd, do give  
 Life to the || Dead, true joys to \* them that live.

\* The discovery of him in his word. † His Promises.  
 || Those that dye to sin. \* That live to righteousness.

[5.]

**H**IS \* hands are deckt with rings of † Gold, the rings  
 With costly Jewels, fitting none but Kings ;  
 Which (of themselves though glorious, yet) receive  
 More glory from those fingers, than they give ;  
 His || Breasts like Ivory circled round about  
 With \* veins, like Saphirs winding in and out,  
 Whose beauty is (though darkned from the eye)  
 Full of Divine and secret Majesty.

\* His actions. † With pureness. || His secret counsels.  
 \* Inwardly glorious.

[6.]

**H**IS \* Legs like purest marble, strong and white,  
 Of curious shape (though quick) unapt for flight;  
 His feet (as Gold that's oft refined) are,  
 Like his upright proceedings, pure and fair;  
 His † Port is Princely, and his Stature tall,  
 And, like the Cedar, stout, yet sweet withal.

O, who would not repose his life, his bliss,  
Upon a Ease so fair, so firm as this !

\* His ways constant, firm, and pure. † His whole courage.

[7.]

**H**IS mouth ! but stay, what need my lips be lavish  
In choice of words, when one alone will ravish ?  
But shall, in brief, my ruder tongue discover  
The speaking Image of my absent Lover ?  
Let then the curious hand of Art refine  
The race of Vertues Moral and Divine,  
From whence, by Heaven let there extracted be  
A perfect Quintessence ; even such is He.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

**T**hrice fairer than the fairest, whose sad tears  
And smiling words have charm'd our eyes, our ears,  
Say, whither is this prize of beauty gone,  
More fair than kind, to let thee weep alone ?  
Thy tempting lips have wet our dull desire,  
And till we see him, we are all on fire :  
We'll find him out, if thou wilt be our Guide :  
The next way to the Bridegroom is the \* Bride.

\* The Church is the way to Christ.

B R I D E.

SONET XIX.

**I**f error led not my dull thoughts amiss,  
My Genius tells me where my true Love is ;  
He's busie lab'ring on his \* flowry Banks,  
† Inspiring sweetness, and || receiving thanks,  
Watring those Plants, whose tender roots are \* dry,  
And pruning such whose crests aspire † too high,  
Transplanting, Grafting, Reaping Fruits from some,  
And covering others that are || newly come.

\* Congregation of the faithful. † Giving Graces. || Receiving Glory. \* Despairing Souls. † Not yet thoroughly humbled. || Strengthening the weak in spirit.

Cc

[2.]

[ 2. ]

**W**HAT if the frailty of my feebler part  
 Lockt up the Portals of my drowzy heart ?  
 He knows, the weakness of the flesh incumbers  
 Th' unwilling spirit, with icse-bereaving slumbers  
 My hopes assur me, in despight of this,  
 That my Beloved's mine, and I am his :  
 My hopes are firm (which time shall ne'r remove)  
 That he is mine, by faith ; I, his by love.

B R I D E - G R O O M.

## SONET XX.

**T**HY timely grief (my tears-baptized Love)  
 Compels mine ears to hear ; thy tears to move ;  
 Thy blubber'd beauty to mine eye appears  
 More bright than 'twas : such is the \* strength of tears :  
 Beauty and Terrour meeting in thine eye,  
 Have made thy face the Throne of Majesty,  
 Whose awful Beams, the proudest heart will move  
 To love for fear, until it fear for love.

\* The force of repentance.

[ 2. ]

**R**Epress those flames, that furnace from that eye,  
 They ravish with too bright a tyranny :  
 Thy fires are too too fierce : O turn them from me  
 They pierce my soul, and with their rays o'come me,  
 Thy curious † Tresses dangle, all unbound  
 With unaffected order, to the ground :  
 How orient is thy beauty ! How Divine !  
 How dark's the glory of the Earth to thine !

[ 3. ]

[ 3. ]

**T**HY Ivory \* Teeth in whiteness do out-go  
 The Down of Swans, or winters driven Snow,  
 Whose even proportions lively represent  
 Th' harmonious musick of unite consent ;  
 Whose perfect whiteness time could never blot,  
 Nor Age (the envious Worm of ruine) rot :  
 How orient is thy beauty ! How Divine !  
 How dark's the Glory of the Earth to thine !

\* Sincere Ministers.

[ 4. ]

**T**HY † Temples are the Temples of chaste love  
 Where beauty sacrific'd her milk-white Dove,  
 Upon whose Azure paths are always found  
 The heaven-born Graces dancing in a round :  
 Thy maiden || Blushes gently do proclaim  
 A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame.  
 How orient is thy Beauty ! How Divine !  
 How dark's the glory of the earth to thine !

† Thy visible parts. || Modesty and Zeal.

[ 5. ]

**Y**OU, you brave spirits, whose imperial hand  
 Enforces what your looks cannot command,  
 Bring forth your pamper'd Queens, the lustful prize,  
 And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes ;  
 Surround the Circle of the earth, and levy  
 The fairest Virgins in Loves fairest Bevy ;  
 Then take from each, to make one perfect grace,  
 Yet would my Love outshine that borrow'd face.

[ 6. ]

**I** Thou art she, corrivall'd with no other,  
 Thou glorious Daughter of thy glorious Mother,  
 The New Jerusalem, whose Virgin birth  
 Shall deifie the \* Virgins of the Earth ;  
 The Virgins of the Earth have seen thy beauty,  
 And stood amaz'd, and in a prostrate duty,

Have sue'd to kiss thine hand, making thine eyes  
Their Lamps to light them, till the Bridegroom rise.

\* The pure in heart.

[ 7. ]

**H**ark how the Virgins, hallow'd with thy fire,  
And wonder-smitten with thy Beams, admire,  
Who, who is this (say they) whose Cheeks resemble  
Aurora's blush, whose eyes Heavens light dissemble.  
Whose face is brighter than the silent Lamp  
That lights the Earth, to breathe her nightly Damp :  
Upon whose brow sits dreadful Majesty,  
The frown whereof commands a Victory.

[ 8. ]

**F**air Bride, why was thy troubled Soul dejected  
When I was absent ? was my faith suspected,  
Which I so firmly plighted ? Couldst thou think  
My love could shake, or such a vow could shrink ?  
I did but walk among my tender Plants,  
To smell their odours, and supply their wants,  
To see my stocks, so lately grafted, sprout,  
Or if my Vines began to burgeon out.

[ 9. ]

**T**hough gone was I, \* my heart was in thy brest,  
(Although to thee perchance) an unknown Guest,  
'Twas that, that gave such wings to thy desire,  
T' enjoy my Love, and set thy soul on fire ;  
But my return was quick, and with a mind  
More nimble (yet more constant) than the wind,  
I came, and as the winged shaft doth flie  
With undiscerned speed, even so did I.

\* My spirit.

[ 10. ]

**R**eturn (O then return) thou Child of Peace  
To thy first joys, O let thy tears surcease ;  
Return thee to thy Love ; let not the \* night  
With flatt'ring † slumbers tempt thy true delight ;

\* Security. † worldly pleasures.

Re-

Return thee to my bosome, let my brest  
Be still thy Tent ; Take there eternal rest ;  
Return, O Thou, in whose enchanted eye,  
Are Darts enough, to make an Army flye.

[ 11. ]

**F**air Daughter of the highest King, how sweet  
Are th'unaffected graces of thy \* Feet !  
From every step, true Majesty did spring,  
Fitting the Daughter of so high a King :  
Thy Wastē is circled with a † Virgins Zone,  
Imbelisht round with many a precious † Stone,  
Wherein thy curious Workman did fulfill  
The utmost Glory of his Diviner Skill.

\* *Thy ways.* † *The Girdle of Truth.* || *The precious gifts of the Spirit.*

[ 12. ]

**T**HY \* Navel, where thy holy Embryon doth  
Receive sweet nourishment, and heavenly growth  
Is like a Crystal Spring, whose fresh supply  
Of living Waters, Sun, nor Drought can dry :  
Thy † fruitful Womb is like a winow'd heap  
Of purest Grain, which Heavensblest hand did reap,  
With Lillies fenc'd ; True Emblem of rare treasure,  
Whose Grain denotes encrease ; whose Lillies, pleasure.

\* *Whereby there is a receipt of spiritual Conceptions.* † *Increase of the faithful.*

[ 13. ]

**T**HY dainty \* Brests are like fair Twins, both swelling  
In equal Majesty ; in hue excelling  
The new fall'n Snow upon th' untrodden Mountains,  
From whence there flows, as from exub'rous Fountains,  
Rivers of heavenly Nectar, to allay  
The holy thirst of Souls : Thrice happy they,  
And more than thrice, whose blest affections bring  
Their thirsty Palates to so sweet a Spring.

\* *The Old and New Testament.*

Cc 3

[ 14. ]

[ 14. ]

THY \* Neck doth represent an Ivory Tower,  
 In perfect purenes, and united Power,  
 Thine † Eyes (like Pools at a frequented Gate  
 For every Comer to draw Water at)  
 Are common treasures, and like Crystal Glasies,  
 Shew each his lively visage, as he passes.  
 Thy † Nose, the curious Organ of thy scent,  
 Wants nothing more, for use, for Ornament.

\* Teachers. † Glorious in all parts.

[ 15. ]

THY \* Tires of Gold (enricht with glorious Gems  
 Rare Diamonds, and Princely Diadems)  
 Adorn thy Brows, and with their native worth  
 Advance thy glory, and set thy beauty forth;  
 So perfect are thy Graces, so Divine,  
 And full of Heaven are those fair looks of thine,  
 That I'm inflamed with the double fire  
 Of thy full beauty, and my fierce desire.

\* The Ceremonies of the Church.

[ 16. ]

O Sacred Symmetry! O rare connexion  
 Of many perfects, to make one perfection!  
 O Heavenly Musick, where all parts do meet  
 In one sweet strain, to make one perfect sweet!  
 O glorious Member, whose each several feature  
 Divine, compose so, so Divine a Creature!  
 Fair soul, as all thy parts united be  
 Entire, so summ'd are all my joys in thee.

[ 17. ]

THY curious Fabrick, and erected Stature  
 Is like the generous Palm, whose lofty nature  
 In spight of envious violence will aspire,  
 When most suppress, the more it mounts the higher;  
 Thy

Thy lovely Breasts (whose Beauty re-invites  
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)  
Are like the swelling Clusters of the Vine ;  
So full of sweetnes are those breasts of thine.

[ 18. ]

**A**RT thou my Palm ? My busie hand shall nourish  
Thy fruitful roots, and make thy branches flourish.  
Art thou my Vine ? my skilful arm shall dress  
Thy \* dying plants ; my living springs shall bless  
Thy † infant Buds ; my blasting breath shall quell  
|| Presumptuous weeds, and make thy Clusters swell ;  
And all that love thee, shall attain the favour  
To taste thy sweetnes, and to smell thy favour.

\* Despairing souls. † Young Converts. || Opposers of the  
Truth.

[ 19. ]

**T**Hose Oracles that from thy lips proceed,  
With sweet Evangelis, shall delight and feed  
Th'attentive ear, and like the Trumpet's voice,  
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave spirits rejoice :  
Thy breath, whose Dialect is most Divine,  
Incends quick flames, where ember'd sparks but shine ;  
It strikes the Pleaders Rhet'rick with derision,  
And makes the dullest Soul a Rhetorician.

## B R I D E.

## SONET XXI.

**M**Y Faith, not merits, hath assur'd thee mine ;  
Thy Love, not my desert, hath made me thine ;  
Unworthy I, whose drowzy soul rejected  
Thy precious favours, and (secure) neglected  
Thy glorious presence, how am I become  
A Bride befitting so Divine a Groom !  
It is no merit, no desert of mine,  
Thy love, thy love alone, hath made me thine.

Cc 4

[ 2. ]

[ 2. ]

**S**ince then the bounty of thy dear election  
 Hath styl'd me thine, O let the sweet reflection  
 Of thy illustrious Beams, my soul inspire,  
 And with thy Spirit inflame my hot desire ;  
 Unite our Souls ; O let thy Spirit rest  
 And make perpetual home within my Brest ;  
 Instruct me so, that I may gain the Skill,  
 To suite my service to thy sacred Will.

[ 3. ]

**C**ome, come, (my Souls Preserver) thou that art  
 Th'united joys of my united heart,  
 Come, let us visit, with the morning light  
 Our prosp'rous \* Vines ; with mutual delight  
 Let's view those Grapes, whose clusters being † prest  
 Shall make rich Wines, to serve our Marriage Feast ;  
 That by the thriving Plants it may appear,  
 Our joys perfecting Marriage draweth near.

\* Congregation of the faithful. † By affliction.

[ 4. ]

**B**ehold, my \* new-disclosed Flowers present  
 Before thy Gates, their tributary scent :  
 Reserve themselves for Garlands, that they may  
 Adorn the Bridegroom, on his Marriage Day :  
 My † Garden's full of || Trees, and every Tree  
 Laden with \* Fruit, which I devote to thee ;  
 Eternal joys betide that happy Guest,  
 That tastes the dainties of the Bridegroom's Feast.

\* Young Converts. † Assemblies. || Faithful. \* Faith  
 and good Works.

[ 5. ]

**O**wld to God mine eyes (these fainting eyes,  
 Whose eager appetite could ne'r devise  
 A dearer object) might but once behold  
 My Love (as I am) clad in fleshly mold,

That

That each may corporally converse with other,  
As Friend with Friend, as Sister with her Brother !  
O how mine eyes could welcome such a sight !  
How would my Soul dissolve with o'r-delight !

[ 6. ]

**T**hen should this hand conduct my fairest Spouse,  
To taste a Banquet at my Mothers \* House ;  
Our fruitful Garden should present thine eyes  
With sweet delights ; her Trees should sacrifice  
Their early fruits to thee ; our tender Vine  
Should clear thy Palate with her unprest Wine ;  
Thy hand should teach my living Plants to thrive,  
And such as are a dying, to revive.

\* *The Universal Church.*

[ 7. ]

**T**hen should my Soul enjoy within this Brest  
A holy Sabbath of eternal Rest ;  
Then should my Cause, that suffers through despight  
Of errour and rude ignorance, have right ;  
Then should these \* streams, whose tides so often rise,  
Be ebb'd away from my suffused eyes ;  
Then should my spirits fill'd with heavenly mirth,  
Triumph o'r Hell, and find a Heaven on Earth.

\* *Tears and sorrows.*

[ 8. ]

**A**LL you that wish the bountiful encrease  
Of dearest Pleasures, and Divinest Peace,  
I charge you all, (if ought my charge may move  
Your tender hearts) \* not to disturb my Love ;  
Vex not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave  
Him of his Joys, that is so apt to grieve ;  
Dare not to break his quiet slumbers, lest  
You rouze a raging Lion from his rest.

\* *Not to vex and grieve his holy Spirit.*

Who

[ 9. ]

WHO ever lov'd, that ever lov'd, as I,  
 That for his sake renounce my self, deny  
 The Worlds best Joys, and have the world forgone ?  
 Who ever lov'd so dear as I have done ?  
 I sought my Love, and found him \* lowly laid  
 Beneath the Tree of Love, in whose sweet shade  
 He rested ; there his eye sent forth the fire  
 That first inflam'd my amorous desire.

\* In humility.

[ 10. ]

MY dearest Spouse, O seal me on thy heart  
 So sure, that envious Earth may never part  
 Our joined Souls ; let not the world remove  
 My chaste desires from so choice a Love ;  
 For, O, my Love's not slight, her flames are serious,  
 Was ever Death so pow'rful, so imperious ?  
 My jealous zeal is a consuming fire,  
 That burns my soul, through fear and fierce desire.

[ 11. ]

FIRES may be quencht, and flames though ne'r so great  
 With many drops shall faint, and lose their heat :  
 But these quick fires of Love, the more supprest,  
 The more they flame in my inflamed brest.  
 How dark is honour ! how obscure and dim  
 Is Earths bright Glory, but compar'd with him !  
 How foul is beauty ! what a toil is pleasure !  
 How poor is wealth ! how base a thing is treasure !

[ 12. ]

I HAVE a \* Sister, which by thy Divine  
 And bounteous Grace, our Marriage shall make thine.  
 She is mine own, mine only Sister, whom  
 My Mother bare, the youngest of her womb ;  
 She's yet a † Child, her beauty may improve,  
 Her breasts are small, and yet too green for Love ;

\* The Church of the Gentiles, then uncalled, † Uncall'd  
 to the truth. When

When time and years shall adde perfection to her,  
Say (dearest Love) what honour wilt thou do her?

B R I D E-G R O O M.

## S O N E T XXII.

**I**F she be fair, and with her beauty prove  
As chaste, as loyal to her Virgin-Love,  
As thou hast been ; then in that high degree  
I'll honour her, as I have honour'd thee :  
Be she as constant to her Vestal Vow,  
And true to her devoted faith, as thou ;  
I'll crown her head, and fill her hand with power,  
And give a Kingdom to her for a Dower.

B R I D E.

## S O N E T XXIII.

**W**HEN time shall ripen these her green desires,  
And holy Love shall breathe her heavenly fires  
Into her Virgin-breast, her heart shall be  
As true to Love, as I am true to thee :  
O when thy boundless bounty shall conjoin  
Her equal-glorious Majesty with mine,  
My joys are perfect, then in sacred Bands  
Wedlock shall couple our espoused hands.

B R I D E-G R O O M.

## S O N E T XXIV.

**I** AM thy Gard'ner, thou my fruitful Vine,  
Whose rip'ned Clusters swell with richest wine ;  
The Vines of *Solomon* were not so fair,  
His Grapes were not so precious, as thine are ;  
His Vines were subject to the vulgar will  
Of hired hands, and mercenary skill :  
Corrupted Carles were merry with his Vines,  
And at a price return'd their barter'd Wines.

[ ]

[ 2. ]

**B**UT mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand  
Shall touch, subjected to my sole command ;  
My self with this laborious Arm will dress it,  
My presence with a busie eye shall bless it ;  
**O** Princely Solomon, thy thriving Vine  
Is not so fair, so bountiful as mine ;  
Thy greedy sharers claim an earned hire,  
But mine's reserv'd, and to my self intire.

[ 3. ]

**O** Thou that dwellest \* where th' eternal Fame  
Of my renown so glorifies thy name ;  
Illustrious Bride, in whose Celestial Tongue  
Are sacred Spells t' enchant the ruder throng ;  
**O** ! let thy lips like a perpetual Story,  
Divulge my Graces, and declare my Glory ;  
Direct those hearts that err our leads astray,  
Dissolve the † Wax, but make obdure the || Clay.

\* In the great Congregation. † The Penitent. || The  
Presumptions.

## B R I D E.

## S O N E T   X X V.

**M**ost glorious Love, and honourable Lord,  
My heart's the vowed servant of thy word,  
But I am weak, and as a tender Vine,  
Shall fall, unpropt by that dear hand of thine :  
Assist me therefore, that I may fulfill  
What thou command'st, and then command thy will ;  
**O** leave thy Sacred Spirit in my brest,  
As Earnest of an everlasting Rest.

The End.



They that be slain with the  
Sword are better then they  
be slain with Hunger: Lam. 4  
9



Even as Sodom and Gomorrah etc. suffering y<sup>e</sup> vengeance of  
Eternall fire Jude. 7.



He hath hedged me about  
that I cannot get out: he hath  
made my Chain he avie  
Lament. 3.7



For these things I weep, mine ey  
runneth down with water,  
Lament. 1.6.



before Sions Elegies

ut  
hach  
e  
.7

S I O N S  
E L E G I E S,

W E P T B Y

Jeremiah  
T H E  
P R O P H E T ,  
A N D  
P E R I P H R A S ' D

---

By F R A N C I S Q U A R L E S .

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# TO THE READER.

**I***F the ruines of Troy, Rome, Thebes, or Carthage, have been thought a subject worthy the employment of more serious Pens, to entail the remembrance thereof to posterity, how much more worthy the pains of a livelier Pen than mine, is this ancient, most true, and never enough to be lamented Desolation, and Captivity of Jerusalem; Jerusalem, the holy City of God; Jerusalem, the Type of the Catholick Church?*

*After eighteen months Siege, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, the ninth day of the fourth month, (which was the eighteenth year of Nebuchadonozor over Babylon) the Princes of Babylon surprized and took this brave City of Jerusalem: presently after which, Nabuzaradan the General of the Babylonian Army (commanded by Nebuchadonozor) spoiled the Temple, carried away the Vessels of Gold and Silver, that were consecrated to Gods service, and the great Laver given by King Solomon, and burned the Temple, the first day of the next month, which was one and twenty days after the surprizal: 470. years, six months, and ten days after the foundation thereof;*

of; 1062 years, six months, ten days, after the departure of the people out of Ægypt; 1950 years, six months, ten days, after the Deluge, and 3513 years, six months, ten days, after the Creation of Adam. Thus, and then was the City of Jerufalem taken, and for seventy years remained the Jews in this Captivity: And this, in brief, is the general occasion why, and the time when these Lamentations were composed. Reader, I tender to thy consideration two things: First, the Pen-man: Secondly, the Art and Method of this Threnodia. As for the first, it was penned by Jeremy the Prophet, the Son of Hilkiah, a Priest; and undoubtedly indicted by the Spirit of God; Some think it was written when the Prophet was in Prison: Others, when he was with Godoliah at Maspah: but whether at the one place, or the other, it is not much material to discourse.

Secondly, As touching the Art and Method, it is short and concise, as being most natural to so lamentable a Subject. Cicero says, Lamentationes debent esse concilæ & breves, quia citò lachryma exarescit, & difficile est auditores, aut lectors, in illo affectu summæ commiserationis, diu tenere. The method is truly elegious, not bound to an ordinary set form, but wildly depending upon the sudden subject, that new griefs present, and indeed the deepest sorrows cannot be but distracted from all rules of method; the neglect of which is

is venial in such ejaculations as these, at which in all the Scriptures, there is none so copious, none so ardent; concerning which Greg. Nazianzen confesses, *Threnos Jeremiæ nunquam à se siccis oculis lectos esse.* Yet some think there is a Method kept, but too fine and intricate, for our gross apprehensions: Touching this point, Saint Ambrose Lib.8. Epist.ad Just. says, *Demus eas secundum artem non scripsisse, at certe secundum gratiam scripsisse fatendum est, quæ omnem artem longe superat, and with this I rest.*

You shall observe, that the four first Chapters of these Lamentations carry a strict order in the Original, for every Verse throughout every Chapter, begins with a several letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, except the third Chapter, wherein the first, and every third Verse onely is tyed to a letter, and continues the Alphabet through; which form the Prophet used, partly for eloquence, partly for memory sake; meaning either literally thus, that it ought to be perfect as the Alphabet in memory, or Hieroglyphically, thus that, as the Alphabet is the Radix of all words, so the miseries of the Jews, were the combination of all miseries.

For the same causes, I likewise here in my Periphrase, have observed the same form, and continue the Alphabet in English, as the Prophet did in the Hebrew, desiring to be his shadow, as much as I can.

It appears by the strictness of the Order, that these Lamentations were Originally writ in Verse, and as some think in Sapphicks, but many of our learned Neotericks deny, that any writings of the Jews carry, now, any direct or certain Laws of Poesie, though (they confess) some rhinous Accents, here and there discovered, makes them imagine, they writ somethings in verse; but now, it seems that *G O D*, in dispersing them, hath likewise dissolved, and struck dumb their Musick.

Farewel.

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TO

---

To the true  
**THEANTHROPOS,**  
 Jesus Christ,  
 THE  
**SAVIOUR** of the **WORLD.**

*His Servant implores his favourable  
 assistance.*

**T**HOU *Alpha* and *Omega*, before whom  
 Things past and present, and things yet to come,  
 Are all alike ; O prosper my designs,  
 And let thy Spirit enrich my feeble lines ;  
 Revive my passion ; let mine eye behold  
 Those sorrows present, which were wept of old :  
 Strike sad my soul, and give my Pen the Art  
 To move ; and me an understanding heart.  
 O, let the accents of each word make known,  
 I mix the Tears of *Sion*, with mine own :  
 Preserve all such, as bear true hearts to *Sion*,  
 We are thy *Lambs*, O be thou still our *Lion*.



## SIONS ELEGIES.

### Threnodia I.

#### ELEG. I.

**A**H grief of Times ! ah fable times of Grief,  
 Whose torments find a voice, but no relief !  
 Are these the buildings ? these the Tower and State,  
 That all th' amazing earth stood wondring at ?  
 Is this that City, whose eternal Glory  
 Could find no period for her endless story ?  
 And is she come to this ? Her buildings raz'd,  
 Her Towers burnt ? Her Glory thus defac'd ?  
 O sudden change ! O world of Alterations !  
 She, she that was the Prince, the Queen of Nations,  
 See, how she lies, of strength, of all, bereav'd,  
 Now paying Tribute, which she once receiv'd.

#### ELEG. II.

**B**ehold ! her eyes, those glorious eyes that were  
 Like two fair Suns in one celestial Sphere,  
 Whose radiant Beams did, once, reflect so bright,  
 Are now eclipsed, and have lost their light ;  
 And seem like Islands about which appears  
 A troubled Ocean, with a Tide of Tears ;

Her servants Cities (that were once at hand,  
And bow'd their servile necks to her command)  
Stand all aloof, as strangers to her moan,  
And give her leave to spend her tears alone ;  
Her neighbours flatter, with a false relief,  
And with a kiss betray her to her grief.

## ELEG. III.

**C**ompast around with Seas of briny tears,  
*Judah* laments ; distraught with double fears ;  
Even as the fearful Partridge, to excute her  
From the fierce Gos-hawk, that too close pursues her,  
Falls in a Covert, and her self doth cover  
From her unequal Foe, that sits above her :  
Mean-while the treason of her quick Retivers,  
Discovers novel dangers, and delivers  
Her to a second fear, whose double fright  
Finds safety not in staying, nor in flight :  
Even so is *Judah* vext, with change of woes,  
Betwixt the home-bred, and her foreign Foes.

## ELEG. IV.

**D**ID not these sacred Causeys, that are leading  
To *Sion*, late seem pav'd, with often treading ?  
Now secret Dens, for lurking Thieves to meet ;  
Unprest, unless by sacrilegious feet ;  
*Sion*, the Temple of the highest God  
Stands desolate, her holy steps untrod ;  
Her Altars are defac'd, her Virgin-fires  
Surcease, and with a stink her snuff expires ;  
Her Priests have chang'd their Hymns to sighs and cries,  
Her Virgins weep forth Rivers from their eyes :  
O *Sion*, thou that wert the Child of mirth,  
Art now the scorn, and by-word of the Earth.

## E L E G. V.

**E** Ncreas'd in power, and high Chevisance  
Of Arms, the Tyrant Foe-men do advance  
Their crafty crests ; he, he that was thy father,  
And crown'd thee once with blessings, now doth gather  
His Troops to work thy end ; him, who advanc'd thee  
To be *Earth's Queen*, thy sins have bent against thee :  
Strange spectacle of grief ! Thy tender fry,  
Whom childhood taught no language but their cry,  
T' express their infant grief, these, wretched these,  
By force of childish tears, could not appease  
The ruthless sword, which deaf to all their cries,  
Did drive them captives from their Mothers eyes.

## E L E G. VI.

**F** Air Virgin *Sion*, where, (ah) where are those  
Pure cheeks, wherein the Lilly and the Rose  
So much contended lately for the place,  
Till both compounded in thy glorious face ?  
How hast thou blear'd those Sun-bright eyes of thine,  
Those beams, the royal Magazins of divine  
And sacred Majesty, from whose pure light  
The purblind worldlings did receive their sight ?  
Thy fearful Princes leave their fenceless Towers,  
And fly like Harts before their swift pursuers ;  
Like light-foot Harts they fly, not knowing where,  
Prickt on with Famine, and distracted Fear.

## E L E G. VII.

**G** All'd with her grief, *Jerusalem* recalls  
To mind her lost delights, her Festivals,  
Her peaceful freedom, am'full joys, in vain  
Wishing what Earth cannot restore again ;

Suc.

Succor she sought and begg'd, but none was there  
 To give the Alms of one poor trickling tear ;  
 The scornful lips of her amazed Foes,  
 Deride the grief of her disastrous woes ;  
 They laugh, and lay more ample torments on her,  
 Disdain to look, and yet they gaze upon her,  
 Abuse her Altars, hate her Offerings,  
 Prophane her Sabbaths, and her holy Things.

## ELEG. VIII.

**H**adst thou, (*Jerusalem*) O, had thy heart  
 Been loyal to his Love, whose once thou wert,  
 O, had the beams of thy unveiled eye  
 Continu'd pure ; hadst thou been nice to try  
 New pleasures, thus thy glory ne'r had wasted,  
 Thy walls, till now, like thy reproach, had lasted :  
 Thy Lovers, whose false beauties did intice thee,  
 Have seen thee naked, and do now despise thee ;  
 Drunk with thy wanton pleasures, they are fled,  
 And scorn the bounty of thy loathed bed ;  
 Lest to thy guilt (the servant of thy sin)  
 Thou shame'st to show, what once thou gloriedst in.

## ELEG. IX.

**J**erusalem is all infected over  
 With Leprosie, whose filth no shade can cover,  
 Puff up with pride, unmindful of her end,  
 See how she lies, devoid of help, or friend.  
 Great Lord of Lords (whose mercy far transcends  
 Thy sacred Justice) whose full hand attends  
 The cries of empty Ravens, bow down thine ears  
 To wretched *Sion*, *Sion* drown'd in tears :  
 Thy hand did plant her, (Lord) she is thy Vine,  
 Confound her foes : they are her foes, and thine :

Shew wonted favour to thy holy Hill :  
Rebuild her Walls, and love thy *Sion* still.

## ELEG. X.

**K**nees falsly bent to *Dagon*, now defile  
Her wasted Temple, rudely they despoil  
Th' abused Altars, and no hand relieves.  
Her House of Prayer, is turn'd a den of Thieves ;  
Her costly Robes, her sacred treasure stands  
A willing prey to sacrilegious hands ;  
Her Priests are slain, and in a luke-warm flood,  
Through every channel runs the Levites blood ;  
The hallowed Temple of the highest God,  
Whose purer foot-steps were not to be trod  
With unprepared feet, before her eye  
Is turn'd a Grove, for base Idolatry.

## ELEG. XI.

**L**ingring with Death and Famine, *Judah* groans,  
And to the Air breathes forth her airy moans,  
Her fainting eyes wax dim, her cheeks grow pale,  
Her wandring steps despair to speed, and fail,  
She faints, and through her trembling lips, half dead,  
She whispers of the holy name of bread :  
Great God, let thy offended wrath surcease,  
Behold thy servants, send thy servants peace ;  
Behold thy vassals, groveling on the dust :  
Be merciful (dear God) as well as just.  
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, that sent this grief,  
'Tis thou, 'tis thou alone, can send relief.

## ELEG. XII.

**M**Y tongue's in labour with her painful birth,  
That finds no passage : Lord, how strange a dearth  
Of

Of words, concomitates a World of woes!  
I neither can conceal, nor yet disclose:  
You weary Pilgrims, you, whose change of Climes  
Have taught you change of Fortune, and of Times,  
Stay, stay your feeble steps, and cast your eyes  
On me the Abstract of all miseries.  
Say (Pilgrims) say, if e'er your eyes beheld  
More true Iliades; more unparallel'd,  
And mateless evils, which my offended God  
Re-ulcerates with his enraged Rod.

## E L E G. XIII.

**N**O humane power could, no envious Art  
Of mortal man, could thus subject my heart,  
My glowing heart, to these imperious fires :  
No earthly sorrow, but at length expires ;  
But these my Tyrant-torments do extend  
To infinites, not having ease, nor end ;  
Lo, I the Pris'ner of the highest God,  
Inthrall'd to the vengeance of his Rod,  
Lie bound in fetters, that I cannot flie,  
Nor yet endure his deadly strokes, nor die :  
My joys are turn'd to sorrows, backt with fears,  
And I (poor I) lie pickled up in tears.

## E L E G. XIV.

**O** ! How unufferable is the weight  
Of sin ! how miserable is their state,  
The silence of whose secret sin conceals  
The smart, till Justice to Revenge appeals !  
How ponderous are my crimes, whose ample scroul  
Weighs down the pillars of my broken Soul !  
Their sour, masqu'd with sweetness, over-sway'd me,  
And with their smiling kisses, they betray'd me ;

Betray'd

Betray'd me to my foes, and what is worse,  
 Betray'd me to my self, and heav'n's curse,  
 Betray'd my soul to an eternal grief,  
 Devoid of hope, for e'r to find relief.

## ELEG. XV.

**P**Erplext with change of woes, where-e'r I turn  
 My fainting eyes, they find fresh cause to mourn :  
 My griefs move like the Planets, which appear  
 Chang'd from their places, constant in their sphere :  
 Behold, the earth-confounding arm of Heaven,  
 Hath cow'd my valiant Captains, and hath driven  
 Their scatter'd forces up and down the street,  
 Like worried sheep, afraid of all they meet ;  
 My younger men, the seed of propagation,  
 Exile hath driven from my divided Nation ;  
 My tender Virgins have not 'scap'd their rage ;  
 Which neither had respect to youth, nor age.

## ELEG. XVI.

**Q**UICK change of torments ! equal to those crimes  
 Which past unthought of in my prosp'rous times ;  
 From hence proceed my griefs, (ah me !) from hence  
 My Spring-tyde sorrows have their influence ;  
 For these my soul dissolves, my eyes lament,  
 Spending those tears, whose store will ne'r be spent ;  
 For these my fainting spirits droop, and melt  
 In anguish, such as never Mortal felt ;  
 Within the self-same flames, I freez, and fry,  
 I roar for help, and yet no help is nigh ;  
 My Sons are lost, whose fortunes would relieve me ;  
 And onely such triumph, that hourly grieve me.

ELEG.

## ELEG. XVII.

**R**ent from the glory of her lost renown,  
*Sion* laments ; Her lips (her lips o'rflown  
With floods of tears) She prompteth how to break  
New languages, instructs her tongue to speak  
Elegious Dialects ; She lowly bends  
Her dusty knees upon the earth, extends  
Her brawnless arms to them, whose ruthless eyes  
Are red with laughing at her miseries ;  
Naked she lies, deform'd, and circumvented  
With troops of fears, unpitied, unlamented,  
A loathsom drain for filth, despis'd, forlorn,  
The scorn of Nations, and the child of scorn.

## ELEG. XVIII.

**S**Our wages issue from the sweets of sin,  
Heavens hand is just, this treacherous heart hath bin  
The Author of my woes : 'Tis I alone ;  
My sorrows reap, what my foul sins have sown ;  
Often they cry'd to Heaven, e'r Heaven reply'd ;  
And vengeance ne'r had come, had they ne'r cry'd ;  
All you that pass, vouchsafe your gracious ears,  
To hear these cries ; your eyes, to view these tears :  
They are no heat-drops of an angry heart,  
Or childish passion of an idle smart ;  
But they are Rivers springing from an eye,  
Whose streams, no joy can stop, no grief draw dry.

## ELEG. XIX.

**T**Urn where I list, new cause of woe presents  
My poor distracted soul with new laments ;

Where

Where shall I turn? shall I implore my friends?  
 Ah, summer friendship, with the Summer ends;  
 In vain to them my groans, in vain my tears,  
 For harvest friends can find no winter ears.  
 Or shall I call my sacred Priests for aid?  
 Alas! my pined Priests are all betray'd  
 To Death, and Famine; in the streets they cried  
 For bread, and whilst they sought for bread, they died.  
 Vengeance could never strike so hard a blow,  
 As when she sends an unlamented woe.

## ELEG. XX.

**V**ouchsafe (great God) to turn thy tender eyes  
 On me poor wretch: Oh, let my midnight cries  
 (That never cease, if never stopt with tears)  
 Procure audience from thy gracious ears;  
 Behold thy creature, made by change of grief,  
 The barest wretch, that ever beg'd relief;  
 See, see, my soul is tortur'd on thy Rack,  
 My bowels tremble, and my heart-strings crack;  
 Abroad, the sword with open ruine frights me;  
 At home, the secret hand of Famine smites me;  
 Strange fires of grief! How is my soul opprest,  
 That finds abroad no peace, at home no rest!

## ELEG. XXI.

**V**Here, where art thou, O sacred Lamb of peace,  
 That promis'd to the heavy laden, ease?  
 Thee, thee alone, my often bended knee  
 Invokes, that have no other help, but thee:  
 My foes (amazed at my hoarse complaining)  
 Scoff at my oft repeated cries, disdaining  
 To lend their prosp'rous hand, they hiss and smile,  
 Taking a pleasure to behold my spoil:

Their

Their hands delight to bruise my broken reeds,  
And still persist to prick that heart that bleeds :  
But there's a Day (if Prophets can divine)  
Shall scourge their sins, as they have scourged mine.

## E L E G. XXII.

**Y**OU noisome weeds, that lift your crests so high,  
When better plants for want of moisture die ;  
Think you to flourish ever ? and (unspy'd)  
To shoot the flowers of your fruitless pride ?  
If plants be cropt, because their fruits are small,  
Think you to thrive, that bear no fruit at all ?  
Look down (great God) and from their places tear  
These weeds, that suck the juice, should make us bear :  
Undew'd with showers, let them see no Sun,  
But feel those Frosts, that thy poor plants have done.  
O cleanse thy Garden that the World may know  
We are the seed, that thy right hand did sow.

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## Threnodia II.

## E L E G. I.

**A**Las ! my torments, my distracted fears  
Have no commerce, with reasonable tears :  
How hath heavens absence darkned the renown  
Of *Sions* glory with one angry frown !  
How hath th' Almighty clouded those bright beams,  
And chang'd her beauties streamers, into streams !  
*Sion*, the glory of whose resplendent Fame  
Gave earnest of an everlasting name,  
Is now become an indigested Mass,  
And ruine is, where that brave glory was.  
How hath heaven struck her earth-admire~~d~~ name,  
From th' height of honour, to the depth of shame !

E L E G.

## ELEG. II.

**B**eauty, nor strength of building could entice,  
**B**Or force revenge from her just enterprise ;  
 Mercy hath stopt her Ears, and Justice hath  
 Pour'd out full Vials of her kindled wrath ;  
 Impatient of delay, she hath struck down  
 The pride of *Sion*, kickt off *Judah's* Crown ;  
 Her streets unpeopled, and disperst her powers,  
 And with the ground hath levell'd her high Towers ;  
 Her Priests are slain ; her captiv'd Princes are  
 Unransom'd Prisoners ; Slaves her men of war ;  
 Nothing remains of all her wonted glory,  
 But sad memorials of her tragick story.

## ELEG. III.

**C**onfused horror, and confounding shame,  
 Have blurr'd the beauty, and renowned name  
 Of righteous *Israel* ; *Israel's* fruitful Land,  
 Entail'd by Heaven, with the usurping hand  
 Of uncontroll'd Gentiles, is laid waste,  
 And with the spoil of ruine is defac'd ;  
 The angry mouth of Justice blows the fires  
 Of hasty vengeance, whose quick flame aspires  
 With fury to that place, which Heaven did sever,  
 For *Jacob*, and his holy seed for ever ;  
 No part, no secret angle of the Land,  
 Which bears no mark of Heaven's enraged hand.

## ELEG. IV.

**D**arts, thrild from Heaven, transfix my bleeding heart,  
 And fill my soul with everlasting smart,  
 Whose fest'ring wound no fortune can secure ;  
 Th' Almighty strikes but seldom, but strikes sure ;

His

His sinewy arm hath drawn his steely bow,  
And sent his forked shafts to overthrow  
My pined Princes, and to ruinate  
The weakned Pillars of my wounded State :  
His hand hath scourg'd my dear delights, acquitted  
My soul, of all, wherein my soul delighted :  
I am the mirror of unmasked sin,  
To see her (dearly purchas'd) pleasures in.

## ELEG. V.

**E**ven as the Pilot, whose sharp Keel divides  
The encountring Waves of the *Sicilian* Tides,  
Tost on the lists of death, striving to 'scape  
The danger of deep-mouth'd *Carybdis* rape,  
Rebuts on *Scylla*, with a forc'd career,  
And wrecks upon a less suspected fear :  
Even so poor I, contriving to withstand  
My Foe-mans, fall into the Almighty's hand :  
So I, the child of ruine, to avoid  
Less dangers, by a greater, am destroy'd ;  
How necessary, ah ! how sharp's his end,  
That neither hath his God, nor Man, to Friend !

## ELEG. VI.

**F**orgotten *Sion* hangs her drooping head  
Upon her fainting breast ; Her soul is fed  
With endless grief, whose torments had depriv'd her  
Long since, of life, had not new pains reviv'd her ;  
*Sion* is like a Garden, whose defence  
Being broke, is left to the rude violence  
Of wastful Swine, full of neglected waste ;  
Nor having flower for smell, nor herb for taste ;  
Heaven takes no pleasure in her holy Feasts ;  
Her idle Sabbaths, or burnt fat of Beasts ;

Both State and Temple are despoil'd, and fleec't  
Of all their beauty ; without Prince, or Priest.

## ELEG. VII.

**G**lory, that once did Heavens bright Temple fill,  
Is now departed from that sacred Hill ;  
See, how the empty Altars stand disguis'd,  
Abus'd by Gentiles, and by Heaven despis'd ;  
That place, wherein the Holy One hath taken  
So sweet delight, lies loathed and forsaken ;  
That sacred place, wherein the precious Name  
Of great *Jehovah* was preserv'd, the same  
Is turn'd a Den for thieves ; an open stage  
For vice to act on ; a defiled Cage  
Of unclean birds ; a house of priviledge  
For sin, and uncontroll'd sacrilege.

## ELEG. VIII.

**H**eaven hath decreed ; his angry breast doth boil,  
His time's expired, and he's arm'd to spoil ;  
His secret Will adjourn'd the righteous doom  
Of threatned *Sion*, and her time is come ;  
His hand is arm'd with thunder, from his eyes  
A flame more quick, than sulph'rous *Aetna*, flies ;  
*Sion* must fall : That hand which hath begun,  
Can never rest, till the full work be done.  
Her Walls are funk, her Towers are overthrown,  
Heaven will not leave a stone upon a stone ;  
Hence, hence the floods of roaring *Judah* rise,  
*Sion* fills the Cisterns of her eyes.

## ELEG. IX.

**J**OY is departed from the holy gates  
Of dear *Jerusalem*, and peace retreats

From wasted *Sion* ; her high walls, that were  
 An armed proof against the brunt of fear,  
 Are shrunk for shame, if not withdrawn, for pity,  
 To see the ruine of so brave a City ;  
 Her Kings, and out-law'd Princes live constrain'd  
 Hourly to hear the name of Heaven profan'd ;  
 Manners and Laws, the life of government,  
 Are sent into eternal banishment ;  
 Her Prophets cease to preach ; they vow, unheard :  
 They howl to Heaven, but Heaven gives no regard.

## ELEG. X.

**K**ing, Priest, and People, all alike are clad  
 In weeds of Sackcloth, taken from the sad  
 Wardrobe of sorrow, Prostrate on the earth,  
 They close their lips, their lips estrang'd to mirth :  
 Silent they sit, for dearth of speech affords  
 A sharper accent, for true grief, than words :  
 The Father wants a Son, the Son a Mother ;  
 The Bride her Groom : the Brother wants a Brother ;  
 Some, Famine : Exile some ; and some the Sword  
 Hath slain : all want, when *Sion* wants her Lord :  
 How art thou all in all ! There's nothing scant  
 (Great God) with thee ; Without thee, all things want.

## ELEG. XI.

**L**aunch forth my soul into a sea of tears,  
 Whose ballanc'd bulk no other Pilot steers  
 Than raging sorrow, whose uncertain hand,  
 Wanting her compass, strikes on every sand ;  
 Driven with storm of sighs, she seeks the Haven  
 Of Rest; but like a Noahs wandring Raven,  
 She scours the Main : and, as a Sea-lost Rover,  
 She toartis, but can no land of peace discover :

Mine eyes are faint with tears ; tears have no end,  
 The more are spent, the more remain to spend :  
 What marble (ah !) what Adamantine eye,  
 Can look on *Sions* ruine, and not cry ?

## ELEG. XII.

**M**Y tongue ! the tongues of Angels are too faint  
 T' express the causes of my just complaint ;  
 See how the pale fac'd sucklings roar for food,  
 And from their milkless mothers breasts, draw blood ;  
 Children surcease their serious toyes, and plead  
 With trickling tears, Ah mothers, give us bread !  
 Such goodly Barns, and not one grain of Corn ?  
 Why did the Sword escap's ? Why were we born  
 To be devour'd and pin'd with famine ? save us  
 With quick relief, or take the lives you gave us :  
 They cry'd for bread, that scarce had breath to cry,  
 And wanting means to live, found means to dye.

## ELEG. XIII.

**N**Ever, ah ! never yet, did vengeance brand  
 A State with deeper ruine, than thy Land ;  
 Dear *Sion*, how could mischief been more keen,  
 Or struck thy glory with a sharper spleen ?  
 Whereto (*Jerusalem*) to what shall I  
 Compare this thy unequall'd misery ?  
 Turn back to Ages past, search deep Records :  
 Theirs are, thine cannot be exprest in words.  
 Would, would to God, my lives cheap price might be  
 Esteem'd of value, but to ransome thee ;  
 Would I could cure thy grief ; but who is able  
 To heal that wound, that is immedicable ?

## ELEG. XIV.

**O** Sion, had thy prosp'rous soul endur'd  
Thy Prophets scourge, thy joys had been secur'd,  
But thou (ah thou) hast lent thine itching ear  
To such as claw'd, and only such wouldst hear ;  
Thy Prophets 'nointed with unhallow'd oyle,  
Rub'd where they should have launc't, and did beguile  
Thy abused faith, their fawning lips did cry  
Peace, peace, alas when there was no peace nigh ;  
They quilted silken Curtains for thy crimes,  
Bely'd thy God, and only pleas'd the times :  
Dear *Sion*, oh ! hadst thou but had the skill  
To stop thine ears, thou hadst been *Sion* still.

## ELEG. XV.

**P**eople, that travel through thy wasted land,  
Gaze on thy ruines, and amazed stand,  
They shake their spleenful heads, disdain, deride  
The sudden downfal of so fair a Pride,  
They clap their joyful hands, and fill their tongues  
With hisses, Ballads, and with Lyrick songs :  
Her torments give their empty lips new matter,  
And with their scornful fingers point they at her :  
Is this (say they) that place, whose wonted fame  
Made troubled earth to tremble at her name ?  
Is this that State ? Are these those goodly stations ?  
Is this that Mistress, and that Queen of Nations ?

## ELEG. XVI.

**Q**uencht are the dying embers of compassion,  
For empty sorrow finds no lamentation :  
When as thy Harvest flourisht with full ears,  
Thy lightest grief brought in a tyde of tears ;

But now, alas ! thy Crop consum'd and gone,  
 Thou art but food for beasts to trample on :  
 Thy servants glory in thy ruine, those  
 That were thy private friends, are publick foes :  
 Thus, thus (say they) we spit our ranc'rous spleen,  
 And gnash our teeth upon the worlds fair Queen :  
 Thrice welcom this (this long expected) day,  
 That crowns our conquest, with so sweet a prey.

## ELEG. XVII.

**R**ebellious *Judah* ! Could thy flatt'ring crimes  
 Secure thee from the dangers of the times,  
 Or did thy Summer Prophets ere foresay  
 These evils, or warn'd thee of a winters day ?  
 Did not those sweet-lipt Oracles beguile  
 Thy wanton ears, with news of Wine, and Oyl ?  
 But Heaven is just : what his deep counsel will'd,  
 His Prophets told, and Justice hath fulfil'd :  
 He hath destroy'd ; no secret place so void,  
 No fort so sure, that Heaven hath not destroy'd :  
 Thou land of *Judah* ! how's thy sacred Throne  
 Become a stage, for Heathens to trample on !

## ELEG. XVIII.

**S**EE, see, th' accursed *Gentiles* do inherit  
 The Land of promise ; where Heavens sacred spirit  
 Built Temples for his everlasting Name,  
 There, there th' usurping *Pagans* do proclaim  
 Their idle Idols, unto whom they gave  
 That stoln honour which Heavens Lord should have :  
 Wink *Sion* ; O let not those eyes be stain'd  
 With Heavens dishonour, see not Heaven profan'd :  
 Close, close thine eyes, or if they needs must be  
 Open, like flood-gates, to let water flee,

Yet let the violence of their flowing streams  
Obscure thine open eyes, and mask their beats.

## ELEG. XIX.

**T**RUST not thy eye-lids, lest a flattering sleep  
    Bribe them to rest, and they forget to weep :  
Pour out thy heart, thy heart dissolv'd in tears,  
Weep forth thy plaints in the Almighty's ears :  
O let thy cries, thy cries to heaven addrest,  
Disturb the silence of thy midnight rest ;  
Prefer the sad petitions of thy soul  
To Heaven, ne'r close thy lips, till Heaven condole  
Confounded *Sion*, and her wounded weal ;  
That God that smit, oh move that God to heal !  
Oh, let thy tongue ne'r cease to call, thine eye  
To weep, thy pensive heart ne'r cease to crie !

## ELEG. XX.

**V**OUCHSAFE, O thou eternal Lord of pity,  
    To look on *Sion*, and thy Dearest City  
Confus'd *Jerusalem*, for thy *Davids* sake,  
And for that promise which thy self did make  
To halting *Israel* ; lo, thy hand hath forc'd  
Mothers (whom lawles famine hath divorc'd  
From dear affection) to devour the blooms,  
And buds, that burthen'd from their painful wombs :  
Thy sacred Priests and Prophets, that while-e'r  
Did hourly whisper in thy neighb'ring ear,  
Are fain before the sacrilegious Sword,  
Even where, even whilst they did unfold thy Word.

## ELEG. XXI.

**W**OUNDED, and wasted by th' eternal hand  
    Of Heaven, I grovel on the ground ; my land

Is turn'd a *Golgotha*; before mine eye,  
 Unsepulchr'd, my murthered people lie;  
 My dead lie rudely scatt'red on the stones;  
 My Causies all pay'd with dead mens bones;  
 The fierce destroyer doth alike forbear  
 The maidens trembling, and the Matrons tear;  
 Th' imperial sword spares neither fool nor wise,  
 The old man's pleading, nor the infants cries.  
 Vengeance is deaf and blind, and she respects  
 Not young, nor old, nor wise, nor fool, nor sex.

## ELEG. XXII.

**Y**ears, heavy laden with their months, retire;  
 Months, gone their date of numbered days, expire;  
 The days, full houred, to their period tend;  
 And hours, chac'd with lightfoot-minutes, end;  
 Yet my undated evils, no time will minish,  
 Though years and months, though days and hours finish:  
 Fears flock about me, as invited guests  
 Before the Portals at proclaimed feasts; (fall;  
 Where Heav'n hath breath'd, that man, that state must  
 Heaven wants no thunderbolts to strike withal:  
 I am the subject of that angry breath,  
 My sons are slain, and I am mark'd for death.

## Threnodia III.

## ELEG. I.

**A**LL you, whose unprepared lips did taste  
 The tedious Cup of sharp affliction, cast  
 Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunk up  
 Those dregs, whereof you only kist the Cup;

I am the man, 'gainst whom th' Eternal hath  
Discharg'd the louder volly of his wrath :  
I am the man, on whom the brow of night  
Hath scowl'd, unworthy to behold the light ;  
I am the man, in whom th' Almighty shewes  
The dire example of unpatern'd woes :  
I am that Pris'ner, ransom cannot free ;  
I am that man, and I am only he.

*E L E G. II.*

**B**ondage hath forc'd my servile neck to fail  
Beneath her load ; Afflictions nimble flail  
Hath thresh't my soul upon a floor of stones,  
And quasht the marrow of my broken bones ;  
Th' assembled powers of heaven enrag'd, are eager  
To root me out ; heavens souldiers do beleager  
My worried soul, my soul unapt for fleeing,  
That yields, o'rburthen'd with her tedious being ;  
Th' Almighties hand hath clouded all my light,  
And clad my soul with a perpetual night,  
A night of torments, and eternal sorrow,  
Like that of death, that never finds a morrow.

*E L E G. III.*

**C**hain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,  
I strive in vain. No mortal hand can loose  
What Heaven hath bound ; my soul is wall'd about,  
That hope cannot get in, nor fear get out :  
When e'r my wav'ring hopes to Heaven address  
The feeble voice of my extream distress,  
He stops his tyred ears, without regard  
Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard ;  
Before my faint and stumbling feet he layes  
Blocks, to disturb my best advised ways :

Is turn'd a Golgotha ; before mine eye,  
 Unsepulchr'd, my murthered people lie ;  
 My dead lie rudely scatt'red on the stones ;  
 My Causies all pav'd with dead mens bones ;  
 The fierce destroyer doth alike forbear  
 The maidens trembling, and the Matrons tear ;  
 Th' imperial sword spares neither fool nor wise,  
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**Y**ears, heavy laden with their months, retire ;  
 Months, gone their date of numbered days, expire ;  
 The days, full houred, to their period tend ;  
 And hours, chac'd with lightfoot-minutes, end ;  
 Yet my undated evils, no time will diminish,  
 Though years and months, though days and hours finish :  
 Fears flock about me, as invited guests  
 Before the Portals at proclaimed feasts ; (fall ;  
 Where Heav'n hath breath'd, that man, that state must  
 Heaven wants no thunderbolts to strike withal :  
 I am the subject of that angry breath,  
 My sons are slain, and I am mark'd for death.

## Threnodia III.

## ELEG. I.

**A**LL you, whose unprepared lips did taste  
 The tedious Cup of sharp affliction, cast  
 Your wondring eyes on me, that have drunk up  
 Those dregs, whereof you only kist the Cup ;

I am the man, 'gainst whom th' Eternal hath  
Discharg'd the louder volly of his wrath :  
I am the man, on whom the brow of night  
Hath scowl'd, unworthy to behold the light ;  
I am the man, in whom th' Almighty shewes  
The dire example of unpatern'd woes :  
I am that Pris'ner, ransom cannot free ;  
I am that man, and I am only he.

## E L E G. II.

**B**ondage hath forc'd my servile neck to fail  
Beneath her load ; Afflictions nimble flail  
Hath thresh't my soul upon a floor of stones,  
And quasht the marrow of my broken bones ;  
Th' assembled powers of heaven enrag'd, are eager  
To root me out ; ~~heavens~~ souldiers do beleager  
My worried soul, my soul unapt for fleeing,  
That yields, o'rburthen'd with her tedious being ;  
Th' Almighties hand hath clouded all my light,  
And clad my soul with a perpetual night,  
A night of torments, and eternal sorrow,  
Like that of death, that never finds a morrow.

## E L E G. III.

**C**hain'd to the brazen pillars of my woes,  
I strive in vain. No mortal hand can loose  
What Heaven hath bound ; my soul is wall'd about,  
That hope cannot get in, nor fear get out :  
When e'r my wav'ring hopes to Heaven address  
The feeble voice of my extream distress,  
He stops his tyred ears, without regard  
Of Suit, or Suitor, leaves my prayers unheard ;  
Before my faint and stumbling feet he layes  
Blocks, to disturb my best advised ways :

I seek my peace, but seek my peace in vain ;  
For every way's a trap ; each path's a train.

## E L E G. IV.

**D**isturbed Lions are appeas'd with blood,  
And ravenous Bears are mild, not wanting food :  
But Heaven, ah ! Heaven will not implored be :  
Lions and Bears are not so fierce as he :  
His direful vengeance (which no mean confines)  
Hath crost the thriving of my best designes :  
His hand hath spoil'd me, that e'r while advanc'd me,  
Brought in my foes, possest my friends against me :  
His Bow is bent, his forked Rovers fly  
Like darted hail-stones from the darkned sky,  
Shot from a hand that cannot err, they be  
Transfix'd in no other mark, but me.

## E L E G. V.

**E**xil'd from Heaven I wander to and fro,  
And seek for streams, as Stags new stricken do,  
And like a wandring Hart I flee the Hounds,  
With arrows deeply fixed in my wounds,  
My deadly hunters with a winged pace,  
Prick forwards, and pursue their wary chace,  
They whoop, they hollow me, deride and flout me,  
That flee from death, yet carry death about me :  
Excess of torments hath my soul deceiv'd  
Of all her joyes, of all her powers bereiv'd :  
O curious grief, that hast my soul brim fill'd  
With thousand deaths, and yet my soul not kill'd !

## E L E G. VI.

**F**ollow'd with troops of fears, I flie in vain,  
For change of places breeds new change of pain.

The

The base condition of my low estate,  
My exalted foes disdain and wonder at :  
Turn where I list, these, these my wretched eyes,  
They find no objects, but new miseries ;  
My soul, accustom'd to so long increase  
Of pains, forgets that she had ever peace :  
Thus, thus perplext, thus with my griefs distracted  
What shall I do ? Heavens powers are compacted  
To work my eternal ruine ; To what friend  
Shall I make moan, when Heaven conspires my end ?

*ELEG. VII.*

**G**reat God ! what help (ah me !) what hope is left  
To him, that of thy presence is bereft ?  
Absented from thy favour, what remains,  
But sense and sad remembrance of my pains ?  
Yet hath affliction opn'd my dull ear,  
And taught me what in weal I ne're could hear :  
Her scourge hath tutor'd me with sharp corrections,  
And swag'd the swelling of my proud affections ;  
Till now I slumbered in a prosp'rous dream,  
From whence awak'd, my griefs are more extream ;  
Hopes newly quickned, have my soul assur'd ;  
That griefs discover'd, are one half recur'd.

*ELEG. VIII.*

**H**A D not the milder hand of mercy broke  
The furious violence of that fatal stroke  
Offended justice struck, we had been quite  
Lost in the shadows of eternal night ;  
Thy mercy, Lord, is like the morning Sun,  
Whose beams undo, what sable night hath done ;  
Or like a stream, the current of whose course  
Restraint'd a while, runs with a swifter force ;

Oh,

Oh, let me swelter in those sacred beams,  
And after bathe me in these silver streams ;  
To thee alone my sorrows shall appeal ;  
Hath earth a wound, too hard for Heaven to heal ?

## ELEG. IX.

**I**N thee (dear Lord) my pensive soul respires,  
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires ;  
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst  
In streams to him, that seeks with holy thirst ;  
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst to bring  
The fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring ;  
Thrice happy he, whose well resolved brest  
Expecta<sup>s</sup> no other aid, no other rest ;  
Thrice happy he, whose downy age had been  
Reclaim'd by scourges from the prime of sin,  
And early season'd with the taste of Truth,  
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

## ELEG. X.

**K**Nowledge concomitates Heavens painful rod,  
Teaches the soul to know her self, her God,  
Unseils the eye of faith, presents a morrow  
Of joy, within the sablest night of sorrow ;  
Th' afflicted soul abounds in barest need,  
Sucks purest honey from the foulest weed,  
Detests that good, which pamper'd reason likes,  
Welcomes the stroke, kis<sup>s</sup>es the hand that strikes ;  
In roughest tides his shell-prepared brest,  
Untoucht with danger, finds a haven of rest ;  
Hath all in all, when most of all bereaven ;  
In earth, a hell, in hell he finds a Heaven.

## E L E G. XI.

**L** Abour perfected with the evening ends ;  
 The lamp of Heaven (his course fulfill'd) descends ;  
 Can works of nature seek, and find a rest ;  
 And shall the torments of a troubled brest,  
 Impos'd by natures all-commanding God,  
 Ne'r know an end, ne'r find a period ?  
 Dear soul despair not, whet thy dull belief  
 With hope ; Heavens mercy will o'rcome thy grief :  
 From thee, not him proceeds thy punishment,  
 He's slow to wrath, and speedy to relent :  
 Thou burn'st like gold, consumest not like fawel ;  
 O, wrong not Heaven, to think that Heaven is cruel.

## E L E G. XII.

**M**ountains shall move, the Sun his circling course  
 Shall stop ; tridented *Neptune* shall divorce  
 Th' embracing floods from their beloved lies,  
 Ere Heaven forgets his servant, and recoiles,  
 From his eternal vow : Those, those that bruise  
 His broken Reeds, or secretly abuse  
 The doubtful title of a rightful cause,  
 Or with false bribes, adulterate the *Laws*  
 That should be chaste, these the Almighty hath  
 Branded for subjects of a future wrath :  
 Oh may the just man know, th' Eternal hastens  
 His plagues for tryals, loves the child he chastens.

## E L E G. XIII.

**N**o mortal power, nor supernal might,  
 Not *Lucifer*, nor no infernal spright,  
 Nor all together join'd in one commission  
 Can think or act without divine permission ;

Man

Man wills, heaven breaths success, or not, upon it ;  
 What good, what evil befalls, but heaven hath done it ?  
 Upon his right hand health, and honours stand,  
 And flaming scourges on the other hand :  
 Since then the states of good or evil depend  
 Upon his will (fond mortal) thou attend  
 Upon his wisdom ; why should living dust  
 Complain of Heavens, because that heaven is just ?

## E L E G. XIV.

**O** Let the ballance of our even-pois'd hearts  
 Weigh our afflictions with our just deserts,  
 And ease our heavy scale ; Double the grains  
 We take from sin, heaven taketh from our pains ;  
 O let thy lowly bended eyes not fear  
 Th' Almighty's frowns, nor husband one poor tear ;  
 Be prodigal in sighs, and let thy tongue,  
 Thy tongue estrang'd to Heaven, cry all night long ;  
 My soul thou leav'st what thy Creator did  
 Will thee to do, hast done, what he forbid ;  
 This, this hath made so great a strangeness be  
 (If not divorce) betwixt thy God and thee.

## E L E G. XV.

**P**Repar'd to vengeance, and resolv'd to spoil,  
 Thy hand (just God) hath taken in thy toyl  
 Our wounded souls, that Arm which hath forgot  
 His wonted mercy, kills, and spareth not ;  
 Our crimes have set a bar betwixt thy grace  
 And us ; thou hast eclips'd thy glorious face,  
 Hast stopt thy gracious ear, lest prayers inforce  
 Thy tender heart to pity and remorse :  
 See, see great God, what thy dear hand hath done ;  
 We lie like dross, when all the gold is gone,  
 Contemn'd, despis'd, and like to Atomes fli'e  
 Before the Sun, the scorn of every eye.

E L E G.

*E L E G. XVI.*

**Q**uotidian fevers of reproach and shame,  
Have chill'd our honour and renowned Name ;  
We are become the by-word and the scorn  
Of Heaven and earth ; of Heaven and earth forlorn ;  
Our captiv'd souls are compast round about,  
Within, with troops of fears, of foes without ;  
Without, within, distrest ; and in conclusion,  
We are the hapless children of confusion ;  
Oh how mine eyes, the rivers of mine eyes  
O'er-flow these barren lips, that can devise  
No dialect, that can express or borrow  
Sufficient metaphors, to shew my sorrow !

*E L E G. XVII.*

**R**ivers of marsh tears have overflow'd  
My blubber'd cheeks ; my tongue can find no tone  
So sharp as silence, to bewail that woe,  
Whose flowing Tides an ebb could never know :  
Weep on (mine eyes) mine eyes shall never cease ;  
Speak on (my tongue) forget to hold thy peace ;  
Cease not thy tears ; close not thy lips so long,  
Till Heaven shall wipe thine eyes, and hear thy tongue :  
Whose heart of bra's, what Adamantine brest  
Can know the torments of my soul, and rest ?  
What stupid brain (ah me !) what marble eye  
Can see these, these my ruines, and not crie ?

*E L E G. XVIII.*

**S**o hath the Fowler with his flie deceits,  
Beguil'd the harmless Bird ; so with false baits,  
The treacherous Angler strikes his nibbling prey ;  
Even so my foes my guiltless soul betray ;

So have my fierce pursuers, with close wiles  
 Intralled me, and gloried in my spoils ;  
 Where undermining plots could not prevail,  
 Their mischief did with strength of arm assail ;  
 Thus in afflictions troubled billows tost,  
 I live ; but 'tis a life worse had, than lost :  
 Thus, thus o'rwhelm'd, my secret soul doth cry,  
 I am destroy'd, and there's no helper nigh.

## E L E G. XIX.

**T**HOU great Creator, whose diviner breath  
 Preserves thy creature, joy'st not in his death,  
 Look down from thy eternal Throne, that art  
 The only Rock of a despairing heart ;  
 Look down from Heaven (O thou) whose tender ear  
 Once heard the trickling of one single tear ;  
 How art thou now estranged from his cry,  
 That sends forth Rivers from his fruitful eye ?  
 How often hast thou with a gentle arm,  
 Rais'd me from death, and bid me fear no harm ?  
 What strange disaster caus'd this sudden change ?  
 How wert thou once so near, and now so strange !

## E L E G. XX.

**V**ANQUISH by such as thirsted for my life,  
 And brought my soul into a legal strife,  
 How oft hast thou (just God) maintain'd my cause,  
 And crost the sentence of their bloody Laws ?  
 Be still my God, be still that God thou wert ;  
 Look on thy mercy, not on my desert ;  
 Be thou my Judge betwixt my foes and me ;  
 The Advocate betwixt my soul and thee ;  
 'Gainst thee (great Lord) their arm they have advanc'd ;  
 And dealt that blow to thee, that thus hath glanc'd  
 Upon

Upon my soul ; smite those that have smit thee,  
And for thy sake, discharg'd their spleen at me.

## ELEG. XXI.

**W**HAT <sup>scoff</sup> squint-ey'd scorn, what flout, what wry-mouth'd  
That sullen pride ere took acquaintance of,  
Hath 'scap'd the fury of my foemans tongue,  
To do my simple innocency wrong ?  
What day, what hour, nay, what shorter season  
Hath kept my soul secure from the treason  
Of their corrupted counsels, which dispend  
Dayes, nights, and hours, to conspire my end ?  
My sorrows are their songs, and as slight fables  
Fill up the silence of their wanton tables.  
Look down (just God) and with thy power divine  
Behold my foes ; they be thy foes, and mine.

## ELEG. XXII.

**Y**E T sleeps thy vengeance ? Can thy Justice be  
So slow to them, and yet so sharp to me ?  
Dismount (just Judge) from thy tribunal Throne,  
And pay thy foemen the deserved loan  
Of their unjust designs ; make fierce thy hand,  
And scourge thou them, as they scourged my land.  
Break thou their Adamantine hearts, and pound them  
To dust, and with thy final curse confound them.  
Let horror seize their souls, O may they be  
The scorn of Nations, that have scorned thee !  
O may they live distrest, and dye bereaven  
Of earths delights, and of the joyes of Heaven !

## Threnodia IV.

## ELEG. I.

**A** Las, what alterations! Ah, how strange  
 Amazement flows from such an uncouth change!  
 Ambitious ruine! Could thy razing hand  
 Find ne'r a subject but the Holy Land?  
 Thou sacrilegious ruine, to attempt  
 The house of God; was not heavens house exempt  
 From thy accursed Rape? ah me! behold,  
*Sion* whose payment of resplendent gold  
 So lately did reflect, so bright, so pure,  
 How dim, how drowsie now (ah!) how obscure!  
 Her sacred stones lie scatter'd in the street,  
 For stumbling blocks before the Levites feet.

## ELEG. II.

**B** Hold her Princes, whose victorious brows  
 Fame oft had crowned with her Lawrel boughs,  
 See how they hide their shame-confounding crests,  
 And hang their heads upon their fainting brests;  
 Behold her Captains, and brave men at Arms,  
 Whose spirits fired at Wars loud alarms,  
 Like worried sheep how flee they at the noise  
 Of Drums, and startle at the Trumpets voice!  
 They faint, and like amazed Lions show  
 Their fearful heels if Chaunticleere but crow;  
 How are the pillars (*Sion*) of thy state  
 Transform'd to clay, and burnisht gold so late!

## E L E G. III.

**C**A N furious Dragons hear their helpless brood  
Cry out, and fill their hungry lips with food?  
Hath Nature taught fierce Tygers to apply  
The breast unto their younglings empty cry?  
Have savage beasts time, place, and natures helps  
To feed and foster up their idle whelps:  
And shall the tender Babes of *Sion* cry,  
And pine for food, and yet their mothers-by?  
Dragons, and Tygers, and all savage beasts  
Can feed their young, but *Sion* hath no breasts:  
Distressed *Sion*, more unhappy far,  
Than Dragons, savage Beasts, or Tygers are!

## E L E G. IV.

**D**EATH thou pursuest, if from death thou flee  
Or if thou turn'st thy flight, death follows thee:  
Thy staff of life is broke; for want of bread,  
Thy City pines, and half thy land is dead;  
The son t' his father weeps, makes fruitless moan;  
The father weeps upon his weeping son:  
The brother calls upon his pined brother:  
And both come crying to their hungry mother:  
The empty Babe, instead of milk, draws down  
His Nurses tears, well mingled with his own;  
Nor change of place, nor time with help supplies thee,  
Abroad the Sword, Famine at home destroys thee.

## E L E G. V.

**E**Xcess and Surfeit now have left thy Coast  
The lavish guest now wants his greedy Host,  
No wanton Cook prepares his poynant meat,  
To teach a Tatiate palate how to eat;

Now *Bacchus* pines, and shakes his feeble knces,  
 And pamper'd *Envy* looks, as plump as Hee's;  
 Discolour'd *Ceres*, that was once so fair,  
 Hath lost her beauty, sing'd her golden hair ;  
 Thy Princes mourn in rags ; ashame'd to infold  
 Their leaden spirits in a case of gold ;  
 From place to place thy Statesmen wandring are,  
 On every dunghil lies a man of war.

## ELEG. VI.

**F**oul *Sodom*, and incestuous *Gomorrah*  
 Had my destruction, but ne'r my sorrow :  
 Vengeance had mercy there, her hand did send  
 A sharp beginning, but a sudden end ;  
 Justice was mild, and with her hasty flashes  
 They fell, and sweetly slept in peaceful ashes ;  
 They felt no rage of an insulting foe,  
 Nor Famines pinching fury, as I do ;  
 They had no sacred Temple to defile ;  
 Or if they had, they would have helpt to spoil ;  
 They dy'd but once, but I, poor wretched I,  
 Die many deaths, and yet have more to die.

## ELEG. VII.

**G**old from the Mint, Milk from the uberous Cow,  
 Was ne'r so pure in substance, nor in show,  
 As were my *Nazarites*, whose inward graces  
 Adorn'd the outward lustre of their faces ;  
 Their faces robb'd the Lilly, and the Rose,  
 Of red and white ; more fair, more sweet than those.  
 Their bodies were the Magazines of perfection,  
 Their skins unblemisht, were of pure complexion  
 Through which their Saphire-colour'd veins descride  
 The Azure beauty of their naked pride ;

The flaming Carbuncle was not so bright,  
Nor yet the rare discolour'd Chrysolite.

## ELEG. VIII.

**H**OW are my sacred *Nazarites* (that were  
The blazing planets of my glorious sphere)  
Obscur'd and darkned in afflictions cloud ?  
Astonish't at their own disguise, they shroud  
Their foul transformed shapes in the dull shade  
Of sullen darknes, of themselves afraid ;  
See how the brother gazes on the brother,  
And both affrighted, start, and flie each other :  
Black as their fates, they cross the streets unken'd,  
The Sire, his Son ; the friend disclaims his friend :  
They, they that were the flowers of my land,  
Like withered weeds and blasted Hemlock stand.

## ELEG. IX.

**I**Mpetuous Famine, Sister to the Sword,  
Left hand of death, Child of th' infernal Lord,  
Thou torturer of Mankind, that with one stroke,  
Subject'st the world to thy imperious yoke :  
What pleasure tak'st thou in the tedious breath  
Of pined mortals, or their lingring death ?  
The Sword, thy generous brother's not so cruel,  
He kills but once, fights in a noble Duel,  
But thou (malicious Fury) dost extend  
Thy spleen to all, whose death can find no end ;  
Alas ! my haples weal can want no woe,  
That feels the rage of Sword, and Famine too.

## ELEG. X.

**K**ind is that death, whose weapons do but kill,  
But we are often slain, yet dying still ;

Our torments are too gentle ; yet too rough  
 They gripe too hard, because not hard enough :  
 My people tear their trembling flesh for food,  
 And from their ragged wounds they suck forth blood :  
 The father dies, and leaves his pined Coarse,  
 T' inrich his heir with meat ; the hungry Nurse  
 Broyles her starv'd suckling on the hasty coles,  
 Devours one half, and hides the rest in holes.  
 O Tyrant famine ! that compell'st the Mother  
 To kill one hungry Child to feed another !

## E L E G. XI.

**L**ament, O sad *Jerusalem*, lament ;  
 O weep, if all thy tears be yet unspent,  
 Weep (wasted *Jadah*) let no drop be kept  
 Unshed, let not one tear be left unwept ;  
 For angry Heaven hath nothing left undone,  
 To bring thy Ruines to perfection ;  
 No curse, no plague the fierce Almighty hath  
 Kept back, to sum the total of his wrath :  
 Thy City burns, thy *Sion* is despoil'd ;  
 Thy wives are Ravish't, and thy maids defil'd ;  
 Famine at home, the Sword abroad destroys thee :  
 Thou cry'st to heav'n, and heav'n his ear denies thee.

## E L E G. XII.

**M**A Y thy dull senses (O unhappy Nation,  
 Possest with nothing now but desolation !)  
 Collect their scatter'd forces, and behold  
 Thy novel fortunes ballanc'd with the old.  
 Couldst thou, O could thy prosp'rous heart conceive,  
 That mortal pow'r, or art of State could reive  
 Thy illustrious Empire of her sacred glory,  
 And make her Ruines the *Threnodian* story

Of these sad times, and ages yet to be ?  
Envy could pine, but never hope to see  
Thy buildings crusht, and all that glory ended,  
Which man so fortifi'd, and Heaven defended.

## ELEG. XIII.

**N**E'r had the splendor of thy bright Renown  
Been thus extinguish't (*Judah*;) Thy fast Crown  
Had ne'r been spurn'd from thy Imperial brow,  
Plenty had nurs'd thy soul, thy peaceful plow  
Had fill'd thy fruitful Quarters with encrease,  
Hadst thou but known thy self, and loved peace ;  
But thou hast broke that sacred truth, concluded  
Betwixt thy God, and thee ; vainly deluded  
Thy self with thine own strength, with deadly feud  
Thy furious Priests and Prophets have pursu'd  
The mourning Saints of *Sion*, and did slay  
All such as were more just, more pure, than they.

## ELEG. XIV.

**O** How the Priests of *Sion*, whose pure light  
Should shine to such as grope in Errors night,  
And blaze like lamps before the darkned eye  
Of ignorance, to raise up those that lie  
In dull despair, and guide those feet that stray,  
Ay me ! how blind, how dark, how dull are they !  
Fear, Rage, and Fury drives them through the street ;  
And, like to madmen, stab at all they meet ;  
They wear the purple Livery of Death,  
And live themselves, by drawing others breath :  
Say (wasted *Sion*) could Revenge behold  
So foul an acted Scene as this, and hold ?

## ELEG. XV.

**P**rophets, and sacred Priests, whose tongues while-e'r  
 Did often whisper in th' Eternal's ear,  
 Disclos'd his Oracles, found ready passage  
 'Twixt God and man to carry heavens Embassage,  
 Are now the subjects of deserved scorn,  
 Of God forsaken, and of man forlorn ;  
 Accursed *Gentiles* are ashamed to know,  
 What *Sions* Priests are not ashamed to do ;  
 They see and blush, and blushing flee away ;  
 Fearing to touch things so defil'd as they ;  
 They hate the filth of their abomination,  
 And chase them forth from their new conquer'd nation.

## ELEG. XVI.

**Q**uite banisht from the joyes of earth, and similes  
 Of Heaven, and deeply buried in her spoils ;  
 Poor *Judah* lies ; unpitied, disrespected ;  
 Exil'd the world of God, of man rejected ;  
 Like blasted ears among the fruitful Wheat,  
 She comes disperst, and hath no certain seat :  
 Her servile neck's subjected to the yoke  
 Of bondage, open to th' impartial stroke  
 Of conquering *Gentiles*, whose afflicting hand  
 Smites every nook of her disguised land ;  
 Of Youth respectless, not regarding Years,  
 Nor Sex, nor Tribe ; like scourging Prince and Peers.

## ELEG. XVII.

**R**ent and reposed from Imperial state,  
 By heavens high hand, on heaven we must await  
 To him that struck, our sorrows must appeal ;  
 Where heaven hath smit, no hand of man can heal.

In vain our wounds expected mans relief,  
 For disappointed hopes renew a grief :  
*Egypt* opprest us in our fathers loyns ;  
 What hope's in *Egypt* ? nay if *Egypt* joins  
 Her force with *Judah*, our united powers  
 Could ne'r prevail 'gainst such a foe as ours.  
*Egypt*, that once did feel heav'ens scourge for grieving  
 His flock, would now re-find it for relieving.

## E L E G. XVIII.

**S**o the quick-scented Eagles, in a view,  
 O'r hill and dale the fleeting chase pursue,  
 As swift-foot death and ruine follow me,  
 That flees, afraid, yet knows not where to flee :  
 Flee to the fields ? there with the Sword I meet ;  
 And, like a watch, death stands in every street ;  
 No cover hides from death ; no shade, no Cells  
 So dark wherein not death and horror dwells ;  
 Our days are numbered, and our number's done,  
 The empty hour-glass of our glory's run ;  
 Our sins are summ'd, and so extream's the score,  
 That heaven could not do less, nor hell do more.

## E L E G. XIX.

**T**O what a downfal are our fortunes come,  
 Subjected to the sufferance of a doom,  
 Whose lingring torments hell could not conspire  
 More sharp ! than which hell needs no other fire :  
 How nimble are our Fo-men to betray  
 Our souls ? Eagles are not so swift as they :  
 Where shall we flee ? or where shall find  
 A place for harbour ? Ah, what prosp'rous wind  
 Will lend a gale, whose bounty ne'r shall cease,  
 Till we be landed on the Isle of peace ?

My foes more fierce than empty Lions are ;  
For hungry Lions, wo'd with tears, will spare.

## ELEG. XX.

**U**Surping *Gentiles* rudely have engrost  
Into their hands those fortunes we have lost,  
Devour the fruits that purer hands did plant,  
Are plump and pamp'red with that bread we want ;  
And (what is worse than death) a Tyrant treads  
Upon our Throne ; *Pagans* adorn their heads  
With our lost Crowns ; their powers have disjointed  
The members of our State, and heavens Anointed  
Their hands have crusht, and ravish't from his throne,  
And made a slave for slaves to tread upon :  
Needs must that flock be scattered and accurst,  
Where wolves have dar'd to seize the shepherd first.

## ELEG. XXI.

**W**A X fat with laughing (*Edom*;) with glad eyces  
Behold the fulnes of our miseries ;  
Triumph' (thou Type of Antichrist) and feed  
Thy soul with joy, to see thy brothers feed  
Ruin'd, and rent, and rooted from the earth,  
Make haste and solace thee with early mirth :  
But there's a time shall teach thee how to weep  
As many tears as I ; thy lips as deep  
Shall drink in sorrows Cup, as mine have done  
Till then chear up thy spirits, and laugh on :  
Offended Justice often strikes by turns :  
*Edom*, beware, for thy next neighbour burns.

## ELEG. XXII.

**Y**E drooping Sons of *Sion*, O arise,  
And shut the flood-gates of your flowing eyes,  
Surcease

Surcease your sorrows, and your joyes attend,  
 For heaven hath spoke it, and your griefs shall end :  
 Believe it *Sion* ; seek no curious sign,  
 And wait heaven's pleasure, as heav'n waited thine ;  
 And thou triumphing *Edom*, that dost lie  
 In Beds of Roses, thou whose prosp'rous eye  
 Did sinile, to see the gates of *Sion* fall,  
 Shalt be subjected to the self-same thrall ;  
*Sion*, that weeps, shall smile : and *Edom's* eye,  
 That smiles so fast, as fast shall shortly cry.

---

## The Prophet *Jeremy* his Prayer for the distressed People of *Jerusalem* and *Sion*.

**G**reat God, before whose all-discriminating eye  
 The secret corners of mans heart do lie  
 As open as his actions, which no cloud  
 Of secreste can shade, no shade can shrowd :  
 Behold the tears, O harken to the cries  
 Of thy poor *Sion* ; wipe her weeping eyes,  
 Bind up her bleeding wounds, O thou that art  
 The best Chirurgion for a broken heart :  
 See how the barbarous Gentiles have intruded  
 Into the land of promise, and excluded  
 Those rightful owners from their just possessions,  
 That wander now full laden with oppressions ;  
 Our fathers (ah !) their savage hands have slain,  
 Whose deaths our widow-mothers weep in vain ;  
 Our Springs, whose Crystal plenty once disburst  
 Their bounteous favours to quench every thirst :

Our liberal woods, whose palest shaken tops  
 To every stranger bow'd their yielding lops,  
 Are sold to us that have no price to pay,  
 But sweat and toil, the sorrows of the day :  
 Oppressors trample on our servile necks :  
 We never cease to groan, nor they to vex :  
 Famine and dearth have taught our hands t' extend  
 To Ashur, and our feeble knees to bend  
 To churlish Pharoe : want of bread compells  
 Thy servants to beg alms of Infidels :  
 Our wretched fathers sin'd, and yet they sleep  
 In peace, and have left us their sons to weep :  
 We, we extracted from their sinful loins,  
 Are guilty of their sins ; their Osse joins  
 To our high Pelion ; Ah ! their crimes do stand  
 More firmly entail'd to us, than our land :  
 We are the slaves of servants, and the scorn  
 Of slaves, of all forsaken and forlorn ;  
 Hunger hath forc'd us to acquire our food,  
 With deepest danger of our dearest blood :  
 Our skins are wrinkled, and the fruitless ploughs  
 Of want have fallow'd up our barren brows :  
 Within that Sion, which thy hands did build,  
 Our Wives were ravish'd, and our maids defil'd :  
 Our savage Foe extends his barbarous Rage  
 To all, not sparing Sex, nor Youth, nor Age :  
 They hang our Princes on the shameful trees  
 Of death ; respect no Persons, no Degrees :  
 Our Elders are despised, whose grey hairs  
 Are but the Index of their doting years ;  
 Our flowing youth are forced to fulfil  
 Their painful tasks in the laborious Mill ;  
 Our children faint beneath their loads, and cry,  
 Opprest with burdens, under which they lie :  
 Sages are banish'd from judicial Courts,  
 And youth takes no delight in youthful sports :

Our joyes are gone, and promise no returning,  
Our pleasure's turn'd to pain, our mirth to mourning,  
Our hand hath lost his Sword, our head his Crown !  
Our Church her glory ; our weal, her high renown.  
Lord, we have sin'd, and these our sins have brought  
This world of grief (O purchase dearly bought !)  
From hence our sorrows, and from hence our fears  
Proceed ; for this our eyes are blind with tears :  
But that (aye that) which my poor heart doth count  
Her sharpest torture, is thy sacred Mount,  
Sacred Mount Sion, Sion that divine  
Seat of thy glory's raz'd ; her tender Vine,  
Laden with swelling Clusters, is destroy'd,  
And Foxes now that once thy Lambs enjoy'd.  
But thou (O thou Eternal God) whose Throne  
Is permanent, whose glory's ever one,  
Unapt for change, abiding still the same,  
Though earth consume, and Heaven dissolve her frame.  
Why dost thou (ah !) why dost thou thus absent  
Thy glorious face ? Oh, wherefore hast thou rent  
Thy mercy from us ? O ! when wilt thou be  
Aton'd to them, that have no trust but thee ?  
Restore us (Lord) and let our souls possess  
Our wonted peace ; O, let thy hand redress  
Our wasted fortunes ; let thine eye behold  
Thy scattered Flock, and drive them to their Fold :  
Canst thou reject that people, which thy hand  
Hath chose, and planted in the promis'd land ?  
O thou (the spring of mercy) wilt thou send  
No ease to our afflictions, no end.

THE END.

AN  
ALPHABET  
OF  
ELEGIES,  
UPON

The much and truly lamented Death of  
that famous for Learning, Piety,  
and true Friendship,

DR AILMER :

—A great Favourer, and fast Friend to the Muses,  
and late Arch-Deacon of *London*.

*Imprinted in his heart that ever loves his*  
**MEMORY.**

---

Written by *FRA. QUARLES.*

---

*Cum privilegio* { <sup>Am</sup> <sub>Dol</sub> } *oris.*

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

---

Readers,

**G**ive me leave to perform a necessary duty, which my affection owes to the blessed memory of that Reverend Prelate, my much honoured Friend, Dr Ailmer: He was one, whose life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodness, as earth would suffer; and whose pregnant virtues deserve as faithful a Register, as earth can keep: In whose happy remembrance, I have here trusted these Elegies to time and your favours: had he been a lamp to light me alone, my private griefs had been sufficient; but being a Sun, whose beams reflected on all, all have an interest in his memory; to which end I recommend these memorials to the publick, in testimony of my undissembled Affection, and true Piety that I owe to so great an example of Virtue and Learning.

FR. QUARLES.

# Funeral Elegies.

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## ELEG. I.

**A**LL you whose eyes would learn to weep, draw near  
 And hear, what none, without full tears, can hear.  
 Come marble eyes, as marble as your hearts,  
 I'll teach you, how to weep a tear in parts ;  
 And you false eyes, that never yet let fall  
 A tear in earnest, come, and now you shall  
 Send forth salt fountains of the truest grief,  
 That ever sought to language for relief :  
 But you, you tender eyes, that cannot bear  
 An Elegy, wept forth without a tear,  
 I warn you hence ; or, at the most, pass by,  
 Lest while you stay, you soon dissolve, and die.

## ELEG. II.

**B**UT stay, (sad *Genius*) how do griefs transport  
 Thy exil'd senses ? is there no resort  
 To fork'd *Pernassus* sacred Mount ? No word,  
 No thought of *Helicon* ? No Muse implor'd ?  
 I did invoke, but there was none reply'd ;  
 The nine were silent, since *Mecenas* dy'd :  
 They have forsaken their old spring, 'tis said,  
 They haunt a new one, which their tears have made ;  
 Should I molest them with my loss ? 'Tis known,  
 They find enough to re-lament their own :  
 I crave no aid, no Deity to infuse  
 New matter : Ah ! True sorrow needs no Muse.

ELEG.

## ELEG. III.

**C**all back (bright *Phæbus*) your sky-wandring steeds,  
 Your day is tedious, and our sorrow needs  
 No Sun: when our sad souls have lost their light,  
 Why should our eyes not find perpetual night?  
 Go to the nether World, and let your Rayes  
 Shine there: Bestow on them our share of dayes;  
 But say not, why: lest when report shall show  
 Such cause of grief, they fall a grieving too,  
 And pray the absence of your restles wain,  
 Which then must be return'd on us again.  
 Dear *Phæbus* grant my suit; if thou deny't,  
 My tears shall blind me, and so make a night.

## ELEG. IV.

**D**eath, art thou grown so nice? can nothing please  
 Thy curious palate, but such Cates, as theſe?  
 Or hath thy ravenous ſtomach been o'rpreſt  
 With common diet at thy laſt great eaſt? 1625.  
 Or haſt thou fed ſo near, that there is none  
 Now leſt but delicates to feed upon?  
 Or was this diſh ſo tempting, that no power  
 Was leſt in thee to ſtay another hour?  
 Or diſt thou feed by chance, and not obſerv'd  
 What food it was, but took as fortune carv'd?  
 'Tis done: Be it or fortunes act or thine,  
 It fed the one, whose want made millions pine.

## ELEG. V.

**E**nvy now burſt with joy, and let thine eyes  
 Strut forth with fatneſs; let thy Collops riſe  
 Pampered and plump; feed full for many years  
 Upon our loſs: be drunken with our tears:

For

For he is dead, whose Soul did never cease  
 To cross and violate your malitious peace ;  
 He's dead ; but in his death hath over-thrown  
 More vices, than his happy life had done :  
 In life, he taught to die ; and he did give,  
 In death, a great example how to live :  
 Though he be gone, his fame is left behind :  
 Now leave thy laughing, Envy, and be pin'd.

## E L E G. VI.

**F**arewel those eyes, whose gentle smiles forsook  
 No misery, taught Charity how to look :  
 Farewel those cheerful eyes, that did e'rwhile,  
 Teach succour'd misery how to bless a smile :  
 Farewel those eyes, whose mixt aspect, of late,  
 Did reconcile humility and state :  
 Farewel those eyes, that to their joyful guest  
 Proclaim'd their ordinary fare a feast ;  
 Farewel those eyes, the load-stars, late, whereby  
 The Graces sail'd secure, from eye to eye :  
 Farewel dear eyes, bright Lamps ; O who can tell  
 Your glorious welcom, or our sad farewell !

## E L E G. VII.

**G**o glorious Saint ! I knew 'twas not a shrine  
 Of flesh, could lodge so pure a soul as thine ;  
 I saw it labour (in a holy scorn  
 Of living dust and ashes) to be sworn  
 A Heavenly Quirister : It sigh'd and groan'd  
 To be dissolv'd from mortal, and enthron'd  
 Among his fellow-Angels, there to sing  
 Perpetual Anthems to his heavenly King :  
 He was a stranger to his house of Clay ;  
 Scarce own'd it, but that necessary stay,

McCall'd it his; and only zeal did make  
Him love the building for the builders sake.

## ELEG. VIII.

**H**AD Virtue, Learnaing, the Diviner Arts,  
Wit, Judgment, Wisdom (or what other parts  
That make perfection, and return the mind  
As great as earth can suffer) been confin'd  
To earth, had they the Patent to abide  
Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne'r had dy'd:  
Fond earth, forbear, and let thy childish eyes  
Ne'r weep for him, thou ne'r knew'st how to prize.  
Shed not a tear, blind earth: for it appears,  
Thou never lov'dst our *Ailmer*, by thy tears:  
Or if thy floods must needs o'flow their brim,  
Lament, lament thy blindness, and not him.

## ELEG. IX.

**I**Wondred not to hear so brave an end,  
Because, I knew, who made it, could contend  
With death, and conquer, and in open chace  
Would spit defiance in his conquered face:  
And did: Dauntless he trod him underneath,  
To shew the weakness of unarmed death:  
Nay, had report, or niggard fame deny'd  
His name, it had been known, 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.  
It was no wonder, to hear Rumour tell,  
That he which dy'd so oft, once dy'd so well:  
Great Lord of life, how hath thy dying breath  
Made man, whom death had conquer'd, conquer death!

## ELEG. X.

**K**Nowledge (the depth of whose unbounded Main  
Hath been the wreck of many a curious brain,  
And from her (yet unreconciled) Schools  
Hath fill'd us with so many learned fools)  
Hath tutor'd thee with Rules that cannot err,  
And taught thee how to know thy self, and her:

Furnisht thy nimble soul in height of measure,  
 With humane riches and divinest treasure,  
 From whence, as from a sacred spring, did flow  
 Fresh Oracles, to let the hearer know  
 A way to glory, and to let him see,  
 The way to glory, is to study thee.

## ELEG. XI.

**L**ook how the body of heavens greater light  
 Enriches each beholder with his bright  
 And glorious Rayes, until the envious West  
 Too greedy to enjoy so fair a guest,  
 Calls him to bed, where ravisht from our sight,  
 He leaves us to the solemn frowns of night :  
 Even so our Sun in his harmonious sphere  
 Enlightned every eye, rapt every ear,  
 Till in the early Sun-set of his years  
 He dy'd, and left us that survive, in tears :  
 And (like the Sun) in spight of death, and fate,  
 He seemed greatest in his lowest state.

## ELEG. XII.

**M**olest me not, full sighs and flowing tears,  
 You storms and showers of nature stop your ears ;  
 Fond flesh and blood, against the strong temptation  
 Of sullen grief, and sense-bereaving passion,  
 Cease to lament ; Let not thy flow-pac'd numbers  
 Disturb his rest, that so, so sweetly slumbers.  
 The child of Virtue is asleep, not dead ;  
 He dies alone, whom death hath conquered :  
 Why should we shed a tear for him ? or why  
 Lament we, whom we rather should envy ?  
 He lives, he lives a life shall never tast  
 A change, so long as Crowns of glory last.

## ELEG. XIII.

**N**o, no, he is not dead, The mouth of Fame,  
 Honours shrill Herald, would preserve his name,  
 And

And make it live in spight of death and dust,  
Were there no other Heaven, no other trust.  
He is not dead, the sacred Nine deny,  
The soul that merits fame, should ever die.  
He lives ; and when the latest breath of fame  
Shall want her Trump, to gloriſe a name,  
He ſhall ſurvice, and these ſelf-cloſed eyes,  
That now lie ſlumbr'ing in the dust ſhall riſe,  
And fill'd with endleſs glory, ſhall enjoy  
The perfect viſion of eternal joy.

*E L E G. XIV.*

**O** But the dregs of flesh and blood ! how cloſe  
They grapple with my ſoul, and interpoſe  
Her higher thoughts ; which, yet but young of wing,  
They cauſe to ſtoop and ſtrike at every thing  
Paſſion preſents before their weaſned eye,  
Juſtment and better Reaſon ſtanding by !  
I muſt lament, Nature commands it ſo :  
The more I ſtrive with tears, the more they flow ;  
These eyes have juſt, nay, double cauſe of moan,  
They weep the common loſs, they weep their own.  
He ſleeps, indeed ; then give me leave to weep  
Tears fully anſwerable to his ſleep.

*E L E G. XV.*

**P**ardon my tears, if they be too too free,  
And if thou cauſt not weep, I'll pardon thee,  
Dull Stoick ; if thou laugh to hear his death,  
I'll weep, that thou werſt born to ſpend that breath  
Thou dry-brain'd Portick, whose Ahenean breaſt  
(Transcending paſſion) never was oppreſt  
With grief, O had your tliny Sect but loſt  
So rare a prize, as we lament and boast,  
Your hearts had croſt your Tenet, and diſburſt  
As many drops as we have done, or burſt ;  
No marvel that your marble brains could croſt  
Her laws, that never gave you ſuſh a loſs.

## ELEG. XVI.

**Q**uick-soul'd Pythagoras, O thou that wert  
So many men, and didst so oft revert  
From shades of death (if we may trust to fame)  
With loss of nothing but thy buried name;  
Hadst thou but liv'd in this our *Ailmer's* time,  
Thou would'st have dy'd once more to live in him;  
Or had our *Ailmer* in those dayes of thine  
But dy'd, and left so glorious, so divine  
A soul as his, how would thy hasty brest  
Have gasp'd to entertain so fair a guest:  
Which if obtained had (no doubt) supply'd thee  
With that immortal state thy Syre deny'd thee.

## ELEG. XVII.

**R**Are soul, that now sit'st crowned in that Quire  
Of endless joy, fill'd with celestial fire;  
Pardon my tears, that in their passion would  
Recal thee from thy Kingdom, if they could;  
Pardon, O pardon my distracted zeal;  
Which, if condemn'd by Reason, must appeal  
To thee, whose now lamented death, whose end  
Confirm'd the dear affections of a friend;  
Permit me then to offer at thy Herse  
These fruitless tears, which if they prove too fierce,  
O pardon, you that know the price of friends;  
For tears are just, that nature recommends.

## ELEG. XVIII.

**S**O may the fair aspect of pleased Heaven  
Conform my Noon of days and crown their even;  
So may the gladder smiles of earth present  
Mo fortunes with the height of joyes content;  
As I lament with unaffected breath,  
Our loss (dear *Ailmer*) in thy happy death;  
May the false tear, that's forc'd, or slides by Art,  
That hath no warrant from the soul, the heart,

Or that exceeds not nature's faint commission,  
Or dares (unvented) come to composition ;  
O, may that tear in stricter judgment rise  
Against those false, those faint, those flattering eyes.

## ELEG. XIX.

**T**Hus to the World, and to the spacious ears  
Of fame, I blazon my unboasted tears :  
Thus to thy sacred Dust, thy Urn, thy Herse  
I consecrate my sighs, my tears, my Verse ;  
Thus to thy soul, thy name, thy just desert  
I offer up my joy, my love, my heart :  
That earth may know, and every ear that hears,  
True worth and grief were parents to my tears :  
That earth may know thy Dust, thy Urn, thy Herse,  
Brought forth and bred my sighs, my tears, my Verse ;  
And that thy soul, thy name, thy just desert,  
Invites, incites my joy, my love, my heart.

## ELEG. XX.

**U**Nconstant earth ! Why do not mortals cease  
To build their hopes upon so short a Lease ?  
Uncertain Lease, whose term but once begun,  
Tells never, when it ends, till it be done :  
We dote upon thy smiles, not knowing why :  
And whiles we but prepare to live, we die :  
We spring, like flowers for a days delight,  
At noon we flourish, and we fade at night :  
We toyl for Kingdoms, conquer Crowns, and then  
We that were gods but now, now less than men :  
If Wisdom, Learning, Knowledge cannot dwell  
Secure from change, vain Bubble Earth, farewell.

## ELEG. XXI.

**W**ouldst thou, when Death had done, deserve a story  
Should stain the memory of great Pompey's glory ;  
Conquer thy self, example be thy guide,  
Dye just, as our self-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.

Wouldst thou subdue more Kingdoms, gain more crowns  
 Than that brave Hero *Cesay* conquer'd Toxns?  
 Then conquer death; example be thy guide;  
 Dye just, as our death-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.  
 But wouldst thou win more worlds, than he had done  
 Kingdoms, that all the Earth had over-run?  
 Then conquer Heaven; example be thy guide;  
 Dye just, as our Heaven-conquering *Ailmer* dy'd.

## E L E G. XXII.

**Y**ears, fully laden with their moneths, attend  
 Th' expired times acquittance, and so end:  
 Moneths gone, thejr dates of numbred days, require  
 Bright *Cynthia*'s full discharge, and so expire:  
 Dayes deeply ag'd with hours, lose their light  
 And having run their stage, conclude with night:  
 And hours, chac'd with light-foot minutes flie,  
 Tendring their labour to a new supply;  
 Yet *Ailmer*'s glory never shall diminish,  
 Though years and months, though days and hours finish:  
 Yet *Ailmer*'s joyes for ever shall extend,  
 Though years and moneths, though days and hours end.

FINIS

*Doloris nullus.*

HIS

# HIS E P I T A P H.

**A**SK you why so many a tear  
 B urst forth ? I'll tell you in your ear :  
 C ompel me not to speak aloud,  
 D eath would then be too too proud ;  
 E yes that cannot vie a tear,  
 F orbear to ask, you may not hear ;  
 G entle hearts that overflow,  
 H ave onely priviledge to know :  
 I n these sacred Ashes, then,  
 K now (Reader) that a man of men  
 L ies covered : Fame and lasting glory  
 M ake dear mention of his story :  
 N ature when she gave him birth,  
 O pd her treasure to the Earth,  
 P ut forth the model of true merit,  
 Q uickned with a higher spirit :  
 R are was his life ; his latest breath  
 S aw, and scorn'd, and conquer'd death :  
 T hankless Reader, never more  
 U rge a why, when tears run o'r :  
 W hen you saw so high a Tide,  
 Y ou might have known, 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.

*Obiit Jan. vi. M DC XXV.*

*Vivat post funera Virtus.*

AN  
ELEGY  
UPON  
The *Reverend, Learned,*  
And my honoured Friend,  
Dr. Wilson,  
OF THE  
ROLLS.

---

By *FR. QUARLES.*

---

TO MY

Much honoured Friend

*ROBERT CÆSAR,*

Of the Inner Temple, Esq;

SON to the Right Honourable, Sir *Julius Cæsar*, Knight, Master of the ROLLS, and one of His Majesties most Honourable PRIVY-COUNCIL.

SIR,

*HAD* the hand of Death but shook, when it levelled at this Reverend Doctor, the Dart had struck either you or me; for, at his last meal, made at your honourable Fathers Table (which he out-lived not two hours) he sat between us, healthful and cheerful. The Custom of the Ægyptians was at their solemn Feasts, to bring in Death by Proxy; here, he came in Person. GOD keep him long from the upper end of this Table: As I, who sat by his left hand presume to be his Poet; so you, who sat on his right, vouchsafe to be my Patron; to whom I devote this Elegy as a Monument of his excellent Worth, and my entire Love, who am

Yours in the true affection  
of a faithful heart,

*F R. QUARLES.*

## I.

**I** Cannot hold, my day grows dark and dull ;  
**I** My troubled Air is damp, my Clouds are full :  
 The Winds are still, my stormy sighs are spent ;  
**I** must pour down, my Soul must burst, or vent :  
 No Azure dapples my be-darkned Skies ;  
 My passion has no *April* in her eyes :  
**I** cannot spend in mists : I cannot muzzle :  
 My fluent brains are too severe to drizzle  
 Slight drops : my prompted fancy cannot showre,

## H. And shine within an hour.

**Y**E T those that weep on trust, that feed their ears  
 With sad Reports, and ground their inborn tears  
 On babling fame, whose wisdoms are perplext  
 To draw forth learned Comments from the Text  
 Of unknown worth, that use t' embalm the dead  
 With drops of Course, and Art (drops lively shed  
 From copied passion) O let such perfume  
 Suspicious lines with skill ; whilst I presume  
 On strength of Nature ; Sorrow can infuse

## III. A spirit without a Muse.

**I** Need no Art to set a needless gloss  
 Upon true grief, or beautifie a loss  
 With rak'd invention ; my rude Pen forbears  
 To burnish sorrow, or to polish tears,  
 No far-fetch'd Metaphor shall smooth or slick  
 My ruffled strain, no strict review shall lick  
 My rugged lines ; our flow-pac'd feet shall tread  
 A careless garb, and being sadly led,  
 Shall blunder on, like those whose steps are turning

## IV. To the sad house of mourning.

**C**OME Reader, come, Put off thy common weed,  
 And dress thy soul in Sables ; come and feed  
 Thy lungs with lib'ral sighs, and drench thine eyes  
 With holy water ; let thy fountains rise

And

And fill thy sanguine Cisterns to the brim :  
Spread forth thy widened arms, and learn to swim  
In thine own tears, or else their hasty streams  
May chance to overwhelm thee in th' extremes  
Of boistrous passion : Passion has no bounds ;

## V. It conquers or compounds.

**T**His day our darkned Hemisphere has lost  
A glorious Star, whose brightness did almost  
Appear another Sun, whose heaven-bred Rayes  
Shot forth such flames at darkness, that our dayes,  
Unsoild with shades, did seem to overthrow  
Hell-gates, and make another Heaven below :  
But now our Heaven is clouded, our bright Star  
Is ravish'd hence, our *Israel's* Western Car  
Hath lost a wheel ; and we have chang'd our light

## VI. To shades, our day to night.

**T**His day a Star is fala, whose golden head  
Gilt every eye with flame, whose lustre led  
The wandring *Wise*men of the World to see  
The sacred object of a bended knee :  
That Star, by whose fair conduct we address  
To view that Babe, new-born in every brest :  
That gracious Star which glorified our sphere ;  
That fill'd each eye with object, every ear  
With Oracle ; That Star has lost her light,

## VII. And cloath'd our eyes with night.

**T**His day a Pillar's falm, that did support  
The holy Rafters of fair *Sion's* Court ;  
A great Coloss, whose marble-shoulders bore  
So large a share, that even the sacred floor  
Did startle, and her consecrated wall  
Did shake and tremble at the sudden fall :  
Our Pillar's down, that Pillar which became  
By day, our *Israel's* cloud ; by night, her flame :  
What eye that loves our *Sion* can behold

Such Ruines, and yet hold ?

## VIII. Great

## VIII.

**G**reat pale-fac'd Tyrant, child of man's transgression,  
 O could thy cruelty find no expression  
 More mild, than this ? In such a time to bear  
 A Shepherd hence, and the bold Wolf so near ?  
 What arm shall rescue us ? what Crook shall guide us ?  
 What hand shall fold us ? or what Cave shall hide us ?  
 O, what heroick heart will interpose  
 Betwixt our lives, and our blood-thirsty foes ?  
 Great pale-fac'd Tyrant, 'tis our shepherds heart  
 That bleeds ; but ours, that sinart.

## IX.

**B**UT what can tears avail ? Or what Relief  
 Can sad complaint expect ! Can whining grief  
 Unlock the brazen gates of grisly death,  
 And warm his ashes with a second breath ?  
 Husband thy sighs, hoard up thy fluent tears  
 For thine own use : Thy well-examin'd years  
 Will find a just occasion to dispend  
 More drops, than thy poor stock can recommend ;  
 Leave him to rest ; his blest estate appears

No subject for thy tears.

## X.

**G**lorious Soul, and lay thy Temples down  
 In Abram's bosom, in the sacred Doun  
 Of soft Eternity ; be full possest  
 With holy armfuls of Angel-like Rest :  
 Put on thy Milk-white Robe, and take the prize  
 Of promis'd glory ; let the gladder eyes  
 Of smooth-fac'd Cherubims, enrich'd with smiles,  
 Dart beams of everlasting joy ; the whiles  
 Poor we transform our tears into a trust,  
 To spring a Phœnix from a Phœnix dust.

*Merces peccati mors est ; & janua vita.*

# *MILDREIADOS:*

TO THE

Blessed Memory of that fair Manuscript  
of Virtue, and unblemisht  
**HONOUR,**

*MILDRED, Lady LUCKYN,*

The late WIFE of

Sir *WILLIAM LUCKYN,*

Of little *Waltham* in the County  
of *ESSEX*, Baronet :

DAUGHTER to Sir *Gamaliel Capel*  
of *Rookwoods-Hall* in the said  
County, Knight.

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Consecrated and Written

By *FRA. QUARLES.*

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2011.132.11M

INTRO

1880-1881. 1882-1883. 1884-1885.

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|  |
|--|

Semper honorandum (sic Numinis  
vultis) habeo.

TO MY  
Honourable and dear Friend  
Sir WILLIAM LUCKYN,  
BARONET.

SIR,

**T**O whom can these Leaves owe themselves, but you? whose the Author is; and to whom the blessed life and death of this Sainted Lady hath been, and is (to my knowledge) a religious and continued meditation. She was yours: and the terms whereon you parted with her, was no ill bargain. Having a double interest (and, in that, a treble blessing) for more than twelve years, could you expect less, than to lose the Principal? But Almighty GOD hath shewn himself so gracious a Dealer, that we look for extraordinary Penny-worths at his bountiful Hand. Your  
wif-

wisdom knows practically that our Affections must keep silence, when his Will's the Speaker: He knew her fitter for Heaven, than Earth, and therefore transplanted her. He found her full ripe and therefore gathered her. I present what here is to you, wherein you shall receive but the self-same by Number, and by Measure; which, before, you had by Weight. Be pleased to accept it from the hand of him that makes a Relique of her memory, and is

Your most affectionate  
Friend to serve you,

F R. QUARLES.

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A N

# AN ELEGY.

## I.

**A**RE all Quils dead? Or be they buried deep  
In black-mouth'd *Lethè*'s bottomless abyss?  
How come our Poets, that were wont to keep  
Sorrows sad Vigils strictly, so remiss?  
Are they grown dull or drowzy? Can soft sleep  
Charm them at such a needful time, as this?  
Or has dumb grief found out a newer fashion  
To character her thoughts, and cloath her passion,  
Than eye-bedawbing tears, and printed lamentation?

## II.

**B**E what I will be, Reader, I must pay  
My vows to Virtues Altar, must be bold  
To scorn example, and to tread that way  
Which blunt affection leads; or new, or old,  
I value not: I have a word to say,  
That all the World must hear: I cannot hold.  
Great Spirit of truth, if this Threnodian story  
Intend her honour with thy loss of glory,  
Strike dumb these lips, strike dead these knees that fall

III. (before ye.

**C**OME sweet infuser of Diviner strains,  
From whom the streams of hallowed passion flow,  
Dart thy bright beams into my ravish'd brains:  
Enlarge my straitned thoughts that they may show  
To all the World, from Princes down to Swains,  
What heav'nly Powers, and warbling Angels know;  
Guide thou my hand, inspire my Quill and me  
With truth and art; thou knowst those tears that be  
Dropt for the death of Saints are consecrate to thee.

H h

IV. Di-

## IV.

**D**isturb me not you loads of flesh and blood,  
You natural Parents of unnatural passion ;  
Sink not mine eyes in that tempestuous flood,  
Which hurries faith from her appointed station ;  
Hence lumpish grief, that onely serves to brood  
The mungrel whelps of dunghil contemplation ;  
Hence all that's earthly ; O, my soul refine  
Thy drossy thoughts (or be no thoughts of mine)  
And like our subject prove no less, than all divine.

## V.

**E**ven such, was she; her richly furnish'd brest,  
Was a fair Temple ; and her heart, a shrine,  
Guarded with troops of Angels, where did rest  
A glory nine times greater than the Nine ;  
Her soul was fill'd with Heav'n, and full possest  
With heav'nly Raptures ; She was all Divine :  
She was a harmony, where ev'ry part  
Was sung by graces, so compos'd by art,  
It rouz'd up ev'ry ear, it ravisht ev'ry heart.

## VI.

**F**OR ever blasted be those narrow eyes  
That look asquint upon this holy shrine ;  
Thrice be those lips accus'd that dare disguise  
The sacred Temple of the glorious Trine ;  
Still may those ears be fed with jars and lies,  
That cannot relish Musick so Divine ;  
Who ere thou be, that dare attempt to spot  
So pure a name, O may it prove thy lot,  
For ever to be known the thing that she was not.

## VII.

**G**ush forth mine eyes, and when your floods be spent  
Borrow new tydes from passions Oratory ;  
Take streams on trust, until your flood-gates vent  
The common stock, and weep an Allegory ;  
If hearts turn stones, make very stones relent,

And

And help to bear the burthen of thy story :

O, here's a Subjeſt that ſhall force and tear

The Portals of an Adamantine ear ;

Yet ſooner break a heart, perchance, than broach a tear.

## VIII.

**H**A D ſhe been onely that, which ſerves to raise  
The name of woman to a common height :

Had ſhe been only that, which, now adays,

With ſome allowance makes perfection weight ;

She had deſerv'd her ſhare of common praise,

Perchance, and had been priz'd above her Rate.

But ſhe was All, her ſubſtance had no ſcum ;

She was a perfect Quinteſſence, in whom  
All others Items met, and made one total ſum.

## IX.

**I**N Birth, her Blood was Noble ; In her life,  
Severely Pious ; sweet in Conversation ;

A happy Parent, and a loyal Wife ;

In words, diſcreet ; Divine in Contemplation :  
Slow to admit, apt to compose a ſtrife :

Secret in alms, and full of mild compassion ;

Potent and free in *Canaan's* Oratory ;

In life and death a rare ſelected ſtory ;

In life, a Saint in Grace ; in death, a Saint in Glory.

## X.

**K**Nowledge that often puffs the ſpungy brain,  
Gave her the treasure of a lowly breft ;

Wifdom, that once abuſ'd, turns trap and train,

Built in her ſimple heart the Turtles nest ;

Riches, that cloath the brow with proud diſdain,

Made her appear far leſſer, than the leaſt ;

She had true knowlege, wiſdom, wealth, in which

Sh' enjoy'd her God, his glory was her pitch ;

True Knowlege made her Wife; true Wiſdom made her

(Rich.)

## XI.

**L**adies, let not your emulous stomachs swell  
To hear perfection crown'd : There may accrue  
Some honour to your names : If you excel,

*Joves* Bird hath fruitful wings, which daily muse  
More sprightly Quils than ours ; dye you as well,  
(Heav'n grant ye may) they'll do no less for you :  
Till then expect it not, know half your glory  
Shines at your death ; but dead, they will restore ye  
From your forgotten dust, and write your perfect story.

## XII.

**M**A Y this rare patern dwell before your eye,  
Whentime shall please t' unclasp your fleshly Cage ;  
Her holy death will teach ye all to die,  
And scorn the malice of Infernal Rage ;  
She dy'd at half her days ; and know ye, why ?  
She was a Rule propos'd to Youth, to Age ;  
She was a Light, that glorified your days ;  
Obscur'd, alone, by our inferior praise ;  
The virtue of the world was but her Periphrase.

## XIII.

**N**OW blow thy Trump, and see if Envy durst  
Presume to snarle, or vent her frothy gall.  
Fame blow aloud : Let Envy snarle her worst ;  
Do ; let her fret, and fume, and foam, and fall  
Stark mad : Blow louder, till the Bedlam burst,  
And stink ; and taint her news-corrupting Hail.  
Blow fame and spare not : If some base-bred tongue  
That wanrs a name to lose, should chance to wrong  
Thy honour'd Trumpets breath, then make thy blast more

XIV. (strong.)

**O** But this Light is out ; what wakeful eye  
E'r mark'd the progress of the Queen of Light,  
Rob'd with full glory in her *Austrian* sky,  
Until at length in her young noon of night,  
A swarth tempestuous Cloud doth rise, and rise,

And

And hides her lustre from our darkned sight :  
Even so too early death (that has no ears  
Open to suits) in her scarce noon of years,  
Dash'd out our light, and left the tempest in our tears.

## XV.

**P**Atents of humane lives are short, and drawn  
Without a clause, and with a secret date ;  
Our day is spent, before it scarcely dawn,  
Each Urn's appointed, come it soon or late ;  
The course-greind Lockrom, and the white skin Lawn  
Are both subjected to the self same fate :  
Fate throws at all: Death sips of ev'ry blood,  
Had she but slain the bad, and spar'd the good,  
Our Quill had spar'd this Ink, our Eyes had spar'd this  
XVI. (flood.

**Q**UICK-finger'd Death's impartial, and lets flie  
Her shafts at all ; but aims with fouler spite  
At fairer Marks ; She, now and then, shoots by  
And hits a fool ; but levels at the white,  
She often pricks the Eagle in the eye,  
And spares the carkals of the flagging Kite ;  
Queens drop away, when blew-leg'd *Maukin* lives ;  
Drones thrive when Bees are burnt within their hives,  
And Courtly *Mildred* dies, when Country *Madge* survives.

## XVII.

**R**TRACT that word, false Quill: O let mine eyes  
Redeem that language with a thousand tears :  
Our *Mildred* is not dead : How passion lies !  
How ill that sound does relish in these ears !  
Can she be dead, whose conqu'ring soul defies  
The bands of death ; and worse than death, the fears ?  
No, no, she sits enthron'd, and smiles to see  
Our childish passions ; she triumphs, while we  
In sorrow, blaze her death, that's death and sorrow free.

## XVIII. Sweet

## XVIII.

**S**weet soul, forgive the Treason of my Pen,  
Which makes thy State the subject of a tear,  
And with false whining kills thee once agen ;  
    Forgive our folly, or disdain to hear :  
Thou art an Angel, we, alas, but men,  
    Our words are non-sense in thy purer ear :  
    We crawl below, while thou sit'st crown'd above,  
    Fill'd with the peace of Heav'n's Tri-une Jehove ;  
Yet in our childish tears accept our childish love.

## XIX.

**T**hou sit'st attended with those heavenly bands,  
    That bring our tydings to th' Eternal Throne :  
Thy blood-washt soul, now views and understands  
    That glorious One in Three, that Three in One :  
To th' safe protection of whose sacred hands,  
    Thy gasping lips convey'd their latest groan :  
Thou seest those glorious Persons, whereunto  
    Thy dying breath did tender, and bestow (too.  
The care of thy dear Spouse, and Babes, and th' Infant

## XX.

**U**ndoubted peace, and sempiternal joy  
    Rests thy fair soul in everlasting bliss ;  
Compar'd to thine, how I contemn this Toy,  
    This life, and all this silly World calls, This !  
At all adventures, may those hands convey  
    My soul (which carried thine) where thy soul is :  
    Blest heir of life, if such a thing could be,  
    That heavens pearl Portals should be clos'd to thee,  
What should become of man ! what should become of me !

## XXI.

**W**ords call in words ! O from this fruitful Theam,  
    As from a Spring, floods issue forth; and meet,  
And swell into a Sea : Stream joins with stream :  
    Our weary numbers have regain'd new feet,  
And bring in stuff more fit to load a Ream,

Than

Than to be lodg'd within a slender sheet :

The thirsty soul, whose trembling fingers touch

The swelling Bowl, may soon transgress, and such

That ne'r can speak enough, may eas'ly speak too much.

XXII.

YE T one word more, and then my Quill and I

Will wooe *Apollo*, and beg leave to play :

Youth, learn to live ; and deeper Age, to dye ;

This heav'n-fled Saint hath scor'd ye, both, the way ;

Your Rule's above, but your Example's by ;

Heav'n sets not earth such Copies every day.

Her virtues be your guide ; They lie before ye ;

So shall ye add more honour to her story,

And gain your selves a Crown ; and gain her Crown more

(Glory.

---

THE END.

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# HER EPI T A P H.

We boast no Virtues, and we beg no Tears;  
O Reader; if thou hast but Eyes and Ears,  
It is enough; But tell me, Why  
Thou com'st to gaze: Is it to pry  
Into our Cost, or borrow  
A Copy of our Sorrow?  
Or dost thou come  
To learn to dye,  
Not knowing whom  
To Practise by?  
If this be thy desire  
Then drawt bee one step nigher;  
Here lies a President; a Rarer  
Earth never shew'd; nor Heav'n a fairer  
She was--- But room forbids to tell thee what;  
Summ all perfection up, and She was That.

Esse sui voluit Monumentum & Pignus Amoris.

